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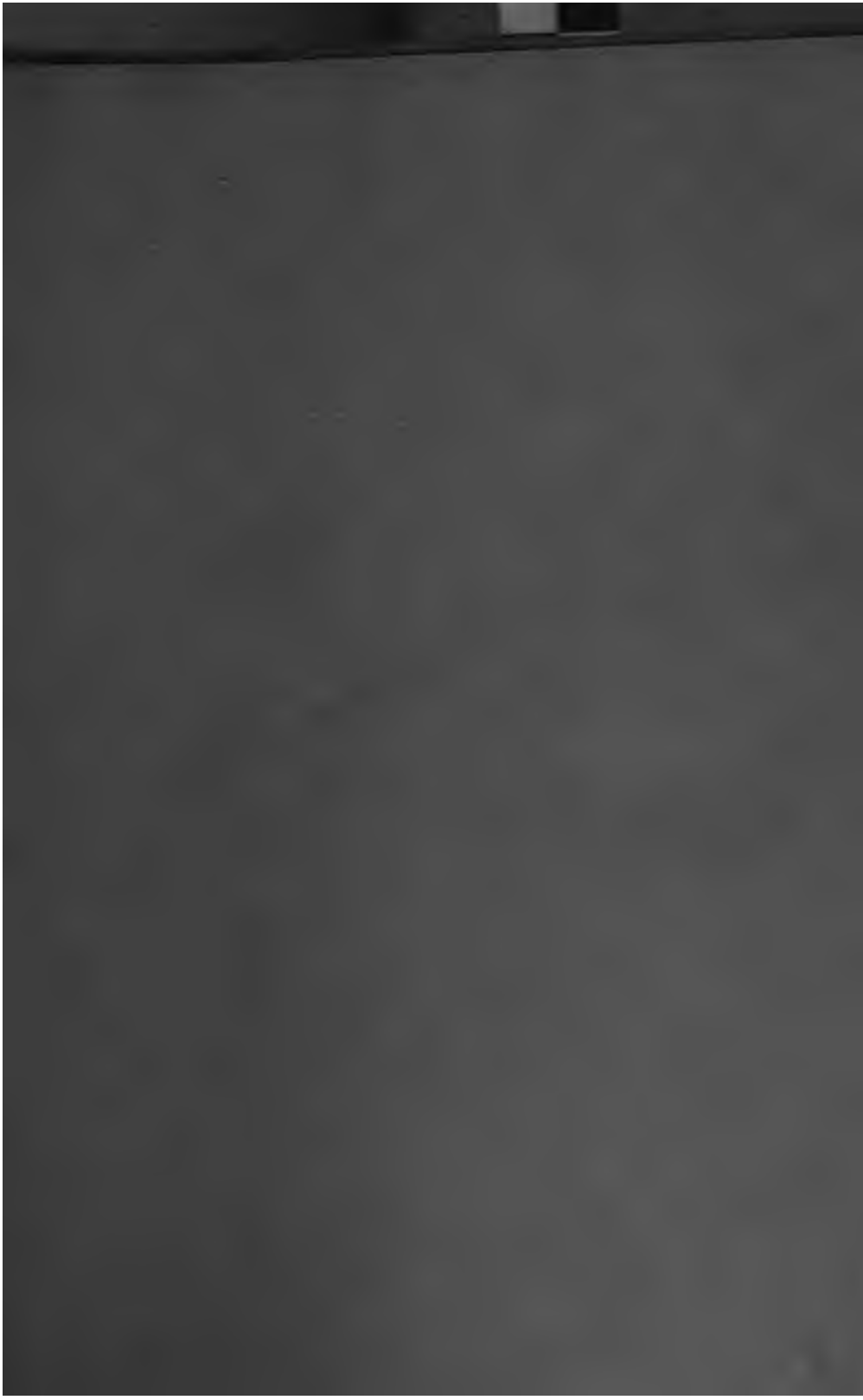

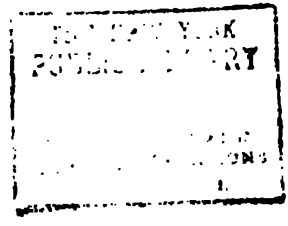

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BARUCH SPINOZA.

SPINOZA, BARUCH, a famous Dutch philosopher, of Jewish parentage; born at Amsterdam, November 24, 1632; died at The Hague, February 21, 1677. He Latinized his name of Baruch into BENEDICTUS, by which he is usually designated. He received a careful Rabbinical training; but at an early age he began to hold heterodox opinions, and was repeatedly summoned before a Rabbinical Council. As he failed to appear, the *anathema maranatha* was pronounced against him in 1656. At the urgency of the Rabbis he was banished from Amsterdam, and finally took up his residence at The Hague, where he devoted himself to speculative philosophy. In 1673 he was offered a professorship in the University of Marburg, which he declined. During his lifetime Spinoza put forth several profound treatises, but he withheld several of his most notable works, which were not published until after his death. Among these are the "Ethica," the "Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione," the "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus." The First Book of his "Ethica" contains a series of "Definitions" and "Axioms," which may be regarded as the basis of his philosophical system.

SUPERSTITION AND FEAR.

MEN would never be superstitious if they could govern all their circumstances by set rules, or if they were always favored by fortune; but being frequently driven into straits where rules are useless, and being often kept fluctuating pitiably between hope and fear by the uncertainty of fortune's greedily coveted favors, they are consequently, for the most part, very prone to credulity. The human mind is readily swerved this way or that in times of doubt, especially when hope and fear are struggling for the mastery; though usually it is boastful, over-confident, and vain.

This as a general fact I suppose every one knows, though few, I believe, know their own nature: no one can have lived in the world without observing that most people, when in pros-

perity, are so over-brimming with wisdom (however inexperienced they may be) that they take every offer of advice as a personal insult; whereas in adversity they know not where to turn, but beg and pray for counsel from every passer-by. No plan is then too futile, too absurd, or too fatuous for their adoption; the most frivolous causes will raise them to hope, or plunge them into despair; if anything happens during their fright which reminds them of some past good or ill, they think it portends a happy or unhappy issue, and therefore (though it may have proved abortive a hundred times before) style it a lucky or unlucky omen. Anything which excites their astonishment they believe to be a portent signifying the anger of the gods or of the Supreme Being; and mistaking superstition for religion, account it impious not to avert the evil with prayer and sacrifice. Signs and wonders of this sort they conjure up perpetually, till one might think Nature as mad as themselves, they interpret her so fantastically.

Thus it is brought prominently before us that superstition's chief victims are those persons who greedily covet temporal advantages; they it is who (especially when they are in danger, and cannot help themselves) are wont with prayers and womanish tears to implore help from God: upbraiding Reason as blind, because she cannot show a sure path to the shadows they pursue, and rejecting human wisdom as vain; but believing the phantoms of imagination, dreams, and other childish absurdities to be the very oracles of Heaven. As though God had turned away from the wise, and written his decrees, not in the mind of man but in the entrails of beasts, or left them to be proclaimed by the inspiration and instinct of fools, madmen, and birds. Such is the unreason to which terror can drive mankind!

Superstition then is engendered, preserved, and fostered by fear. If any one desire an example, let him take Alexander, who only began superstitiously to seek guidance from seers, when he first learnt to fear fortune in the passes of Sysis (Curtius, v. 4); whereas after he had conquered Darius he consulted prophets no more, till a second time frightened by reverses. When the Scythians were provoking a battle, the Bactrians had deserted and he himself was lying sick of his wounds, "he once more turned to superstition, the mockery of human wisdom, and bade Aristander, to whom he confided his credulity, inquire the issue of affairs with sacrificed victims." Very numerous examples of a like nature might be cited, clearly showing the fact that only

while under the dominion of fear do men fall a prey to superstition; that all the portents ever invested with the reverence of misguided religion are mere phantoms of dejected and fearful minds; and lastly, that prophets have most power among the people, and are most formidable to rulers, precisely at those times when the State is in most peril. I think this is sufficiently plain to all, and will therefore say no more on the subject.

The origin of superstition above given affords us a clear reason for the fact that it comes to all men naturally, — though some refer its rise to a dim notion of God, universal to mankind, — and also tends to show that it is no less inconsistent and variable than other mental hallucinations and emotional impulses, and further that it can only be maintained by hope, hatred, anger, and deceit; since it springs not from reason, but solely from the more powerful phases of emotion. Furthermore, we may readily understand how difficult it is to maintain in the same course men prone to every form of credulity. For as the mass of mankind remains always at about the same pitch of misery, it never assents long to any one remedy, but is always best pleased by a novelty which has not yet proved illusive.

This element of inconsistency has been the cause of many terrible wars and revolutions; for as Curtius well says (Lib. iv., chap. 10), "The mob has no ruler more potent than superstition," and is easily led, on the plea of religion, at one moment to adore its kings as gods, and anon to execrate and abjure them as humanity's common bane. Immense pains have therefore been taken to counteract this evil by investing religion, whether true or false, with such pomp and ceremony that it may rise superior to every shock, and be always observed with studious reverence by the whole people; a system which has been brought to great perfection by the Turks, for they consider even controversy impious, and so clog men's minds with dogmatic formulas that they leave no room for sound reason, — not even enough to doubt with.

But if, in despotic statecraft, the supreme and essential mystery be to hoodwink the subjects, and to mask the fear which keeps them down with the specious garb of religion, so that men may fight as bravely for slavery as for safety, and count it not shame but highest honor to risk their blood and their lives for the vainglory of a tyrant; yet in a free State no more mischievous expedient could be planned or attempted. Wholly repugnant to the general freedom are such devices as enthralling men's

minds with prejudices, forcing their judgment, or employing any of the weapons of quasi-religious sedition: indeed, such seditions only spring up when law enters the domain of speculative thought, and opinions are put on trial and condemned on the same footing as crimes, while those who defend and follow them are sacrificed, not to public safety, but to their opponents' hatred and cruelty. If deeds only could be made the grounds of criminal charges, and words were always allowed to pass free, such seditions would be divested of every semblance of justification, and would be separated from mere controversies by a hard and fast line.

Now, seeing that we have the rare happiness of living in a republic, where every one's judgment is free and unshackled, where each may worship God as his conscience dictates, and where freedom is esteemed before all things dear and precious, I have believed that I should be undertaking no ungrateful or unprofitable task, in demonstrating that not only can such freedom be granted without prejudice to the public peace, but also that without such freedom, piety cannot flourish nor the public peace be secure.

Such is the chief conclusion I seek to establish in this treatise: but in order to reach it, I must first point out the misconceptions which, like scars of our former bondage, still disfigure our notion of religion; and must expose the false views about the civil authority which many have most imprudently advocated, endeavoring to turn the mind of the people, still prone to heathen superstition, away from its legitimate rulers, and so bring us again into slavery. As to the order of my treatise I will speak presently; but first I will recount the causes which led me to write.

I have often wondered that persons who make a boast of professing the Christian religion — namely, love, joy, peace, temperance, and charity to all men — should quarrel with such rancorous animosity, and display daily towards one another such bitter hatred; that this, rather than the virtues they claim, is the readiest criterion of their faith. Matters have long since come to such a pass, that one can only pronounce a man Christian, Turk, Jew, or heathen, by his general appearance and attire, by his frequenting this or that place of worship, or employing the phraseology of a particular sect; as for manner of life, it is in all cases the same. Inquiry into the cause of this anomaly leads me unhesitatingly to ascribe it to the fact that the ministries of the Church are regarded by the masses merely as

dignities, her offices as posts of emolument, — in short, popular religion may be summed up as respect for ecclesiastics. The spread of this misconception inflamed every worthless fellow with an intense desire to enter holy orders, and thus the love of diffusing God's religion degenerated into sordid avarice and ambition. Every church became a theatre, where orators instead of church teachers harangued; caring not to instruct the people, but striving to attract admiration, to bring opponents to public scorn, and to preach only novelties and paradoxes, such as would tickle the ears of their congregation. This state of things necessarily stirred up an amount of controversy, envy, and hatred, which no lapse of time could appease; so that we can scarcely wonder that of the old religion nothing survives but its outward forms (even these, in the mouth of the multitude, seem rather adulation than adoration of the Deity), and that faith has become a mere compound of credulity and prejudices, — aye, prejudices too which degrade man from rational being to beast, which completely stifle the power of judgment between true and false, which seem in fact carefully fostered for the purpose of extinguishing the last spark of reason! Piety — great God! — and religion are become a tissue of ridiculous mysteries: men who flatly despise reason, who reject and turn away from understanding as naturally corrupt, these I say, these of all men, are thought — oh, lie most horrible! — to possess light from on high. Verily, if they had but one spark of light from on high, they would not insolently rave, but would learn to worship God more wisely, and would be as marked among their fellows for mercy as they now are for malice: if they were concerned for their opponents' souls instead of for their own reputations, they would no longer fiercely persecute, but rather be filled with pity and compassion.

HARRIET ELIZABETH SPOFFORD.

SPOFFORD, HARRIET ELIZABETH (PRESCOTT), an American novelist and poet; born at Calais, Maine, April 3, 1835. While she was a child her family removed to Newburyport, Mass., at or near which she has since resided. In 1855 she became the wife of Richard S. Spofford, a lawyer of Boston. About 1850 she began to write stories for periodicals. Among her works are "Sir Rohan's Ghost" (1859); "The Amber Gods, and Other Stories" (1863); "Azarian" (1864); "New England Legends" (1871); "The Thief in the Night" (1872); "Art Decoration Applied to Furniture" (1881); "Marquis of Carabas" (1882); "Poems" (1882); "Hester Stanley at St. Mark's" (1883); "The Servant-Girl Question" (1884); "Ballads About Authors" (1888); "A Lost Jewel" and "House and Hearth" (1891); "A Scarlet Poppy" (1894); "In Titian's Garden, and Other Poems" (1897); "Priscilla's Love Story" (1898).

THE FLIGHT.[1]

(From "In Titian's Garden.")

WHEN the great ice comes down on the river,
With the roar of a mighty voice abroad,
Crying, "Deliver! O shores, deliver!"
The giant pines of the island shiver,
The rooted rocks of the mid-earth quiver,
Hearing and fearing the tread of a god.

"Come," sung the Sea, "O breath of my being,
Drawn from me, drawn from me, summer days long!
Hill-tarn and cavern too sombre for seeing,
You that have swung in the sun shall be fleeing:
Now my winds blow, my tides press to your freeing,
Crying and surging and filled with my song!"

Green in the moonbeam it lay at the singing,
Silver with froth of a frozen foam,
Red in the sunrise its arrow-flame flinging,

[1] Copyright, 1897, by Copeland and Day.

Azure while over it moonlight was winging,
Dark as the midnight tide when it went springing,
Bending and rending went springing for home.

What a great music you heard through your dreaming
When in a moment the ice went free!
Wild as the Valkyr her battle-cry screaming,
With groaning and sighing, and ghostly the gleaming,
And shifting the shapes that towered shouldering and streaming,
Bursting and thirsting and mad for the Sea!

THE PINES.

(From "In Titian's Garden.")

COULDST thou, Great Fairy, give to me
The instant's wish, that I might see
Of all the earth's that one dear sight
Known only in a dream's delight,
I would, beneath some island steep,
In some remote and sun-bright deep,
See high in heaven above me now
A palm-tree wave its rhythmic bough!

And yet this old pine's haughty crown,
Shaking its clouds of silver down,
Whispers me snatches of strange tunes
And murmur of those awful runes
Which tell by subtle spell, and power
Of secret sympathies, the hour
When far in the dark North the snow
Among great bergs begins to blow.

Nay, thou sweet South of heats and balms,
Keep all thy proud and plumy palms,
Keep all thy fragrant flowery ease,
Thy purple skies, thy purple seas!
These boughs of blessing shall not fail,
These voices singing in the gale,
The vigor of these mighty lines —
I will content me with my pines!

THE KING'S DUST.

(From "In Titian's Garden.")

"THOU shalt die," the priest said to the king.
"Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring.

Like the dust of any common thing
  One day thou upon the winds shalt blow!"
"Nay, not so," the king said. "I shall stay
While the great sun in the sky makes day;
Heaven and earth, when I do pass away.
  In my tomb I wait till all things go!"

Then the king died. And with myrrh and nard,
Washed with palm-wine, swathed in linen hard,
Rolled in naphtha-gum, and under guard
  Of his steadfast tomb, they laid the king.
Century fled to century, still he lay
White as when they hid him first away,—
Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say,
  He, it seemed, the king, knew everything.

One day armies, with the tramp of doom
Overthrew the huge blocks of the tomb;
Swarming sunbeams searched its chambered gloom
  Bedouins camped about the sand-blown spot.
Little Arabs, answering to their name,
With a broken mummy fed the flame.
Then a wind among the ashes came.
  Blew them lightly,—and the king was not!

The Heavenly Camp.

(From "In Titian's Garden.")

Across the open window blows
The languorous breathing of the rose,
The young moon drops its ruddy spark
Behind the wood, and all is dark.
Through dreamy hush the river goes,
The purple opens as it flows,
And larger heavens their depths disclose.

Forth in the night I fare, while slow
The still translucent spaces grow
Out of their midnight bloom, as clear
As one great jewel sphere o'er sphere,
Till tender splendors shed their glow
Far off and infinite, as though
They veiled some unknown country so.

Fain would my wish the seas explore
That break upon that farther shore
In silent thunders, and immerse
From universe to universe
My being, till at last I pour
My love, my longing out before
The Love that lives forevermore.

The swift dawn comes, a rosy flare,
And shuts me with my hope, my care,
In the dear world of glancing dew,
Of blossom-bough and velvet blue.
Yet yonder hangs diviner air,
And all day long I breathe aware
The country of the Lord is there.

him would have the air of a petition; and that I was persuaded that the Emperor himself would find my eulogiums absurd in such conditions. He opposed this opinion vehemently; he came again several times to see me, to beg me (for the sake of my interests, he said) to write something for the Emperor. Were it not more than four pages, that would suffice, he assured me, to put an end to all my troubles. And what he said to me he repeated to all my acquaintances. At last one day he came proposing that I should sing the birth of the King of Rome. I answered him, with laughter, that I had no thought to express on this subject beyond my wishes that his nurse might be a good one. This jest put an end to the prefect's negotiations with me, as to the necessity that I should write something in favor of the government.

A short time after, the physicians ordered my youngest son the baths of Aix in Savoy, twenty miles from Coppet. . . . Scarcely had I been there ten days, when a courier from the prefect of Geneva brought me orders to return home. The prefect of Mont Blanc where I was [*i.e.*, in whose prefecture she was], also was afraid, he said, that I might set off from Aix to go to England, to write against the Emperor; and although London was not very near Aix in Savoy, he sent his gendarmes over the road to forbid my being provided with post-horses. I am ready to laugh now at all this prefectorial activity directed against such an insignificant object as myself; but then I was ready to die at the sight of a gendarme. I was always fearing that from so rigorous an exile the next step might easily be a prison, more terrible to me than death. I knew that once arrested, once this scandal dared, the Emperor would permit no word to be spoken for me, had any one had the courage to attempt it, — a courage scarcely probable in his court, where terror reigns every moment of the day, and about every detail of life.

I returned to Geneva; and the prefect informed me that not only he forbade me to go under any pretext into the countries adjoining France, but that he advised me not to travel in Switzerland, and never to venture more than two leagues in any direction from Coppet. I observed to him that having my domicile in Switzerland, I did not well understand by what right a French authority could forbid my travelling in a foreign country. He thought me, undoubtedly, rather a simpleton to discuss in those days a question of right; and he repeated his

advice, which was singularly akin to an order. I held to my remonstrance; but the next day I learned that one of the most distinguished men of letters of Germany, M. Schlegel, who for eight years had been good enough to take charge of the education of my sons, had just received the order not only to leave Geneva, but also Coppet. I was desirous to represent once more that in Switzerland the prefect of Geneva could give no orders [Geneva was then under French rule]: but I was told that if I liked better that this order should come from the French ambassador, I could so have it: that this ambassador would address himself to the landamman, and the landamman to the canton de Vaud, and the authorities of the canton would turn M. Schlegel out of my house. By forcing despotism to take this roundabout way, I should have gained ten days; but nothing more. I asked to know why I was deprived of the society of M. Schlegel, my friend, and that of my children. The prefect — who was accustomed, like most of the Emperor's agents, to connect very gentle phrases with very harsh acts — told me that it was from consideration for me that the government removed from my house M. Schlegel, who made me unpatriotic. Truly touched by this paternal care on the part of the government, I inquired what M. Schlegel had done inimical to France: the prefect spoke of his literary opinions, and among other things, of a brochure by him, in which, comparing the "Phædra" of Euripides to that of Racine, he gave the preference to the former. It showed much delicate feeling in a monarch of Corsican birth to take sides in this manner about the finer details of French literature. But the truth was, M. Schlegel was exiled because he was my friend, because his conversation animated my solitude; the system was beginning to be worked that was to manifest itself more clearly, of making for me a prison of my soul, by depriving me of all the enjoyments of society and of friendship.

Rome Ancient and Modern.

(From "Corinne.")

One of the most singular churches in Rome is St. Paul's: its exterior is that of an ill-built barn; yet it is bedecked within by eighty pillars of such exquisite material and proportion that they are believed to have been transported from an Athenian temple described by Pausanias. If Cicero said in

his day, "We are surrounded by vestiges of history," what would he say now? Columns, statues, and pictures are so prodigally crowded in the churches of modern Rome, that in St. Agnes's, bas-reliefs turned face downward serve to pave a staircase; no one troubling himself to ascertain what they might represent. How astonishing a spectacle was ancient Rome, had its treasures been left where they were found! The immortal city would be still before us nearly as it was of yore; but could the men of our day dare to enter it? The palaces of the Roman lords are vast in the extreme, and often display much architectural grace; but their interiors are rarely arranged in good taste. They have none of those elegant apartments invented elsewhere for the perfect enjoyment of social life. Superb galleries, hung with the chefs-d'œuvre of the tenth Leo's age, are abandoned to the gaze of strangers by their lazy proprietors, who retire to their own obscure little chambers, dead to the pomp of their ancestors, as were *they* to the austere virtues of the Roman republic. The country-houses give one a still greater idea of solitude, and of their owners' carelessness amid the loveliest scenes of nature. One walks immense gardens, doubting if they have a master; the grass grows in every path, yet in these very alleys are the trees cut into shapes, after the fantastic mode that once reigned in France. Strange inconsistency — this neglect of essentials and affectation in what is useless! Most Italian towns, indeed, surprise us with this mania, in a people who have constantly beneath their eyes such models of noble simplicity. They prefer glitter to convenience; and in every way betray the advantages and disadvantages of not habitually mixing with society. Their luxury is rather that of fancy than of comfort. Isolated among themselves, they dread not that spirit of ridicule, which in truth seldom penetrates the interior of Roman abodes. Contrasting this with what they appear from without, one might say that they were rather built to dazzle the peasantry than for the reception of friends.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE, an American poet and critic; born at Hartford, Conn., October 8, 1833. He studied at Yale College about two years. In 1854 he became editor of the Winsted "Herald," in Litchfield County, Conn., which he conducted until 1855, when he removed to New York. In 1859 he became connected with the New York "Tribune." In 1860 he put forth his first volume, "Poems, Lyric and Idyllic," containing many pieces which had already appeared in periodicals. In the same year he became connected with the New York "World," and during the first two years of the Civil War he was the Washington correspondent of that journal. In 1864 he abandoned journalism as a profession, and became a stock-broker in New York, but was active in literary pursuits. His subsequent volumes of poems are "Alice of Monmouth, and Other Poems" (1864); "The Blameless Prince, and Other Poems" (1869). As a critic and historian of literature he has attained a foremost place. His principal works in this department are "The Victorian Poets" (1875–87); "The Poets of America" (1885); and, in conjunction with Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, "The Literature of the Republic" (1888–90); "The Nature and Elements of Poetry" (1892); "A Victorian Anthology" (1895); the Complete Edition of Poe, edited with Professor Woodberry, 1895. His poems have been published in a volume called "A Household Edition" (1884), and in "Poems Now First Collected," 1897.

PAN IN WALL STREET.

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
  Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
  To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
  Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
  From Trinity's undaunted steeple, —

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
  Sound high above the modern clamor,

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Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'T was Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas, —
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times, — to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
But — hidden thus — there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarlèd horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;

The random passers stayed to list, —
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Naïs at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tatered cloak of army pattern;
And Galatea joined the throng, —
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut girl
Like little fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I, — but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
"Great Pan is dead!" — and all the people
Went on their ways; — and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

STEELE, SIR RICHARD, a British essayist and dramatist; born at Dublin in March, 1672; died near Caermarthen, Wales, September 1, 1729. He was educated at Charterhouse School, London. He afterward entered the University of Oxford, but left without taking a degree, and enlisted in the Horse Guards, where he rose to the rank of captain. In 1701 he put forth "The Christian Hero," a religious treatise, and within a few years produced several fairly successful comedies, the earliest being "The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode" (1702), the last, and best, being "The Conscious Lovers" (1722). In 1709 Steele started "The Tatler," a tri-weekly periodical devoted to town gossip, domestic and foreign news, and essays upon social topics. After two years the paper was discontinued, and "The Spectator" established. Steele later set up "The Guardian," and subsequently "The Englishman." The date of these publications falls within the years 1711 and 1714.

ON COFFEE-HOUSES; SUCCESSION OF VISITORS; CHARACTER OF EUBULUS.

(From "The Spectator.")

IT is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only a hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is whether he has a great inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire; and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favors, but still practise a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very

curious to observe the behavior of great men and their clients: but the same passions and interests move men in lower spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do but make observations) see in every parish, street, lane, and alley of this populous city, a little potentate that has his court, and his flatterers, who lay snares for his affection and favor by the same arts that are practised upon men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make a figure, than in any real greatness above one another. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in the morning, know that my friend Beaver the haberdasher has a levee of more undissembled friends and admirers than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has perhaps a newspaper in his hand; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe, till Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pipe and declares what measures the allies must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee-house is near one of the Inns of Court, and Beaver has the audience and admiration of his neighbors from six till within a quarter of eight; at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house, some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster at eight in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there; and others come in their night-gowns to saunter away their time, as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet in any of my walks objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Serle's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-colored gown, to be ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air which shows they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion. The gentleman in the strawberry sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favors from one of the actresses.

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their dishabille with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or

good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behavior and discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of men; such as have not spirits too active to be happy and well pleased in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination; which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of their present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities which we express by the word neighborhoods.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. Eubulus presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expense; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a counsel, a judge, an executor, and a friend, to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can show him is to let him see that you are a better man for his services; and that you are as ready to oblige others as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends, he lends at legal value considerable sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good.

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect when Eubulus seems to intimate that things go well. Nay, their

veneration towards him is so great that when they are in other company they speak and act after him; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is Eubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeed each other from daybreak till dinner-time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them with the history of Tom the Tyrant; who, as the first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of liquors, coal, and cinders.

On the Effects of Public Mourning: Plainness in Dress.

(From "The Tatler.")

When artists would expose their diamonds to an advantage, they usually set them to show in little cases of black velvet. By this means the jewels appear in their true and genuine lustre, while there is no color that can infect their brightness, or give a false cast to the water. When I was at the opera the other night, the assembly of ladies in mourning made me consider them in the same kind of view. A dress wherein there is so little variety shows the face in all its natural charms, and makes one differ from another only as it is more or less beautiful. Painters are ever careful of offending against a rule which is so essential in all just representations. The chief figure must have the strongest point of light, and not be injured by any gay colorings that may draw away the attention to any less considerable part of the picture. The present fashion obliges everybody to be dressed with propriety, and makes the ladies' faces the principal objects of sight. Every beautiful person shines out in all the excellence with which nature has adorned her; gaudy ribbons and glaring colors being now out of use, the sex has no opportunity given them to disfigure themselves, which they seldom fail to do whenever it lies in their power. When a woman comes to her glass, she does not

employ her time in making herself look more advantageously what she really is; but endeavors to be as much another creature as she possibly can. Whether this happens because they stay so long, and attend their work so diligently, that they forget the faces and persons which they first sat down with, or whatever it is, they seldom rise from the toilet the same women they appeared when they began to dress. What jewel can the charming Cleora place in her ears that can please her beholders so much as her eyes? The clustre of diamonds upon the breast can add no beauty to the fair chest of ivory which supports it. It may indeed tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her. Let Thalestris change herself into a motley party-colored animal: the pearl necklace, the flowered stomacher, the artificial nosegay, and shaded furbelow may be of use to attract the eye of the beholder, and turn it from the imperfections of her features and shape. But if ladies will take my word for it (and as they dress to please men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular), I can assure them there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. There might be more agreeable ornaments found in our own manufacture, than any that rise out of the looms of Persia.

This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to womankind, who are carried away with everything that is showy, and with what delights the eye, more than any other species of living creatures whatsoever. Were the minds of the sex laid open, we should find the chief idea in one to be a tippet, in another a muff, in a third a fan, and in a fourth a farthingale. The memory of an old visiting lady is so filled with gloves, silks, and ribbons, that I can look upon it as nothing else but a toy shop. A matron of my acquaintance, complaining of her daughter's vanity, was observing that she had all of a sudden held up her head higher than ordinary, and taken an air that showed a secret satisfaction in herself, mixed with the scorn of others. "I did not know," says my friend, "what to make of the carriage of this fantastical girl, until I was informed by her eldest sister that she had a pair of striped garters on." This odd turn of mind often makes the sex unhappy, and disposes them to be struck with everything that makes a show, however trifling and superficial.

Many a lady has fetched a sigh at the toss of a wig, and been ruined by the tapping of a snuff-box. It is impossible

to describe all the execution that was done by the shoulder-knot while that fashion prevailed, or to reckon up all the virgins that have fallen a sacrifice to a pair of fringed gloves. A sincere heart has not made half so many conquests as an open waistcoat; and I should be glad to see an able head make so good a figure in a woman's company as a pair of red heels. A Grecian hero, when he was asked whether he could play upon the lute, thought he had made a very good reply when he answered, "No; but I can make a great city of a little one." Notwithstanding his boasted wisdom, I appeal to the heart of any toast in town, whether she would not think the lutenist preferable to the statesman? I do not speak this out of any aversion that I have to the sex; on the contrary, I have always had a tenderness for them: but I must confess, it troubles me very much to see the generality of them place their affections on improper objects, and give up all the pleasures of life for gewgaws and trifles.

Mrs. Margery Bickerstaff, my great-aunt, had a thousand pounds to her portion, which our family was desirous of keeping among themselves, and therefore used all possible means to turn off her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of danger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way. When she was about twenty-five years of age she fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper and equal fortune, and would certainly have married him had not my grandfather, Sir Jacob, dressed her up in a suit of flowered satin; upon which she set so immoderate a value upon herself that the lover was contemned and discarded. In the fortieth year of her age she was again smitten; but very luckily transferred her passion to a tippet, which was presented to her by another relation who was in the plot. This, with a white sarsenet hood, kept her safe in the family until fifty. About sixty, which generally produces a kind of latter spring in amorous constitutions, my aunt Margery had again a colt's tooth in her head; and would certainly have eloped from the mansion-house had not her brother Simon, who was a wise man and a scholar, advised to dress her in cherry-colored ribbons, which was the only expedient that could have been found out by the wit of man to preserve the thousand pounds in our family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

STEPHEN, LESLIE, an eminent English literary critic and essayist; born at Kensington, November 28, 1832. In 1857 he took his degree of M. A. at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he remained several years as Fellow and tutor. In 1864 he left Cambridge and engaged in literary work at London. In 1871 he became editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," retaining the position until 1882, when he relinquished it in order to assume the editorship of the "Dictionary of National Biography," which position he occupied until 1891. In 1883 he was elected to the lectureship of English Literature at Cambridge. His principal works are, "The Playground of Europe" (1871); "Hours in a Library" (three series, 1874, 1876, 1879); "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" (1876); "Essays on Free-Thinking and Plain-Speaking" (1879); "The Science of Ethics" (1882); "An Agnostic's Apology" (1893); "Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen" (1896); "Social Rights and Duties" (1896). He wrote the Lives of Johnson, Pope, and Swift in the "English Men of Letters;" edited the works of Fielding, with a Biographical Sketch, and has been a constant contributor to periodicals.

AN APOLOGY FOR PLAIN-SPEAKING.

ALL who would govern their intellectual course by no other aim than the discovery of truth, and who would use their faculty of speech for no other purpose than open communications of their real opinions to others, are met by protests from various quarters. Such protests, so far as they imply cowardice or dishonesty, must of course be disregarded, but it would be most erroneous to confound all protests in the same summary condemnation. Reverent and kindly minds shrink from giving an unnecessary shock to the faith which comforts many sorely tried souls; and even the most genuine lovers of truth may doubt whether the time has come at which the decayed scaffolding can be swept away without injuring the foundations of the edifice. Some reserve, they think, is necessary, though reserve, as they must admit, passes but too easily into insincerity.

And thus, it is often said by one class of thinkers, Why

attack a system of beliefs which is crumbling away quite fast enough without your help? Why, says another class, try to shake beliefs which, whether true or false, are infinitely consoling to the weaker brethren? I will endeavor to conclude these essays, in which I have possibly made myself liable to some such remonstrances, by explaining why I should think it wrong to be bound by them; I will, however, begin by admitting frankly that I recognize their force so far as this: namely, that I have no desire to attack wantonly any sincere beliefs in minds unprepared for the reception of more complete truths. This book, perhaps, would be unjustifiable if it were likely to become a text-book for school-girls in remote country parsonages. But it is not very probable that it will penetrate to such quarters; nor do I flatter myself that I have brought forward a single argument which is not already familiar to educated men. Whatever force there may be in its pages is only the force of an appeal to people who already agree in my conclusions to state their agreement in plain terms; and, having said this much, I will answer the questions suggested as distinctly as I am able.

To the first question, why trouble the last moments of a dying creed, my reply would be in brief that I do not desire to quench the lingering vitality of the dying so much as to lay the phantoms of the dead. I believe that one of the greatest dangers of the present day is the general atmosphere of insincerity in such matters, which is fast producing a scepticism not as to any or all theologies, but as to the very existence of intellectual good faith. Destroy credit, and you ruin commerce; destroy all faith in religious honesty and you ruin something of infinitely more importance than commerce; ideas should surely be preserved as carefully as cotton from the poisonous influence of a varnish intended to fit them for public consumption. "The time is come," says Mr. Mill in his autobiography, "in which it is the duty of all qualified persons to speak their minds about popular religious beliefs." The reason which he assigns is that they would thus destroy the "vulgar prejudice" that unbelief is connected with bad qualities of head and heart. It is, I venture to remark, still more important to destroy the belief of sceptics themselves that in these matters a system of pious frauds is creditable or safe. Effeminating and corrupting as all equivocation comes to be in the long run, there are other evils behind. Who can see without impatience the fearful

waste of good purpose and noble aspiration caused by our reticence at a time when it is of primary importance to turn to account all the forces which make for the elevation of mankind? How much intellect and zeal runs to waste in the spasmodic effort of good men to cling to the last fragments of decaying systems, to galvanize dead formulæ into some dim semblance of life! Society will not improve as it might when those who should be leaders of progress are staggering backward and forward with their eyes passionately reverted to the past. Nay, we shall never be duly sensitive to the miseries and cruelties which make the world a place of torture for so many, so long as men are encouraged in the name of religion to look for a remedy, not in fighting against surrounding evils, but in cultivating aimless contemplations of an imaginary ideal. Much of our popular religion seems to be expressly directed to deaden our sympathies with our fellow-men by encouraging an indolent optimism; our thoughts of the other world are used in many forms as an opiate to drug our minds with indifference to the evils of this; and the last word of half our preachers is, dream rather than work. . . .

The world, so far as our vision extends, is full of evil. Life is a sore burden to many, and a scene of unmixed happiness to none. It is useless to inquire whether on the whole the good or the evil is the more abundant, or to decide whether to make such an inquiry be anything else than to ask whether the world has been, on the whole, arranged to suit our tastes. The problem thus presented is utterly inscrutable on every hypothesis. Theology is as impotent in presence of it as science. Science, indeed, withdraws at once from such questions; whilst theology asks us to believe that this "sorry scheme of things" is the work of omnipotence guided by infinite benevolence. This certainly makes the matter no clearer, if it does not raise additional difficulties; and, accordingly, we are told that the existence of evil is a mystery. In any case, we are brought to a stand: and the only moral which either science or theology can give is that we should make the best of our position.

Theology, however, though it cannot explain, or can only give verbal explanations, can offer a consolation. This world, we are told, is not all; there is a beyond and a hereafter; we may hope for an eternal life under conditions utterly inconceivable, though popular theology has made a good many attempts to conceive them. If it were further asserted that this

existence would be one of unmixed happiness, there would be at least a show of compensation. But, of course, that is what no theologian can venture to say. It is needless to call the Puritan divine, with his babes of a span long now lying in hell, or that Romanist priest who revels in describing the most fiendish torture inflicted upon children by the merciful Creator who made them and exposed them to evil, or any other of the wild and hideous phantasms that have been evoked by the imagination of mankind running riot in the world of arbitrary figments. Nor need we dwell upon the fact, that where theology is really vigorous it produces such nightmares by an inevitable law; inasmuch as the next world can be nothing but the intensified reflection of this. It is enough to say that, if the revelation of a future state be really the great claim of Christianity upon our attentions, the use which it has made of that state has been one main cause of its decay. "St. Lewis the king, having sent Ivo, Bishop of Chartres, on an embassy, the bishop met a woman on the way, grave, sad, fantastic, and melancholic; with fire in one hand and water in the other. He asked what those symbols meant. She answered, 'My purpose is with fire to burn Paradise, and with my water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without the incentives of hope and fear, and purely for the love of God.'" "The woman," adds Jeremy Taylor, "began at the wrong end." Is that so clear? The attempts of priests to make use of the keys of heaven and hell brought about the moral revolt of the Reformation; and, at the present day, the disgust excited by the doctrine of everlasting damnation is amongst the strongest motives to popular infidelity; all able apologists feel the strain. Some reasoners quibble about everlasting and eternal; and the great Catholic logician "submits the whole subject to the theological school," a process which I do not quite understand, though I assume it to be consolatory. The doctrine, in short, can hardly be made tangible without shocking men's consciences and understandings. It ought, it may be, to be attractive, but when firmly grasped, it becomes incredible and revolting.

The difficulty is evaded in two ways. Some amiable and heterodox sects retain heaven and abolish hell. A kingdom in the clouds may, of course, be portioned off according to pleasure. The doctrine, however, is interesting in an intellectual point of view only as illustrating in the naïvest fashion

the common fallacy of confounding our wishes with our beliefs. The argument that because evil and good are mixed wherever we can observe, therefore there is elsewhere unmixed good, does not obey any recognized canons of induction. It would certainly be pleasant to believe that everybody was going to be happy forever, but whether such a belief would be favorable to that stern sense of evil which should fit us to fight the hard battle of this life is a question too easily answered. Thinkers of a high order do not have recourse to these simple devices. They retain the doctrine as a protest against materialism, but purposely retain it in the vaguest possible shape. They say that this life is not all; if it were all, they argue, we should be rightly ruled by our stomachs; but they scrupulously decline to give form and substance to their anticipations. We must, they think, have avowedly a heavenly background to the world, but our gaze should be restricted habitually within the visible horizon. The future life is to tinge the general atmosphere, but not to be offered as a definite goal of action or a distinct object of contemplation.

The persons against whom, so far as I know, the charge of materialism can be brought with the greatest plausibility at the present day are those who still force themselves to bow before the most grossly material symbols, and give a physical interpretation to the articles of her creed. A man who proposes to look for God in this miserable world and finds Him visiting the diseased imagination of a sickly nun may perhaps be in some sense called a materialist, and there is more materialism of this variety in popular sentimentalisms about the "blood of Jesus" than in all the writings of the profane men of science. But in a philosophical sense the charge rests on a pure misunderstanding.

The man of science, or, in other words, the man who most rigidly confines his imagination within the bounds of the knowable, is every whit as ready to protest against "materialism" as his antagonist. Those who distinguish man into two parts, and give the higher qualities to the soul and the sensual to the body, assume that all who reject their distinction abolish the soul, and with it abolish all that is not sensual. Yet every genuine scientific thinker believes in the existence of love and reverence as he believes in any other facts, and is likely to set just as high a value upon them as his opponent. He believes equally with his opponent, that to cultivate the

higher emotions, man must habitually attach himself to objects outside the narrow sphere of his own personal experience. The difference is that whereas one set of thinkers would tell us to fix our affections on a state entirely disparate from that in which we are actually placed, the other would concentrate them upon objects which form part of the series of events amongst which we are moving. Which is the more likely to stimulate our best feelings? We must reply by asking whether the vastness or the distinctness of a prospect has the greater effect upon the imagination. Does a man take the greater interest in a future which he can definitely interpret to himself, or upon one which is admittedly so inconceivable that it is wrong to dwell upon it, but which allows of indefinite expansion? Putting aside our own personal interest, do we care more for the fate of our grandchildren whom we shall never see, or for the condition of spiritual beings the conditions of whose existence are utterly unintelligible to us? If sacrifice of our lower pleasures be demanded, should we be more willing to make them in order that a coming generation may be emancipated from war and pauperism, or in order that some indefinite and indefinable change may be worked in a world utterly inscrutable to our imaginations? The man who has learned to transfer his aspirations from the next world to this, to look forward to the diminution of disease and vice here, rather than to the annihilation of all physical conditions, has, it is hardly rash to assert, gained more in the distinctness of his aims than he has lost (if, indeed, he has lost anything) in their elevation.

Were it necessary to hunt out every possible combination of opinion, I should have to inquire whether the doctrine of another world might not be understood in such a sense as to involve no distortion of our views. The future world may be so arranged that the effect of the two sets of motives upon our minds may be always coincident. Our interest in our descendants might be strengthened without being distracted by a belief in our own future existence. Of such a theory I have now only space to say that it is not that which really occurs in practice: and that the instincts which make us cling to a vivid belief in the future always spring from a vehement revolt against the present. Meanwhile, however, the answers generally given to sceptics are apparently contradictory. To limit our hopes to this world, it is sometimes said, is to encourage mere grov-

elling materialism; in the same breath it is added that to ask for an interest in the fate of our fellow-creatures here, instead of ourselves hereafter, is to make excessive demands upon human selfishness. The doctrine, it seems, is at once too elevated and too grovelling.

The theory on which the latter charge rests seems to be that you can take an interest in yourself at any distance, but not in others if they are outside the circle of your own personality. This doctrine, when boldly expressed, seems to rest upon the very apotheosis of selfishness. Theologians have sometimes said, in perfect consistency, that it would be better for the whole race of man to perish in torture than that a single sin should be committed. One would rather have thought that a man had better be damned a thousand times over than allow of such a catastrophe; but, however this may be, the doctrine now suggested appears to be equally revolting, unless diluted so far as to be meaningless. It amounts to asserting that our love of our own infinitesimal individuality is so powerful that any matter in which we are personally concerned has a weight altogether incommensurable with that of any matter in which we have no concern. People who hold such a doctrine would be bound in consistency to say that they would not cut off their little finger to save a million of men from torture after their own death. Every man must judge of his own state of mind; though there is nothing on which people are more liable to make mistakes; and I am charitable enough to hope that the actions of such men would be in practice as different as possible from what they anticipate in theory. But it is enough to say that experience, if it proves anything, proves this to be an inaccurate view of human nature. All the threats of theologians, with infinite stores of time and torture to draw upon, failed to wean men from sins which gave them a passing gratification, even when faith was incomparably stronger than it is now, or is likely to be again. One reason, doubtless, is that the conscience is as much blunted by the doctrines of repentance and absolution as it is stimulated by the threats of hell-fire. But is it not contrary to all common-sense to expect that the motive will retain any vital strength when the very people who rely upon it admit that it rests on the most shadowy of grounds? The other motive, which is supposed to be so incomparably weaker that it cannot be used as a substitute, has yet proved its strength in every age of the world. As our

knowledge of nature and the growth of our social development impress upon us more strongly every day that we live the close connection in which we all stand to each other, the intimate "solidarity" of all human interests, it is not likely to grow weaker; a young man will break a blood-vessel for the honor of a boat-club; a savage will allow himself to be tortured to death for the credit of his tribe; why should it be called visionary to believe that a civilized human being will make personal sacrifices for the benefit of men whom he has perhaps not seen, but whose intimate dependence upon himself he realizes at every moment of his life? May not such a motive generate a predominant passion with men framed to act upon it by a truly generous system of education? And is it not an insult to our best feelings and a most audacious feat of logic, to declare on *à priori* grounds that such feelings must be a straw in the balance when weighed against our own personal interest in the fate of a being whose nature is inconceivable to us, whose existence is not certain, whose dependence upon us is indeterminate, simply because it is said that, in some way or other, it and we are continuous?

The real meaning, however, of this clinging to another life is doubtless very different. It is simply an expression of the reluctance of the human being to use the awful word "never." As the years take from us, one by one, all that we have loved, we try to avert our gaze; we are fain to believe that in some phantom world all will be given back to us, and that our toys have only been laid by in the nursery upstairs. Who, indeed, can deny that to give up these dreams involves a cruel pang? But, then, who but the most determined optimist can deny that a cruel pang is inevitable? Is not the promise too shadowy to give us real satisfaction? The whole lesson of our lives is summed up in teaching us to say "never" without needless flinching, or, in other words, in submitting to the inevitable. The theologian bids us repent, and waste our lives in vain regrets for the past, and in tremulous hopes that the past may yet be the future. Science tells us — what, indeed, we scarcely need to learn from science — that what is gone, is gone, and that the best wisdom of life is the acceptance of accomplished facts.

LAURENCE STERNE.

Sterne, Laurence, a celebrated English clergyman and novelist; born of English parents at Clonmel, Ireland, November 24, 1713; died at London, March 18, 1768. He was taken to England in his eleventh year, placed at school, and afterward sent to the University of Oxford, where he was graduated in 1736. He took orders, and was immediately presented to the living of Sutton-in-the-Forest, in Yorkshire. Other preferments were bestowed upon him, among which was a prebend in York Cathedral. In 1759 he put forth the first two volumes of "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy;" the succeeding volumes appeared at intervals, the ninth and last in 1767. From 1762 to 1767 he resided partly in London and partly in France. He had written only the first part of the "Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy," when he died somewhat suddenly. At various times he put forth volumes of "Sermons." A collection of his "Letters" was posthumously published in 1775. All of his works were published under the pseudonym of "Mr. Yorick."

The Story of Le Fevre.

(From "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.")

It was not till my Uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account: —

"I despaired at first," said the Corporal, "of being able to bring back to your Honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant." — "Is he in the army, then?" said my Uncle Toby. — "He is," said the Corporal. — "And in what regiment?" said my Uncle Toby. — "I 'll tell your Honor," replied the Corporal, "everything straightforwards as I learnt it." — "Then, Trim, I 'll fill another pipe," said my Uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again." — The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, "Your Honor is

good." And having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my Uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

"I despaired at first," said the Corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your Honor about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked — ["That 's a right distinction, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.] — "I was answered, an' please your Honor, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.' 'But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence,' said the landlady to me, 'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth his son will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the Corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth.' — 'Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. — 'I believe, sir,' said he very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.' — 'I am sure,' said I, 'his Honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears." — "Poor youth!" said my Uncle Toby: "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend. I wish I had him here."

"I never, in the longest march," said the Corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your Honor?" — "Nothing in the world, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, blowing his nose, "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the Corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your Honor (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father, and that if there was anything in your house or cellar" — ["And thou mightest have added my

purse, too," said my Uncle Toby.] — "he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow (which was meant to your Honor), but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went upstairs with the toast. 'I warrant you, my dear,' said I as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.' Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong," added the Corporal. — "I think so too," said my Uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step upstairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.'

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.' — 'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, 'very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.' — 'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate. — 'A soldier, an' please your Reverence,' said I, 'prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.'" — "'T was well said of thee, Trim," said my Uncle Toby. — "'But when a soldier,' said I, 'an' please your Reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged,' said I, 'for months together in long and dangerous marches, — harassed perhaps in his rear to-day, harassing others to-morrow; detached here, countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms, beat up in his shirt the next, benumbed in his joints, perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on, — must say his prayers how and when he can, I believe,' said I — for I was piqued," quoth the Corporal, "for the reputation of the army — 'I believe, an' please your Reverence,' said I, 'that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.'" — "Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the Day of

Judgment (and not till then), it will be seen who have done their duties in this world and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." — "I hope we shall," said Trim. — "It is in the Scripture," said my Uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee to-morrow; in the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my Uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." — "I hope not," said the Corporal. — "But go on, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the Corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do until the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside. 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me: if he was of Leven's,' said the lieutenant — I told him your Honor was — 'then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 't is most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's — but he knows me not,' said he a second time, musing. 'Possibly he may my story,' added he. 'Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent.' — 'I remember the story, an' please your Honor,' said I, 'very well.' — 'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; 'then well may I.' In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. 'Here, Billy,' said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took

the ring in his hand and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my Uncle Toby with a deep sigh, "I wish, Trim, I was asleep."

"Your Honor," replied the Corporal, "is too much concerned. Shall I pour your Honor out a glass of sack to your pipe?" — "Do, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my Uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife; and particularly well, that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forgot what), was universally pitied by the whole regiment. But finish the story thou art upon." — "'T is finished already," said the Corporal, "for I could stay no longer, so wished his Honor a good-night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But alas!" said the Corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over." — "Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my Uncle Toby.

It was to my Uncle Toby's eternal honor — though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves — that notwithstanding my Uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond parallel with the Allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner, that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

That kind Being who is a friend to the friendless shall recompense thee for this.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my Uncle Toby to the Corporal as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre, as sickness and travelling are

both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself." — "Your Honor knows," said the Corporal, "I had no orders." — "True," quoth my Uncle Toby: "thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man."

"In the second place, for which indeed thou hast the same excuse," continued my Uncle Toby, "when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

"In a fortnight or three weeks," added my Uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march." — "He will never march, an' please your Honor, in this world," said the Corporal. — "He will march," said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. — "An' please your Honor," said the Corporal, "he will never march but to his grave." — "He shall march," cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, "he shall march to his regiment." — "He cannot stand it," said the Corporal. — "He shall be supported," said my Uncle Toby. — "He 'll drop at last," said the Corporal, "and what will become of his boy?" — "He shall not drop," said my Uncle Toby firmly. — "Ah, well-a-day, do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die." — "He shall not die, by G—," cried my Uncle Toby.

The Accusing Spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.

My Uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of

death pressed heavy upon his eyelids; and hardly could the wheel of the cistern turn round its circle, when my Uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, how he had rested in the night, what was his complaint, where was his pain, and what he could do to help him? And without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

"But you shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my Uncle Toby, "to my house, and we 'll send for a doctor to see what 's the matter, and we 'll have an apothecary, and the Corporal shall be your nurse, and I 'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby — not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it — which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks and voice and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him. So that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to the last cita del, the heart, rallied back. The film forsook his eyes for a moment. He looked up wistfully in my Uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again. The film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered, stopped, went on — throbbed, stopped again — moved, stopped — Shall I go on? No.

I am so impatient to return to my own story that what remains of young Le Fevre's — that is, from this turn of his fortune to the time my Uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor — shall be told in a very few words in the next chapter. All that is necessary to be added to this chapter is as follows: —

That my Uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant as chief mourners to his grave.

The Pulse.

(From "A Sentimental Journey.")

PARIS.

Hail, ye small, sweet courtesies of life! for smooth do ye make the road of it; like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

— "Pray, madam," said I, "have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opéra Comique?"

"Most willingly, monsieur," said she, laying aside her work.

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop, facing the door.

"*Très volontiers* — most willingly," said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said, "That woman is grateful."

"You must turn, monsieur," said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take — "you must turn first to your right hand, — *mais prenez garde*, there are two turns, and be so good as to take the second, — then go down a little way, and you 'll see a church; and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the Pont-Neuf, which you must cross, and there any one will do himself the pleasure to show you."

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first; and if *tones* and *manners* have a meaning, — which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out, — she seemed really interested that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty (notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette*, I think, I ever saw) which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that

I looked very full in her eyes, and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said; so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not, I returned back to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left, for that I had absolutely forgot.

"It is impossible!" said she, half laughing.

"'T is very possible," replied I, "when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice."

As this was the real truth, she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

— "*Attendez!*" said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. "I am just going to send him," said she, "with a packet into that quarter; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place."

So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop; and taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

—" He will be ready, monsieur," said she, "in a moment."

"And in that moment," replied I, "most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperature; and certainly," added I, "if it is the same blood which comes from the heart which descends to the extremes" (touching her wrist), "I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world."

"Feel it," said she, holding out her arm.

So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two forefingers of my other to the artery.

— Would to Heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lackadaisical manner counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever: how wouldst thou have laughed and moralized upon my new profession! — and thou shouldst have laughed and moralized on. Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have

said, "There are worse occupations in this world *than feeling a woman's pulse.*" — "But a *grisette's!*" thou wouldst have said; "and in an open shop! Yorick" —

"— So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it."

I had counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband, coming unexpected from a back parlor into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning. "'T was nobody but her husband," she said; — so I began a fresh score.

"Monsieur is so good," quoth she as he passed by us, "as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse."

The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said I did him too much honor; and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

"Good God!" said I to myself as he went out, "and can this man be the husband of this woman?"

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh: in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there; in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum nightcap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

— Surely, surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone; thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings; and this improvement of our natures from it I appeal to as my evidence.

— "And how does it beat, monsieur?" said she.

"With all the benignity," said I, looking quietly in her eyes, "that I expected."

She was going to say something civil in return, but the lad came into the shop with the gloves.

"Apropos," said I, "I want a couple of pairs myself."

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

STETSON, CHARLOTTE (PERKINS), an American writer; born at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1860. Her life has been passed mainly in San Francisco. She has published "In This Our World" (1893; enlarged edition, 1898), a collection of verse; "Women and Economics" (1898).

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.[1]

(From "In This Our World.")

ON New Year's Day he plans a cruise
To Heaven straight — no time to lose!
Vowing to live so virtuously
That each besetting sin shall flee —
Good resolutions wide he strews
On New Year's Day.

A while he minds his p's and q's,
And all temptations doth refuse,
Recalling his resolves so free
On New Year's Day.

But in the long year that ensues,
They fade away by threes and twos —
The place we do not wish to see
Is paved with all he meant to be,
When he next year his life reviews —
On New Year's Day.

IF MOTHER KNEW.

(From "In This Our World.")

IF mother knew the way I felt, —
And I 'm sure a mother should, —
She would n't make it quite so hard
For a person to be good!

[1] Copyright, Small, Maynard, & Co., 1898.

I want to do the way she says;
  I try to all day long;
And then she just skips all the right,
  And pounces on the wrong!

A dozen times I do a thing,
  And one time I forget;
And then she looks at me and asks
  If I can't remember yet?

She 'll tell me to do something,
  And I 'll really start to go;
But she 'll keep right on telling it
  As if I did n't know.

Till it seems as if I could n't —
  It makes me kind of wild;
And then she says she never saw
  Such a disobliging child.

I go to bed all sorry,
  And say my prayers, and cry,
And mean next day to be so good,
  I just can't wait to try.

And I get up next morning,
  And mean to do just right;
But mother 's sure to scold me
  About something, before night.

I wonder if she really thinks
  A child could go so far,
As to be perfect all the time
  As the grown up people are!

If she only knew I tried to, —
  And I 'm sure a mother should, —
She would n't make it quite so hard
  For a person to be good!

The Wolf at the Door.

(From "In This Our World.")

There 's a haunting horror near us
  That nothing drives away:
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
  A crouching shade by day;

There 's a whining at the threshold,
  There 's a scratching at the floor.
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
  The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short,
  The bed was hard and cold;
Still weary are the little ones,
  Still weary are the old.
We are weary in our cradles
  From our mother's toil untold;
We are born to hoarded weariness
  As some to hoarded gold.

We will not rise! We will not work!
  Nothing the day can give
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;
  Better to sleep than live!
What power can stir these heavy limbs?
  What hope these dull hearts swell?
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp,
  Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by lead or steel
  Is nothing that we should fear;
No human death would be worse to feel
  Than the life that holds us here.
But this is a fear no heart can face —
  A fate no man can dare —
To be run to earth and die by the teeth
  Of the gnawing monster there!

The slow, relentless, padding step
  That never goes astray —
The rustle in the underbrush —
  The shadow in the way —
The straining flight — the long pursuit —
  The steady gain behind —
Death-wearied man and tireless brute,
  And the struggle wild and blind!

There 's a hot breath at the keyhole
  And a tearing as of teeth!
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes
  And the dripping jaws beneath!
There 's a whining at the threshold —
  There 's a scratching at the floor —
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
  The wolf is at the door!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Stevenson, Robert Louis (baptized Robert Louis Balfour), a Scottish novelist, essayist, and poet; born at Edinburgh, November 13, 1850; died at Apia, Samoa, December 3, 1894. Robert was educated at Cambridge, studied law, and was admitted to practice. His literary work began in contributions to magazines. In 1879 he came as a steerage passenger to America, and crossed the continent in an emigrant car. Some of his California experiences are recorded in "The Silverado Squatters" (1883). Of his numerous books, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1885) is the one most widely known. He also published "An Inland Voyage" (1878); "Virginibus Puerisque, and Other Papers" (1881); "New Arabian Nights" (1882); "Treasure Island" (1882); "The Dynamiter: More New Arabian Nights" (1885); "The Child's Garden of Verses" (1885); "Prince Otto" (1885); "Kidnapped" (1886); "The Merry Men, and Other Tales" (1886); "Underwoods" (1887); "The Black Arrow" (1888); "The Master of Ballantrae" (1889); "Ballads" (1891); "The Wrecker" (1891–92); "David Balfour" (1893); "Island Nights' Entertainments" (1893); "The Ebb Tide" (1894); "Weir of Hermiston" and "St. Ives" (1895–96); "Vailma Letters" (1895); "Songs of Travel" (1896).

La Fère of Cursed Memory.

(From "An Inland Voyage.")

We lingered in *Moy* a good part of the day, for we were fond of being philosophical, and scorned long journeys and early starts on principle. The place, moreover, invited to repose. People in elaborate shooting costumes sallied from the *château* with guns and game-bags; and this was a pleasure in itself, to remain behind while these elegant pleasure-seekers took the first of the morning. In this way, all the world may be an aristocrat, and play the duke among marquises, and the reigning monarch among dukes, if he will only outvie them in tranquillity. An imperturbable demeanor comes from perfect

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patience. Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.

We made a very short day of it to *La Fère;* but the dusk was falling, and a small rain had begun before we stowed the boats. *La Fère* is a fortified town in a plain, and has two belts of rampart. Between the first and the second, extends a region of waste land and cultivated patches. Here and there along the wayside were posters forbidding trespass in the name of military engineering. At last, a second gateway admitted us to the town itself. Lighted windows looked gladsome, whiffs of comfortable cookery came abroad upon the air The town was full of the military reserve, out for the French *Autumn* manœuvres, and the reservists walked speedily and wore their formidable greatcoats. It was a fine night to be within doors over dinner, and hear the rain upon the windows.

The *Cigarette* and I could not sufficiently congratulate each other on the prospect, for we had been told there was a capital inn at *La Fère.* Such a dinner as we were going to eat! such beds as we were to sleep in! — and all the while the rain raining on houseless folk over all the poplared country-side! It made our mouths water. The inn bore the name of some woodland animal, stag, or hart, or hind, I forget which. But I shall never forget how spacious and how eminently habitable it looked as we drew near. The carriage entry was lighted up, not by intention, but from the mere superfluity of fire and candle in the house. A rattle of many dishes came to our ears; we sighted a great field of table-cloth; the kitchen glowed like a forge and smelt like a garden of things to eat.

Into this, the inmost shrine, and physiological heart, of a hostelry, with all its furnaces in action, and all its dressers charged with viands, you are now to suppose us making our triumphal entry, a pair of damp rag-and-bone men, each with a limp india-rubber bag upon his arm. I do not believe I have a sound view of that kitchen; I saw it through a sort of glory: but it seemed to me crowded with the snowy caps of cookmen, who all turned round from their saucepans and looked at us with surprise. There was no doubt about the landlady, however: there she was, heading her army, a flushed, angry woman, full of affairs. Her I asked politely — too politely, thinks the *Cigarette* — if we could have beds: she surveying us coldly from head to foot.

"You will find beds in the suburb," she remarked. "We are too busy for the like of you."

If we could make an entrance, change our clothes, and order a bottle of wine, I felt sure we could put things right; so said I: "If we cannot sleep, we may at least dine," — and was for depositing my bag.

What a terrible convulsion of nature was that which followed in the landlady's face! She made a run at us, and stamped her foot.

"Out with you — out of the door!" she screeched. "*Sortez! sortez! sortez par la porte!*"

I do not know how it happened, but next moment we were out in the rain and darkness, and I was cursing before the carriage entry like a disappointed mendicant. Where were the boating men of *Belgium?* where the Judge and his good wines? and where the graces of *Origny?* Black, black was the night after the firelit kitchen; but what was that to the blackness in our heart? This was not the first time that I have been refused a lodging. Often and often have I planned what I should do if such a misadventure happened to me again. And nothing is easier to plan. But to put in execution, with the heart boiling at the indignity? Try it; try it only once; and tell me what you did.

It is all very fine to talk about tramps and morality. Six hours of police surveillance (such as I have had), or one brutal rejection from an inn door, change your views upon the subject like a course of lectures. As long as you keep in the upper regions, with all the world bowing to you as you go, social arrangements have a very handsome air; but once get under the wheels, and you wish society were at the devil. I will give most respectable men a fortnight of such a life, and then I will offer them twopence for what remains of their morality.

For my part, when I was turned out of the *Stag*, or the *Hind*, or whatever it was, I would have set the temple of *Diana* on fire, if it had been handy. There was no crime complete enough to express my disapproval of human institutions. As for the *Cigarette*, I never knew a man so altered. "We have been taken for peddlers again," said he. "Good *God*, what it must be to be a peddler in reality!" He particularized a complaint for every joint in the landlady's body. *Timon* was a philanthropist alongside of him. And then, when he was at the top of his maledictory bent, he would suddenly break away

and begin whimperingly to commiserate the poor. "I hope to *God*," he said, — and I trust the prayer was answered, — "that I shall never be uncivil to a peddler." Was this the imperturbable *Cigarette?* This, this was he. O change beyond report, thought, or belief!

Meantime the heaven wept upon our heads; and the windows grew brighter as the night increased in darkness. We trudged in and out of *La Fère* streets; we saw shops, and private houses where people were copiously dining; we saw stables where carters' nags had plenty of fodder and clean straw; we saw no end of reservists, who were very sorry for themselves this wet night, I doubt not, and yearned for their country homes; but had they not each man his place in *La Fère* barracks? And we, what had we?

There seemed to be no other inn in the whole town. People gave us directions, which we followed as best we could, generally with the effect of bringing us out again upon the scene of our disgrace. We were very sad people indeed by the time we had gone all over *La Fère;* and the *Cigarette* had already made up his mind to lie under a poplar and sup off a loaf of bread. But right at the other end, the house next the towngate was full of light and bustle. "*Bazin, aubergiste, loge à pied,*" was the sign. "*À la Croix de Malte.*" There were we received.

The room was full of noisy reservists drinking and smoking; and we were very glad indeed when the drums and bugles began to go about the streets, and one and all had to snatch shakoes and be off for the barracks.

Bazin was a tall man, running to fat: soft-spoken, with a delicate, gentle face. We asked him to share our wine; but he excused himself, having pledged reservists all day long. This was a very different type of the workman-innkeeper from the bawling disputatious fellow at *Origny*. He also loved *Paris*, where he had worked as a decorative painter in his youth. There were such opportunities for self-instruction there, he said. And if any one has read *Zola's* description of the workman's marriage party visiting the *Louvre*, they would do well to have heard *Bazin* by way of antidote. He had delighted in the museums in his youth. "One sees there little miracles of work," he said; "that is what makes a good workman; it kindles a spark." We asked him how he managed in *La Fère*.

"I am married," he said, "and I have my pretty children.

But frankly, it is no life at all. From morning to night, I pledge a pack of good enough fellows who know nothing."

It faired as the night went on, and the moon came out of the clouds. We sat in front of the door, talking softly with *Bazin*. At the guard-house opposite, the guard was being forever turned out, as trains of field artillery kept clanking in out of the night, or patrols of horsemen trotted by in their cloaks. Madame *Bazin* came out after a while; she was tired with her day's work, I suppose; and she nestled up to her husband and laid her head upon his breast. He had his arm about her and kept gently patting her on the shoulder. I think *Bazin* was right, and he was really married. Of how few people can the same be said!

Little did the *Bazins* know how much they served us. We were charged for candles, for food and drink, and for the beds we slept in. But there was nothing in the bill for the husband's pleasant talk; nor for the pretty spectacle of their married life. And there was yet another item uncharged. For these people's politeness really set us up again in our own esteem. We had a thirst for consideration; the sense of insult was still hot in our spirits; and civil usage seemed to restore us to our position in the world.

How little we pay our way in life! Although we have our purses continually in our hand the better part of service goes still unrewarded. But I like to fancy that a grateful spirit gives as good as it gets. Perhaps the *Bazins* knew how much I liked them? perhaps they also were healed of some slights by the thanks that I gave them in my manner?

The Man with the Belt of Gold.

(From "Kidnapped.")

More than a week went by, in which the ill-luck that had hitherto pursued the "Covenant" upon this voyage grew yet more strongly marked. Some days she made a little way; others, she was driven actually back. At last we were beaten so far to the south that we tossed and tacked to and fro the whole of the ninth day, within sight of Cape Wrath and the wild, rocky coast on either hand of it. There followed on that a council of the officers, and some decision which I did not rightly understand, seeing only the result: that we had made a fair wind of a foul one and were running south.

The tenth afternoon, there was a falling swell and a thick, wet, white fog that hid one end of the brig from the other. All afternoon, when I went on deck, I saw men and officers listening hard over the bulwarks — "for breakers," they said; and though I did not so much as understand the word, I felt danger in the air and was excited.

Maybe about ten at night, I was serving Mr. Riach and the captain at their supper, when the ship struck something with a great sound, and we heard voices singing out. My two masters leaped to their feet.

"She 's struck," said Mr. Riach.

"No, sir," said the captain. "We 've only run a boat down."

And they hurried out.

The captain was in the right of it. We had run down a boat in the fog, and she had parted in the midst and gone to the bottom with all her crew, but one. This man (as I heard afterward) had been sitting in the stern as a passenger, while the rest were on the benches rowing. At the moment of the blow, the stern had been thrown into the air, and the man (having his hands free, and for all he was encumbered with a frieze overcoat that came below his knees) had leaped up and caught hold of the brig's bowsprit. It showed he had luck and much agility and unusual strength, that he should have thus saved himself from such a pass. And yet, when the captain brought him into the round-house, and I set eyes on him for the first time, he looked as cool as I did.

He was smallish in stature, but well set and as nimble as a goat; his face was of a good open expression, but sunburnt very dark, and heavily freckled and pitted with the smallpox; his eyes were unusually light and had a kind of dancing madness in them, that was both engaging and alarming; and when he took off his greatcoat, he laid a pair of fine silver-mounted pistols on the table, and I saw that he was belted with a great sword. His manners, besides, were elegant, and he pledged the captain handsomely. Altogether I thought of him, at the first sight, that here was a man I would rather call my friend than my enemy.

The captain, too, was taking his observations, but rather of the man's clothes than his person. And to be sure, as soon as he had taken off the greatcoat, he showed forth mighty fine for the round-house of a merchant brig: having a hat with

feathers, a red waistcoat, breeches of black plush, and a blue coat with silver buttons and handsome silver lace: costly clothes, though somewhat spoiled with the fog and being slept in.

"I 'm vexed, sir, about the boat," says the captain.

"There are some pretty men gone to the bottom," said the stranger, "that I would rather see on the dry land again than half a score of boats."

"Friends of yours?" said Hoseason.

"You have none such friends in your country," was the reply. "They would have died for me like dogs."

"Well, sir," said the captain, still watching him, "there are more men in the world than boats to put them in."

"And that 's true, too," cried the other; "and ye seem to be a gentleman of great penetration."

"I have been in France, sir," says the captain; so that it was plain he meant more by the words than showed upon the face of them.

"Well, sir," says the other; "and so has many a pretty man, for the matter of that."

"No doubt, sir," says the captain; "and fine coats."

"Oho!" says the stranger, "is that how the wind sets?" And he laid his hand quickly on his pistols.

"Don't be hasty," said the captain. "Don't do a mischief, before ye see the need for it. Ye 've a French soldier's coat upon your back and a Scotch tongue in your head, to be sure; but so has many an honest fellow in these days, and I daresay none the worse of it."

"So?" said the gentleman in the fine coat: "are ye of the honest party?" (meaning, Was he a Jacobite? for each side, in those sort of civil broils, takes the name of honesty for its own).

"Why, sir," replied the captain, "I am a true-blue Protestant, and I thank God for it." (It was the first word of any religion I had ever heard from him, but I learnt afterward he was a great church-goer while on shore.) "But, for all that," says he, "I can be sorry to see another man with his back to the wall."

"Can ye so, indeed?" asks the Jacobite. "Well, sir, to be quite plain with ye, I am one of those honest gentlemen that were in trouble about the years forty-five and six; and (to be still quite plain with ye) if I get into the hands of any of

the red-coated gentry, it's like it would go hard with me. Now, sir, I was for France; and there was a French ship cruising here to pick me up; but she gave us the go-by in the fog — as I wish from the heart that ye had done yoursel'! And the best that I can say is this: If ye can set me ashore where I was going, I have that upon me will reward you highly for your trouble."

"In France?" says the captain. "No, sir; that I cannot do. But where ye come from — we might talk of that."

And then, unhappily, he observed me standing in my corner, and packed me off to the galley to get supper for the gentleman. I lost no time, I promise you; and when I came back into the round-house, I found the gentleman had taken a money-belt from about his waist, and poured out a guinea or two upon the table. The captain was looking at the guineas, and then at the belt, and then at the gentleman's face; and I thought he seemed excited.

"Half of it," he cried, "and I 'm your man!"

The other swept back the guineas into the belt, and put it on again under his waistcoat. "I have told ye, sir," said he, "that not one doit of it belongs to me. It belongs to my chieftain" — and here he touched his hat — "and while I would be but a silly messenger to grudge some of it that the rest might come safe, I should show myself a hound indeed if I bought my own carcass any too dear. Thirty guineas on the seaside, or sixty if ye set me on the Linnhe Loch. Take it, if ye will; if not, ye can do your worst."

"Ay," said Hoseason. "And if I give ye over to the soldiers?"

"Ye would make a fool's bargain," said the other. "My chief, let me tell you, sir, is forfeited, like every honest man in Scotland. His estate is in the hands of the man they call King George; and it is his officers that collect the rents, or try to collect them. But for the honor of Scotland, the poor tenant bodies take a thought upon their chief lying in exile; and this money is a part of that very rent for which King George is looking. Now, sir, ye seem to me to be a man that understands things: bring this money within the reach of Government, and how much of it 'll come to you?"

"Little enough, to be sure," said Hoseason; and then, "If they knew," he added dryly. "But I think, if I was to try, that I could hold my tongue about it."

"Ah, but I 'll begowk[1] ye there!" cried the gentleman. "Play me false, and I 'll play you cunning. If a hand 's laid upon me, they shall ken what money it is."

"Well," returned the captain, "what must be must. Sixty guineas, and done. Here 's my hand upon it."

"And here 's mine," said the other.

And thereupon the captain went out (rather hurriedly, I thought), and left me alone in the round-house with the stranger.

At that period (so soon after the forty-five) there were many exiled gentlemen coming back at the peril of their lives, either to see their friends or to collect a little money; and as for the Highland chiefs that had been forfeited, it was a common matter of talk how their tenants would stint themselves to send them money, and their clansmen outface the soldiery to get it in, and run the gauntlet of our great navy to carry it across. All this I had, of course, heard tell of; and now I had a man under my eyes whose life was forfeit on all these counts and upon one more; for he was not only a rebel and a smuggler of rents, but had taken service with King Louis of France. And as if all this were not enough, he had a belt full of golden guineas round his loins. Whatever my opinions, I could not look on such a man without a lively interest.

"And so you 're a Jacobite?" said I, as I set meat before him.

"Ay," said he, beginning to eat. "And you, by your long face, should be a Whig?"[2]

"Betwixt and between," said I, not to annoy him; for indeed I was as good a Whig as Mr. Campbell could make me.

"And that 's naething," said he. "But I 'm saying, Mr. Betwixt-and-Between," he added, "this bottle of yours is dry; and it 's hard if I 'm to pay sixty guineas and be grudged a dram upon the back of it."

"I 'll go and ask for the key," said I, and stepped on deck.

The fog was as close as ever, but the swell almost down. They had laid the brig to, not knowing precisely where they were, and the wind (what little there was of it) not serving well for their true course. Some of the hands were still hearkening for breakers; but the captain and the two officers were

[1] Befool.

[2] Whig or Whigamore was the cant name for those who were loyal to King George.

in the waist with their heads together. It struck me, I don't know why, that they were after no good; and the first word I heard, as I drew softly near, more than confirmed me.

It was Mr. Riach, crying out as if upon a sudden thought: —

"Could n't we wile him out of the round-house?"

"He 's better where he is," returned Hoseason; "he has n't room to use his sword."

"Well, that 's true," said Riach; "but he 's hard to come at."

"Hut!" said Hoseason. "We can get the man in talk, one upon each side, and pin him by the two arms; or if that 'll not hold, sir, we can make a run by both the doors and get him under hand before he has the time to draw."

At this hearing, I was seized with both fear and anger at these treacherous, greedy, bloody men that I sailed with. My first mind was to run away; my second was bolder.

"Captain," said I, "the gentleman is seeking a dram, and the bottle 's out. Will you give me the key?"

They all started and turned about.

"Why, here 's our chance to get the firearms!" Riach cried; and then to me: "Hark ye, David," he said, "do ye ken where the pistols are?"

"Ay, ay," put in Hoseason. "David kens; David 's a good lad. Ye see, David, my man, yon wild Hielandman is a danger to the ship, besides being a rank foe to King George, God bless him!"

I had never been so be-Davied since I came on board; but I said yes, as if all I heard were quite natural.

"The trouble is," resumed the captain, "that all our firelocks, great and little, are in the round-house under this man's nose; likewise the powder. Now, if I, or one of the officers, was to go in and take them, he would fall to thinking. But a lad like you, David, might snap up a horn and a pistol or two without remark. And if ye can do it cleverly, I 'll bear it in mind when it 'll be good for you to have friends; and that 's when we come to Carolina."

Here Mr. Riach whispered him a little.

"Very right, sir," said the captain; and then to myself: "And see here, David, yon man has a beltful of gold, and I give you my word that you shall have your fingers in it."

I told him I would do as he wished, though indeed I had scarce breath to speak with; and upon that he gave me the

key of the spirit locker, and I began to go slowly back to the round-house. What was I to do? They were dogs and thieves; they had stolen me from my own country; they had killed poor Ransome; and was I to hold the candle to another murder? But then, upon the other hand, there was the fear of death very plain before me; for what could a boy and a man, if they were as brave as lions, against a whole ship's company?

I was still arguing it back and forth, and getting no great clearness, when I came into the round-house and saw the Jacobite eating his supper under the lamp; and at that my mind was made up all in a moment. I have no credit by it; it was by no choice of mine, but as if by compulsion, that I walked right up to the table and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Do ye want to be killed?" said I.

He sprang to his feet, and looked a question at me as clear as if he had spoken.

"O!" cried I, "they 're all murderers here; it 's a ship full of them! They 've murdered a boy already. Now it 's you."

"Ay, ay," said he; "but they have n't got me yet."

And then looking at me curiously, "Will ye stand with me?"

"That will I!" said I. "I am no thief, nor yet murderer. I 'll stand by you."

"Why, then," said he, "what 's your name?"

"David Balfour," said I; and then thinking that a man with so fine a coat must like fine people, I added for the first time "of Shaws."

It never occurred to him to doubt me, for a Highlander is used to see great gentlefolk in great poverty; but as he had no estate of his own, my words nettled a very childish vanity he had.

"My name is Stewart," he said, drawing himself up. "Alan Breck, they call me. A king's name is good enough for me, though I bear it plain and have the name of no farm-midden to clap to the hind-end of it."

And having administered this rebuke, as though it were something of a chief importance, he turned to examine our defences.

The round-house was built very strong, to support the breachings of the seas. Of its five apertures, only the skylight and the two doors were large enough for the passage of a man. The doors, besides, could be drawn close; they were of stout

oak, and ran in grooves, and were fitted with hooks to keep them either shut or open, as the need arose. The one that was already shut, I secured in this fashion; but when I was proceeding to slide to the other, Alan stopped me.

"David," said he — "for I cannae bring to mind the name of your landed estate, and so will make so bold as call you David — that door, being open, is the best part of my defences."

"It would be yet better shut," says I.

"Not so, David," says he. "Ye see, I have but one face; but so long as that door is open and my face to it, the best part of my enemies will be in front of me, where I would aye wish to find them."

Then he gave me from the rack a cutlass (of which there were a few besides the firearms), choosing it with great care, shaking his head and saying he had never in all his life seen poorer weapons; and next he set me down to the table with a powder-horn, a bag of bullets, and all the pistols, which he bade me charge.

"And that will be better work, let me tell you," said he, "for a gentleman of decent birth, than scraping plates and raxing[1] drams to a wheen tarry sailors."

Thereupon he stood up in the midst with his face to the door, and drawing his great sword, made trial of the room he had to wield it in.

"I must stick to the point," he said, shaking his head; "and that 's a pity, too. It does n't set my genius, which is all for the upper guard. And now," said he, "do you keep on charging the pistols, and give heed to me."

I told him I would listen closely. My chest was tight, my mouth dry, the light dark to my eyes; the thought of the numbers that were soon to leap in upon us kept my heart in a flutter; and the sea, which I heard washing round the brig, and where I thought my dead body would be cast ere morning, ran in my mind strangely.

"First of all," said he, "how many are against us?"

I reckoned them up; and such was the hurry of my mind, I had to cast the numbers twice. "Fifteen," said I.

Alan whistled. "Well," said he, "that can't be cured. And now follow me. It is my part to keep this door, where I look for the main battle. In that, ye have no hand. And

[1] Reaching.

mind and dinnae fire to this side unless they get me down; for I would rather have ten foes in front of me than one friend like you cracking pistols at my back."

I told him indeed I was no great shot.

"And that 's very bravely said," he cried, in a great admiration of my candor. "There 's many a pretty gentleman that wouldnae dare to say it."

"But then, sir," said I, "there is the door behind you, which they may perhaps break in."

"Ay," said he, "and that is a part of your work. No sooner the pistols charged, then ye must climb up into yon bed where ye 're handy at the window; and if they lift hand against the door, ye 're to shoot. But that 's not all. Let 's make a bit of a soldier of ye, David. What else have ye to guard?"

"There 's the skylight," said I. "But indeed, Mr. Stewart, I would need to have eyes upon both sides to keep the two of them; for when my face is at the one, my back is to the other."

"And that 's very true," said Alan. "But have ye no ears to your head?"

"To be sure!" cried I. "I must hear the bursting of the glass!"

"Ye have some rudiments of sense," said Alan grimly.

The Siege of the Round-house.

(From "Kidnapped.")

But now our time of truce was come to an end. Those on deck had waited for my coming till they grew impatient; and scarce had Alan spoken, when the captain showed face in the open door.

"Stand!" cried Alan, and pointed his sword at him.

The captain stood, indeed; but he neither winced nor drew back a foot.

"A naked sword?" says he. "This is a strange return for hospitality."

"Do you see me?" said Alan. "I am come of kings; I bear a king's name. My badge is the oak. Do ye see my sword? It has slashed the heads off mair Whigamores than you have toes upon your feet. Call up your vermin to your back, sir, and fall on! The sooner the clash begins, the sooner ye 'll taste this steel throughout your vitals."

The captain said nothing to Alan, but he looked over at me with an ugly look. "David," said he, "I'll mind this;" and the sound of his voice went through me with a jar.

Next moment he was gone.

"And now," said Alan, "let your hand keep your head, for the grip is coming."

Alan drew a dirk, which he held in his left hand in case they should run in under his sword. I, on my part, clambered up into the berth with an armful of pistols and something of a heavy heart, and set open the window where I was to watch. It was a small part of the deck that I could overlook, but enough for our purpose. The sea had gone down, and the wind was steady and kept the sails quiet; so that there was a great stillness in the ship, in which I made sure I heard the sound of muttering voices. A little after, and there came a clash of steel upon the deck, by which I knew they were dealing out the cutlasses and one had been let fall; and after that silence again.

I do not know if I was what you call afraid; but my heart beat like a bird's, both quick and little; and there was a dimness came before my eyes which I continually rubbed away, and which continually returned. As for hope, I had none; but only a darkness of despair and a sort of anger against all the world that made me long to sell my life as dear as I was able. I tried to pray, I remember, but that same hurry of my mind, like a man running, would not suffer me to think upon the words; and my chief wish was to have the thing begin and be done with it.

It came all of a sudden when it did, with a rush of feet and a roar, and then a shout from Alan, and a sound of blows and some one crying out as if hurt. I looked back over my shoulder, and saw Mr. Shuan in the doorway, crossing blades with Alan.

"That's him that killed the boy!" I cried.

"Look to your window!" said Alan; and as I turned back to my place, I saw him pass his sword through the mate's body.

It was none too soon for me to look to my own part; for my head was scarce back at the window before five men, carrying a spare yard for a battering-ram, ran past me and took post to drive the door in. I had never fired with a pistol in my life, and not often with a gun; far less against a fellow-creature.

But it was now or never; and just as they swung the yard, I cried out, "Take that!" and shot into their midst.

I must have hit one of them, for he sang out and gave back a step, and the rest stopped as if a little disconcerted. Before they had time to recover, I sent another ball over their heads; and at my third shot (which went as wide as the second) the whole party threw down the yard and ran for it.

Then I looked round again into the deck-house. The whole place was full of the smoke of my own firing, just as my ears seemed to be burst with the noise of the shots. But there was Alan, standing as before; only now his sword was running blood to the hilt, and himself so swelled with triumph and fallen into so fine an attitude, that he looked to be invincible. Right before him on the floor was Mr. Shuan, on his hands and knees; the blood was pouring from his mouth, and he was sinking slowly lower, with a terrible, white face; and just as I looked, some of those from behind caught hold of him by the heels and dragged him bodily out of the round-house. I believe he died as they were doing it.

"There 's one of your Whigs for ye!" cried Alan; and then turning to me, he asked if I had done much execution.

I told him I had winged one, and thought it was the captain.

"And I 've settled two," says he. "No, there 's not enough blood let; they 'll be back again. To your watch, David. This was but a dram before meat."

I settled back to my place, recharging the three pistols I had fired, and keeping watch with both eye and ear.

Our enemies were disputing not far off upon the deck, and that so loudly that I could hear a word or two above the washing of the seas.

"It was Shuan bauchled[1] it," I heard one say.

And another answered him with a "Wheesht, man! He 's paid the piper."

After that the voices fell again into the same muttering as before. Only now, one person spoke most of the time, as though laying down a plan, and first one and then another answered him briefly, like men taking orders. By this, I made sure they were coming on again, and told Alan.

"It 's what we have to pray for," said he. "Unless we can give them a good distaste of us, and done with it, there 'll be

[1] Bungled.

nae sleep for either you or me. But this time, mind, they 'll be in earnest."

By this my pistols were ready, and there was nothing to do but listen and wait. While the brush lasted, I had not the time to think if I was frighted; but now, when all was still again, my mind ran upon nothing else. The thought of the sharp swords and the cold steel was strong in me; and presently, when I began to hear stealthy steps and a brushing of men's clothes against the round-house wall, and knew they were taking their places in the dark, I could have found it in my mind to cry out aloud.

All this was upon Alan's side; and I had begun to think my share of the fight was at an end, when I heard some one drop softly on the roof above me.

Then there came a single call on the sea-pipe, and that was the signal. A knot of them made one rush of it, cutlass in hand, against the door; and at the same moment the glass of the skylight was dashed in a thousand pieces, and a man leaped through and landed on the floor. Before he got to his feet, I had clapped a pistol to his back, and might have shot him, too; only at the touch of him (and him alive) my whole flesh misgave me, and I could no more pull the trigger than I could have flown.

He had dropped his cutlass as he jumped, and when he felt the pistol, whipped straight round and laid hold of me, roaring out an oath; and at that my courage came back again, or I grew so much afraid as came to the same thing; for I gave a shriek and shot him in the midst of the body. He gave the most horrible, ugly groan and fell to the floor. The foot of a second fellow, whose legs were dangling through the skylight, struck me at the same time upon the head; and at that I snatched another pistol and shot this one through the thigh, so that he slipped through and tumbled in a lump on his companion's body. There was no talk of missing, any more than there was time to aim; I clapped the muzzle to the very place and fired.

I might have stood and stared at them for long, but I heard Alan shout as if for help, and that brought me to my senses.

He had kept the door so long; but one of the seamen, while he was engaged with others, had run in under his guard and caught him about the body. Alan was dirking him with his left hand, but the fellow clung like a leech. Another had

broken in and had his cutlass raised. The door was thronged with their faces. I thought we were lost, and catching up my cutlass, fell on them in flank.

But I had not time to be of help. The wrestler dropped at last; and Alan, leaping back to get his distance, ran upon the others, like a bull, roaring as he went. They broke before him like water, turning, and running, and falling one against another in their haste. The sword in his hands flashed like quicksilver into the huddle of our fleeing enemies; and at every flash there came the scream of a man hurt. I was still thinking we were lost, when lo! they were all gone, and Alan was driving them along the deck as a sheep-dog chases sheep.

Yet he was no sooner out than he was back again, being as cautious as he was brave; and meanwhile the seamen continued running and crying out as if he was still behind them; and we heard them tumble one upon another into the forecastle, and clap-to the hatch upon the top.

The round-house was like a shambles; three were dead inside, another lay in his death agony across the threshold; and there were Alan and I victorious and unhurt.

He came up to me with open arms. "Come to my arms!" he cried, and embraced and kissed me hard upon both cheeks. "David," said he, "I love you like a brother. And O, man," he cried in a kind of ecstasy, "am I no a bonny fighter?"

Thereupon he turned to the four enemies, passed his sword clean through each of them, and tumbled them out of doors. As he did so, he kept humming and singing and whistling to himself, like a man trying to recall an air; only what he was trying, was to make one. All the while, the flush was in his face, and his eyes were as bright as a five-year-old child's with a new toy. And presently he sat down upon the table, sword in hand; the air that he was making all the time began to run a little clearer, and then clearer still; and then out he burst with a great voice into a Gaelic song.

I have translated it here, not in verse (of which I have no skill) but at least in the king's English. He sang it often afterward, and the thing became popular; so that I have heard it, and had it explained to me, many 's the time: —

"This is the song of the sword of Alan:
The smith made it,
The fire set it;
Now it shines in the hand of Alan Breck.

"Their eyes were many and bright,
Swift were they to behold,
Many the hands they guided:
The sword was alone.

"The dun deer troop over the hill,
They are many, the hill is one;
The dun deer vanish,
The hill remains.

"Come to me from the hills of heather,
Come from the isles of the sea.
O far-beholding eagles,
Here is your meat."

Now this song which he made (both words and music) in the hour of our victory, is something less than just to me, who stood beside him in the tussle. Mr. Shuan and five more were either killed outright or thoroughly disabled; but of these, two fell by my hand, the two that came by the skylight. Four more were hurt, and of that number, one (and he not the least important) got his hurt from me. So that, altogether, I did my fair share both of the killing and the wounding, and might have claimed a place in Alan's verses. But poets (as a very wise man once told me) have to think upon their rhymes; and in good prose talk, Alan always did me more than justice.

In the meanwhile, I was innocent of any wrong being done me. For not only I knew no word of the Gaelic; but what with the long suspense of the waiting, and the scurry and strain of our two spirits of fighting, and more than all, the horror I had of some of my own share in it, the thing was no sooner over than I was glad to stagger to a seat. There was that tightness on my chest that I could hardly breathe; the thought of the two men I had shot sat upon me like a nightmare; and all upon a sudden, and before I had a guess of what was coming, I began to sob and cry like any child.

Alan clapped my shoulder, and said I was a brave lad and wanted nothing but a sleep.

"I'll take the first watch," said he. "Ye've done well by me, David, first and last; and I would n't lose you for all Appin —no, nor for Breadalbane."

So he made up my bed on the floor, and took the first spell, nd sword on knee; three hours by the captain's

watch upon the wall. Then he roused me up, and I took my turn of three hours; before the end of which it was broad day, and a very quiet morning, with a smooth, rolling sea that tossed the ship and made the blood run to and fro on the round-house floor, and a heavy rain that drummed upon the roof. All my watch there was nothing stirring; and by the banging of the helm, I knew they had even no one at the tiller. Indeed (as I learned afterward) they were so many of them hurt or dead, and the rest in so ill a temper, that Mr. Riach and the captain had to take turn and turn (like Alan and me), or the brig might have gone ashore and nobody the wiser. It was a mercy the night had fallen so still, for the wind had gone down as soon as the rain began. Even as it was, I judged by the wailing of a great number of gulls that went crying and fishing round the ship, that she must have drifted pretty near the coast or one of the islands of the Hebrides; and at last, looking out of the door of the round-house, I saw the great stone hills of Skye on the right hand, and, a little more astern, the strange Isle of Rum.

The House Beautiful.

(From "Underwoods.")

A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot:
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendor; here
The army of the stars appear.

The neighboring hollows, dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime;
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful;
And when snow-bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

REQUIEM.

(From "Underwoods.")

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

FREDERIC JESUP STIMSON.

STIMSON, FREDERIC JESUP (*pseudonym*, J. S. of Da American lawyer and novelist. He was born at Dedham, July 20, 1855, and was graduated at Harvard in 1876, ar the Law School two years later. In 1884–85 he was A Attorney-General of Massachusetts. His works in the lin profession are a "Law Glossary" (1881), and "American tory Law" (1886); his novels are: "Guerndale" (1882) Crime of Henry Vane" (1884); "The King's Men" (with C and Wheelwright) (1885); "The Sentimental Calendar" "First Harvests," a satire on New York high life, and Residuary Legatee" (1888); "In the Three Zones" (189 "King Noanett" (1897)

MY MEETING WITH MISTRESS ST. AUBYN.[1]

(From "King Noanett.")

"WHAT last on earth you saw?" — thus spake
The angel to me when I died. — "I saw
Alone, in a dark wood, at eve, her face,
Her face, turned half away, and from it came
A light that was not of the sea nor sky."

"But after?"

"After that was nothing. — But
The brown leaves of the mountain fell around,
Blown o' the last gale of summer; and the storm
Still was above; only, from the pale West
(Where since an hour the hidden sun had set)
Came one cold level ray and touched her face
Her face, that was beside me, and her eyes."

"But after that?"

"Was nothing."

"Forty yea

"Forty years? I know not. — But her face,
As it looked out, so pure, to th' distant sea —
(We were together, she and I, alone)

[1] By permission of Lamson, Wolffe, &

Her face, white in the night, beside me there,
(She knew it not) was burned into my heart."
"But forty years that followed?"
"What know I?
They may have been; they are not; I have told
The last on earth I saw, as thou hast said."

Courtenay's verses begin the story well enough. And the first light that I saw on the earth, as I remember, was the bright light of a September morning on the moors. And that morning and that evening have made my day of life. And whereas in my earlier days it was the evening that I remembered most often and most bitterly, now that I am in the eve of life myself, the thought of that bright morning lieth in my heart like a wine to make death gentle. Marriage and giving in marriage are not in heaven, we are told: but we are not told, there is no love; and that is all that I have found, within this world, eternal; we but pretend to other things. I have heard, too, all that is said by priest or puritan.

I have often thought also how strange our meeting was — in what troubled soil, and in what lull of great world-tempests my love was sown; and blossomed there so tenderly, so hardily, like our first March meadow-flowers, that are the frailest ever. For it was that lull in the shock of steel coat and leather jerkin, joy and thought, Honor and Conscience, Charles and Cromwell, that made our two grandfathers thoughtless of our trifling hearts, and gave my own, just born, its chance of breath.

For my grandfather, either that he was old or thought the crop uncertain, had turned squire and let both his farms that year; and I had no labor, but was left to roam like a gentleman's son, only that I had neither tutors nor horses. So fair an August had I never known; the warm rich sky lay over all the West of England, softly blue, above the scarlet heather and the golden gorse, and the sweet soft green where on the moors the new grass grew: the glory of those days stayed with me many sober years, and tinged their blankness faintly.

The moors were mine, and the openness, and the sweet air of life. And from the Northern seacliffs to the ivy-clad valley of the Holne Chase, aye, West, to wilder Dartmoor, I was
[illegible] most I liked, of all dominions, that central nest of
[illegible] where Barle and the Lyn-stream rise, and the
[illegible]dge, nor the heather any paths, save what

the wild moor-ponies make; even sheep roam not there, for the farmers dare not trust them in that wilderness.

This year, though, they had been safe enough: for, all that season, not one armed man did I see, they being elsewhere engaged. And that the sheep had been there in older, gentler times, the heart of my domain was evidence. For, in a gentle fold of the valley, on the topmost moor, where the first soft crease of green showed in the stern purple highlands, only just hidden, yet safe beyond all seeking (as a lady's love-letter in her bosom), lay my home — my true home. It was an old abandoned sheepfold (*bield*, we called it) built of stone; a square rod only, in extent, but yet like a little fortalice: for at one corner of the thick stone wall, and that the lowermost, rose a round stone tower, so that it made a sort of sentry-post and cover at the top; and below (which had been the shepherd's room) a room for me.

And this was my true home; here my being was; my seeming (at mealtimes, and of nights, when I could not get away) was at my grandfather's. In the stone enclosure I kept a wild moor-pony, that I had caught and bridled with a rope; no longer wild now, for he neighed to me at the dawn, and made sleepy, comfortable noises, when I sang to him in the evening.

No man (so far as I knew) came to this place. It was long since sheep had been pastured there; I fancied that its owner was dead, and it forgotten by his heirs. So I called it mine. And on the first of those forty days that I remember, it was early of a Monday morn that I started from my grandfather's; the sun-rise sunlight lay freshly on the moors, as I started Northward, skirting the dangerous bogs for haste to get there and see my pony: for my grandfather had had a sermon-fit the day before, and kept me indoors all the Sunday. On such occasions poor Noll, the pony, had to find new grass as best he might in the courtyard, and beware lest he kick over the water-trough.

All my life I have believed there was enchantment in the air that day. I was conscious of it before I came to my sheep tower; and the dread Mole's Chamber, lying in the sink of the down upon my left, had veiled its evil surface in a rosy cloud. Noll whinnied at seeing me, though his water-trough was full. I brought him grass, and he seemed not hungry; and then I sat on the little slope of grass that lay sunward, above the brook, leaning on the last dense wall of heather, now full of

bloom and fragrant. And the water made soft murmurs, and I dreamed.

Then became I conscious of the spell. There was a presence there; I felt that I was not alone. So strong grew this upon me that I fancied I heard a breathing, and it was not Noll's nor mine. I lay just beneath the little corner tower, and it seemed to come from there. At last I could resist no longer, and I went back to the fold, and entered it, and went to the little wall-stairway of projecting stones (Noll pressing after me and snuffing at my elbow) and climbed this; and entered the little tower cell. Two long slits were in the wall of this for shooting culverins; and now through one of them shot a shaft of sunlight, athwart the stone chamber; and beyond this, lying on a bed of heather I had made, her lips just parted, softly breathing, lay a slender maid asleep.

I went back to my hill-slope, and thought about it. For I never had seen a young lady before, and they were not in my thoughts.

Old women were plenty round about us; and there were a few farmers' daughters in the neighborhood, but not many; for our land had been but a poor place for the marrying and giving in marriage, those dozen years before, harried first by Prince Rupert, for his Majesty, and then by my Lord Fairfax, for the Protector. But this, I had seen (though I had hardly seen how old she was), was a young lady.

How had she got lost upon the moors? or rather (for the losing was no great matter to make), how had she gone upon the moor to lose herself? And, if lost, how came it she was gently sleeping, fearing not loneliness — in my old stone tower? And this most of all, and last, — how was I to wake her, and set her back again upon her way?

Then it occurred to me, that, barring my pony neighed, which he would not, unless hungry, the next sweetest sound was singing. And either sound would frighten her less than by direct address. So I began to sing; at first, timidly (for I was a bit frightened myself), then louder, and louder yet — old country songs, we all knew, then — and after a bit, I fancied, she woke, and put her head out of window. Then, she saw me (though I kept my head turned away), and then she came down the stairway, and out the sheepfold, and along the grassy path behind me. I felt her approach; and when she was nigh, I arose, and turned me to her, and bowed low. And when I

slowly straightened up from this bow, my eyes met hers. And here I saw her; and her eyes were like the Mother Mary's eyes in heaven.

I have great pity for all such as have gone through this world untouched by love; the true, I mean, little light, little selfish, only unending in eternity and bringing a soul unto men on earth. For, as I muse on it now, it seemeth a rare experience, even among you Puritans; rarer still, in that old time of my youth when, to the one world, all that was not plesaure was food for jest, and, to the other, all that was not sanctimonious was sin. There was one Parson Herrick, a poet, not far from us; he wrote most sweetly of maids and blossoms, and what he called love; yet never wrote he a line of love as I have known it. And as for the Puritans then, they had no heart for it, nor charity; but only head, and faith in sour dogmas and getting on in this world. Truly, as I believe, the most of men are not blest to have known my love, which by the grace of God hath so lighted my life that absence — aye, and death, without doubt — could not darken it. Even Shakespeare seemeth to me hardly to divine it; his loves are but a courtier's, or at best a shepherd's, tending to possession, and ending then. Whereas, with mine, the knowing her was all; the being in the world; and if so be my heart met understanding and response, it could die no more, and the purpose of the world was full.

So is it that after threescore years, my dim eyes still see her brightly. Slender she was, yet lithe and strong like the straight birch-tree; her face I may not so well describe to you; for I hardly ever saw her face, but only her eyes; nor even saw I her eyes to describe them well, but only herself in them. I think they had the color of the midmost of a mighty wave at sea; I only know that they were brave, yet marvellous gentle; and in them they had, with pity and sweet honor, the meaning of the world. For when I looked in them, even on the second time that morning, I felt that all the good in me was known: so the evil could no longer be.

She was not lost (it seemed, she knew the moor as well as I); only had walked too far since a cool dawn, and now was resting from the drowsy heat of the August mid-morn, fearing not the moor, but liking the remoteness of it. By Combe Park had she come, and from the Abbey; a longish way, so that (perhaps but for the putting of me at greater ease) she was

willing to ask if there might not be a shorter, else a leveller way home. For my tower was over by the Sadler's stone, snugged in 'twixt Exehead and mighty Chapman Barrows, thrice the height of these Massachusetts hills we have here; and she had had to cross, by down and up, two of our deepest combes, in coming. Then I told her, surely there was a shorter way, so that she might be home even by noonday; but that the byre with its little watch-tower was not mine, only that I and my pony had discovered it just as she had; and that I would go away, if she wished to sleep. And at this she smiled, and said No, she was done with sleeping, only she liked the quiet there, coming from a house full of armed men. And by her manner, you would have thought she was a queen grown, and I (as I was) but a child.

Then (forgetting I had said the watch-tower was not mine) I wanted to tell her, she might come there as often as she would; but my tongue was clumsy with it, and my cheeks burned red; so I made a show only to tell her how quiet and safe it was, and how I liked it for the great hills guarding it to east and west, and the deep scoop to the blue northern sea, and the dim blue mountains beyond, where were giants still, and they spoke even a language that was not ours. "But how came your house full of armed men, sithen the time is peace?" said I, too bluntly; for her face crimsoned softly a bit, like a shell that is held to the dawn. Then she turned and spoke to me truly, simply, as one who sees in life no other way; only her eyes on mine as she spoke (and there, I think, already began my happiness; only men, and surely Master Herrick, would not call it so).

"I have seen none but armed men about my grandfather since King Charles, God bless him! was slain." And I bowed at her blessing, though amazed; for of my grandfather I heard more curses than blessings ('t is true we Protestants pray not for souls of the dead, and most of those we then had cause to curse were main alive), and the very name of God served but as handle to strong blows given here on earth. And I had the breeding not to ask her more; for we, at Slocombslade, were Parliament men. Only, I thanked me that the fighting now was over. "And to-day," she added, simply, "my uncle St. Aubyn is come over from Challacombe, and even my Lord Say and Sele from Lundy. So my grandfather bade me run and play" (she ended with a smile), "and I am here."

Then I could not question her; and I might have been hard put to it to find anything worthy the saying to her, but that she seeing this began to question me; and I told her much about our country, and something of the pony, and not a little, as I fancy, of myself; for next to talking of her life with her, it was sweet to have her talk of my life with me. And she had that wonderful way of seeing all the world, largely, with her wise, kind eyes; and all that there might be in a man at the first looking at him. But the day was a day of gossamer, fairy-spun; and soon the spell of it took us outward to the moors to the secretest dingle of it, where the flowers could grow in shade by little trees that were born at the birth of Farley water. Here its young life made but a greenness in the sod; and here, beneath a shelter of little ancient cedars, the fairies had indeed spun their web, even to a mighty pavilion of the gossamer skein, a half a rood in largeness, its silver roof glistening yet with the frosty dew and heaped and tented into peaks upon the taller stalks and flowers.

We looked over to the Countisbury hill and the higher moors; and westward the heather waves rolled ever lower, into, at last, a mazy glistering of gold; while all before us were blue spheres of sea. And then she told me of her father's battling in the wars, and of her following, a little child, from keep to keep, as each in turn was taken. Now it was all but a dream to her, even as the knights in Arthur's tale; only that her old grandfather had grown more fierce, since his son's death and the King's; and would ever talk to her of them; and made the Abbey but a camp for men at arms. And then I must tell her what I knew: which was little save the knowing of the hills and fields, and some old country tales of Palomyd or Iseult and the older Christian kingdom, that we learned in our country of our nurses still.

And then she must go home; and she rode upon my pony, and let me lead him (not that he needed it, but the way was new). And I led them by Paracombe and Halwell castle, and so by Bonvile, where her own people had lived, to the Abbey. And that was all she told me on that day; but the telling of it made my life's tale.

. . . . . .

The sun was hanging above the western sea, still three hours high. But I thought only of Miss St. Aubyn; one look of her I craved, or the sun might sink forever, for all me. I

crossed the Mole's Chamber, and the high barrows over Dean, and then strode rapidly down to the fair lawn of Lehigh Abbey. And there my love stood, on the pleasaunce, tending flowers; flowers whose blooming we should never see. And then, she looked up; and I saw far within her eyes.

My heart drank deeply; for were not the days of drought to come? And she looked at me bravely — she had a marvellous still look in them, a look, I think, that is given by peace and pure friendliness — and then, —

"I thought that you would come," she said.

Something in this speech made sweet within me — perhaps she saw it, for she said hastily, "I thought that you would come to-day; for it — it is for to-morrow — "

She hesitated, confused; but this speech I liked not so well; and I broke in, and cried, "What is to-morrow — what is to-morrow to us to-day?"

"But my grandfather says that you must not come any more."

I looked at her, and her eyes met mine once more. The love made heaven within them, and I minded not her words. One day was an eternity to me. And so we walked off, over the moor; for this day, at least, was mine.

"You uphold the Lord Protector," said she, "and we, the King." I thought then of the division that was between us, not only this, but the other matter; and my steps grew heavy — until that day I had never thought that this could end! But now, this was, perhaps, our last day on earth. And I walked beside her, like a miser, counting her steps by my side. (Her walk was like the waving of the barley to a gentle wind.) We went up the long sweep of Exmoor, with the sinking sun behind us, and I watched her light feet fall upon the heather. And at the highest point of that down, a bit of gray stone breaks through the turf; and she sat on this enthroned, for the level sunbeam made a radiance round her face. I knelt beside her; the heather curved downward from us, toward the South, and far in the dip of the valley was the gray little church of North Molton, nestling in the trees.

"And I too," said I, "I am forbid to see you any more," and I laughed, so little then I knew. Then I told her, or I tried to tell her, what my grandfather had said. But I could not say it all. She listened, to the end; and then she smiled.

"Thou art a gentleman, I see, so have no fear — beside, what dost thou know of me?"

"'Th' four wheels of Charles's wain,
Grenvile, Godolphin, St. Aubyn, Slanning, slain — !"

cried I, "all Devon knows of that, alas! My grandfather was at Launceston, with the Parliament men, and came home with half a coat, swearing; for the two thousand Cornishmen had beat seven thousand that were with him, fighting with naked swords against bullets when their powder gave out — and then, at Lansdowne-hill, they cried, the Cornish foot, that 'they might have leave to fetch those cannon!'"

"'T was there my father died. But my grandfather —" she checked herself. "But let us go on walking."

We went on, over the heather, ruddy or deep purple in the sunset or the shadow; and so walking, we came by the little sheepscote where I had lain that morning, and the still, sparkling stream. The sweet fields and rills, the sunny hills and the bright water, fresh as when the hand of their Creator left them; the fields seemed still to wear his smile, the water to run his will, as on the day he left them, saying, "It is good!" And I thought how I had prayed the Virgin — on that morning (for it was the eighth of September, the day of the Nativity) that I might see my lady there once more; and now it was granted me, on the very spot where I had seen the world so hopeless, and had had my tears. So then I made a vow, that I would trust my love and heaven, and fearless take the way they showed to me. Then I said to her, "Mistress St. Aubyn, may I come to see you soon again?" and the spell was broken.

"No — I do not know," said she, coldly or sadly — ah me, the doubt of which it was! and when I implored her, she would not say, but only looked at me sadly.

"We must go back," said she, at last; and we turned and went in silence. Our steps lay downward; the sun had set, and only its last radiance remained to light her face. It seemed, there was an autumn wind, the first of winter, upspringing from the sea; the cold light fell upon her eyes and lips; and I stumbled as I walked, looking at her, for some instinct bade me stamp her portrait on my heart that day. Only, it lay blurred upon my memory, dazzled in the light that dwelt within her eyes: I saw them once again. Alas, we were already by the vale of rocks! But the last turns of the path

were longer: bless the long moor that lies 'twixt there and Leigh! Her face shone pure and white, against the shadowed moor. And the two turns still to make before we reached the carved lions of the gate, I hoarded to my heart. But ah! there we met Colonel Penruddock, his iron-gray hair still long in curls, and laces showing at the collar of the steel corslet he wore, — standing grimly, as if he waited for us.

"Present me to this gentleman," said he — "but first, you, Sir — do you know her?"

"Miss — Mistress St. Aubyn," stammered I.

"Lady — Lady," he corrected me; "daughter and heiress of that Lord St. Aubyn, who with his cousin Bevil Grenvile, fell at Lansdowne; and niece of Sir Richard Grenvile, he who fought a fleet of Spaniards in his single ship, and said, 'Here die I, Richard Grenvile, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do — '"

"'Fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honor!'" said I, taking off my hat.

"So — thou art a gentleman," he said; and then turning to her, "What is his name?"

Trembling, but bravely, she pronounced it. I thought he frowned; but it may have been my fear.

"And grandson of the churlish farmer here? So; how long has this been going on? — Well, well; there may be little more. Thou art a Roundhead; if thou wouldst be a gentleman — " my heart bounded within me — "then come no more."

I bowed; and faced him. "At least, I may go with her to the Abbey?" She had left us while we spoke; and I ran after her. "Once more — only once more," I begged; "to-morrow?"

She looked at me, and I am sure she saw my heart dying in my eyes.

"Perhaps — perhaps to-morrow," she said gently; and then, "Oh, go away — forgive me, go away!"

"I must see you once more," I cried; for already I felt her features fading from my heart, so hard it is to bring to memory the features of the face you love too much. "Only once more — to-morrow? Promise me that I shall see you to-morrow?"

She shook her head, and looked away far over the gray sea; and I felt a cry within me to fix this moment by some vow.

"Promise me you will not believe what story my grandfather or other men may tell about my father — or of me — and

promise — to have faith in me," I ended; for I did not dare to say what I wished. And the memory of those words unsaid haunted me for many years.

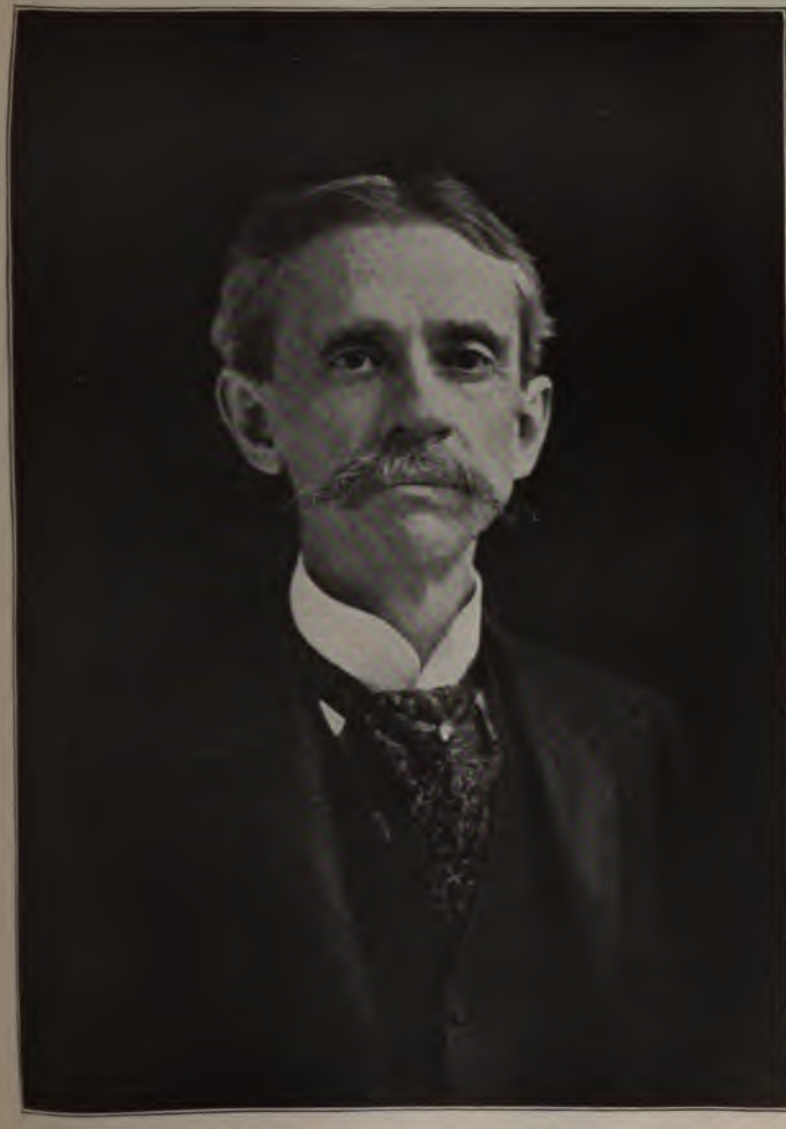
She looked brightly at me, smiling. "That is easy," she said.

"Then, to show that it is true, let me see you once more to-morrow. I will ask your grandfather why I may not come."

"Oh, not, not that," cried out my lady, wildly. "He will — he will —" ("He will bid you stay," I know now that she said; but the last three words were drowned in tears.)

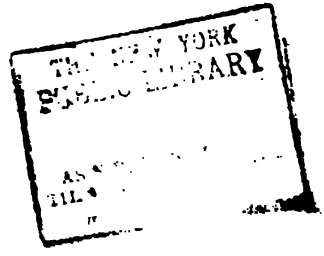
"Then promise," I said, laying boldly my hand to hers.

"I promise that you shall see me once more — some time," she murmured, and ran through the courtyard into the house. And with this, her promise, I walked home beneath the stars.



FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON

(Associate Editor Masterpieces)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LIBRARY

FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON.

STOCKTON, FRANCIS RICHARD, an American writer of humorous fiction; born at Philadelphia, April 5, 1834. After graduating at the Central High School he became an engraver, but soon abandoned art for literature, becoming connected with periodicals in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. He has written several novels and numerous short stories, which have been collected into separate volumes, among which are "Ting-a-Ling Stories" (1870); "Rudder Grange" (1879); "The Lady or the Tiger?" (1884); "The Late Mrs. Null" (1886); "Christmas Wreck, and Other Tales" (1887); "The Bee-Man of Orn, and Other Fanciful Tales" (1887); "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" (1886); "The Dusantes" (1888); "Amos Kilbright" (1888); "Personally Conducted" (1889); "The Great War Syndicate" (1889); "The Merry Chanter" (1890); "Ardis Claverden" and "The Stories of the Three Burglars" (1890); "The House of Martha" (1891); "The Rudder Grangers Abroad" (1891); "The Squirrel Inn" (1891); "The Clocks of Rondaine" (1892); "The Watchmaker's Wife" (1893); "Pomona's Travels" (1894); "Adventures of Captain Horn" (1895); "The Great Stone of Sardis" (1897); "The Associated Hermits" (1898); "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht" (1898); "Buccaneers and Pirates" (1898).

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

IT was the most beautiful time of the year in the island of Mañana; the waters of the encircling Pacific were warm, but the breezes which came from the neighboring islet of Pruga were cool and odorous with the fragrance from many an aromatic tree and shrub. There were no inhabitants on the islet of Pruga, for its coral reefs did not offer inducements to visiting craft, and it seemed to exist solely for the purpose of furnishing fragrance to the island of Mañana, where the winds blew from the northwest.

The Governor-General of the colony, Señor Gonzales Proventura y Torado, sat upon the front veranda of his official residence, on the plaza of Ruta, the capital city of the colony.

The Governor was smoking sadly; the fumes from his rapi succession of cigarettes mingled with the odors floating ove the sea from Pruga, but his senses were not gratified, nor wa his soul comforted. Before him, on a little wooden perch, ther stood a parrot, brilliant in yellow and red. It was motionless it was dead; it was stuffed. Five weeks before that day he ha shot it, and it had just been brought home by a native taxider mist. It was the last parrot he had shot, and his soul grev heavier as he gazed upon it.

Señor Proventura was a collector of parrots. In earlie days, in other spheres of colonial duties, he had been a collecto of monkeys, but now he devoted his powers of marksmanshi entirely to the bagging of the brilliantly colored parrots whic were found in the island over which he exercised colonia authority. He was not only a sportsman, he was a man o scientific proclivities, and he had invented a new chromati scale in which all the desired combinations of color were fur nished by the plumage of parrots. Many of these birds were arranged in order in a corridor of his house, but the scale was not yet complete and more parrots were needed. It had been five weeks since he had shot one, and the soul of the Governor-General was downcast.

The morning air rested lightly on the rippling waters of the harbor of Ruta; a barefooted native brought fresh cigarettes to the Governor-General, and as he placed them on a smal table he called the attention of his Excellency to something in the distance. The Governor-General looked up and beheld a man-of-war coming in from the sea.

"Bring me my glass!" cried Señor Proventura, rising hastily, "but stop. What is the flag?"

"It is the ensign of Cabotia, your Excellency," answered th servant.

The Captain of the man-of-war raised his glass to his eye and scanned the bay of Ruta. There was but one vessel mov ing upon its waters. This was a ferry-boat, small and c antique fashion. A man at the end of a long wooden tille steered the boat, and the passengers, returning from thei morning duties in the town to their homes on the othe side of the harbor, were standing in the bow to catch th breeze.

"Fire a blank shot to bring her to," ordered the Captain.

The gunner was ready and a cannon roared. The disi

tegrated wadding of the charge, in the shape of a hundred thousand little pieces of cartridge-paper, fell in a shower upon the passengers of the ferry-boat, who were incensed with anger. "Those wretched sailors on that Cabotian ship are crazy with drink!" they cried. "They do not even know how to fire a salute. We shall complain to the Governor-General." The man at the tiller was very indignant and swore, but he kept on his course, for his passengers must reach their homes; but he would complain when he made his return trip.

"That did not bring her to," said the Captain of the man-of-war; "fire a solid shot across her bow."

Again roared the cannon and an iron shot flew over the harbor. It whistled by the people of the ferry-boat, and the man at the tiller, turning pale with fright, ran half across the deck in his anxiety to turn his vessel about quickly and get her back to town. Such reckless firing of salutes he had never heard of.

The iron ball went on; it passed the head of the harbor; it flew over the marshes where the cryptogams grew in wild profusion; its little black shadow crossed palm groves and patches of cultivated ground. An old woman was returning to her home, carrying a bread-fruit for her noonday meal, but just before she reached her little hut, thatched with palmetto leaves, the cannon-ball, now descending toward the earth, struck the main cross-beam, above the door, and the cottage disappeared. It was like magic; it had been there — it was gone! The old woman fell upon her trembling knees. If she had wished to gather together the remnants of her home she would have needed a dustpan and brush.

"It is good," said the Governor-General, "they are firing salutes. Summon the Adjutant-General and the Alcalde."

"Pardon, your Excellency," said the servant, "they are fishing on the west coast."

"Very well, then," cried the Governor-General, "order my boat's crew to be ready on the instant. I must go out alone to our visitors." And so saying he rushed into the house to put on his uniform.

His wife assisted him in arraying himself in his official costume. She was delighted at the news, for she was fond of social enjoyment and had two daughters likewise inclined, and officers from foreign ships, when they happened to touch at Ruta, always made things lively in the otherwise quiet town.

Some of the officers looked at each other and smiled, and the Captain thus addressed the Governor-General: —

"Sir, you have introduced yourself as the chief official of this island, and you apologize for not returning our salute. We did not salute. Cabotia is at war with your country. I fired a solid shot across the bow of the only moving vessel in your harbor, and I have bombarded your defences."

The Governor-General stepped back in amazement. "At war with my mother-land!" he exclaimed. "I have never heard of it! It is incredible!"

"I do not wonder that you have never heard of it," said the Captain, "for it is a very recent affair and it is not likely that the news could reach you sooner. But you know it now. We are at war with your mother-land, and I have sailed into your harbor to take this island and raise over it the flag of Cabotia. The best thing you can do is to capitulate, without loss of time."

Señor Gonzales Proventura y Torado drew himself up and folded his arms. "Capitulate!" he exclaimed; "capitulate without striking a blow for the honor of my country; for the honor of my flag; for my own honor! Never!"

It was now the Captain's turn to be surprised. "Then what are you going to do?" he asked. "You decline to capitulate. What then?"

"I shall fight," returned the Governor-General. "So long as my duty calls upon me to do so I shall defend my flag; I shall defend my city; I shall defend my honor."

"But you can't fight," said the Captain. "If you haven't even powder enough to fire a salute or shoot a parrot, how are you going to defend yourself against my guns?"

"The Governor-General bowed, and slightly raised his great cocked hat. "Your Excellency," said he, "you are a noble officer of a great country; I am sure you are a gentleman. If a gentleman with his drawn sword in his hand meets an enemy unarmed, he does not plunge the blade into his undefended adversary. He lowers the point of his sword, and requests his enemy to arm himself and come on. If he happens to be provided with an extra sword he presents it to his foe, so that no time may be lost. Your Excellency is a gentleman; you will not deny me the right to defend my flag, my city, and my honor; you will not take advantage of my defenceless position. You will lend me some powder."

The Captain turned toward his officers. "There is some sense in all that," he said. "It does seem like a mean thing to fire upon powderless foes, and if they refuse to capitulate without fighting we ought to give them a chance to fight. Lower a boat and order a barrel of gunpowder to be sent to that fort."

The eyes of the Governor-General were suffused with tears of gratitude. A barrel of powder! It sounded like untold wealth! He removed his cocked hat entirely from his head and shook hands with the Captain and all of his officers.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I thank you from my heart; I thank you for myself; I thank you for my mother-land. I will go to my fort. I will put myself at the head of my garrison. I will defend my city, my honor, and my flag."

"All right," said the Captain, "I will give you an hour to get ready; but let me tell you this, when you think it is time to capitulate haul down your colors and send a real flag of truce to me. If that darkey had sat down while you were coming here we would not have thought you were asking for a truce, and we might have fired on you."

The noise of the cannon had aroused everybody; not a man in the garrison was asleep, and when the Governor-General ordered the drums to beat to quarters the soldiers came running from every direction. There were not many of them, but they were wildly enthusiastic when they heard that they had been furnished with powder and were to fight. As rapidly as possible everything was made ready for the battle. The barrel of powder was placed in a central position in the fort and the Governor-General stood by it, issuing his orders.

There were several mounted cannon in the fort, but the gunners were not able to find many balls; and those they did collect were small, about the size of a croquet ball. This made it impossible to use the two large guns of the castle.

"Never mind!" cried the Governor-General. "The small guns require less powder and we can fire more frequently. Every man to his post! The hour of truce has nearly expired."

Fiery martial commotion filled the fort. The garrison, whose gunnery practice had hitherto been confined to harmless salutes, were mad with delight at the idea that they were about to fire solid shot upon a real enemy, and when the first gun from the ship announced the termination of the truce, it was almost immediately answered by three shots from the fort.

Now loudly roared the cannon, on water and on land, and the people of the town ran up and down, wildly asking each other what was likely to happen next.

The heavy shot and shells from the man-of-war tore away great masses of the rock on which the castle stood, but none of them penetrated into the interior of the fortification, and the guns of the Mañanian stronghold were served with an alacrity and ardor which were surprising in gunners who were in the habit of spending their days in the most torpid kind of garrison duty. The cannon were all muzzle-loaders, and as soon as one was discharged half a dozen gunners were ready to thrust into her muzzle a fresh charge of powder and another ball. These small projectiles flew out over the water as if some one had been shaking an apple tree over the harbor. Sometimes one of them would hit the side of the protected cruiser, and in these cases the Second Officer of the vessel, who was a wit, always facetiously remarked, "Come in!"

Balls and shells flew backward and forward and bits of rock went tumbling and splashing down into the water; clouds of smoke hung over the castle and over the man-of-war, and the townspeople grew more and more anxious, for they could perceive no signs of victory or defeat, on their own side or on that of the enemy.

But the Governor-General was more anxious than anybody else. He was standing by the barrel of powder, and it made his heart sink to see how rapidly its contents were diminishing. There was scarcely a quarter of the powder left. A quarter of a barrel of powder! With that he could go out with his gun for days and weeks, and even months; with that he could secure all the parrots he needed for the completion of the model of his great chromatic scale; with that amount of powder life would indeed be worth living! And these men were scooping it up and ramming it into the cannon as if the precious grains were of no more value than the dust of the earth. He stooped forward and looked at the cannon-balls which had been gathered together. There were not many of them left, but in the eyes of the Governor-General there were entirely too many.

Just as a cannon was fired and as the gunners turned away their faces and shut their eyes, the Governor-General kicked three of the balls into a small gutter which opened outside the walls, and they dropped down the cliff. He would have been glad to pick up the rest of them and put them in his pockets, if it had been possible.

But he did not have to worry long. In a few minutes the last little ball was shot out from the fort and fell into the water with a splash close to the side of the man-of-war.

"They are trying to knock off our keel," said the facetious Second Officer.

Now the heart of the Governor-General rose and his eyes sparkled. "My brave men," he shouted, "we have done our duty, we have fought for the honor of our flag, and for the honor of our mother-land, but we are out of ammunition. We have no more balls and we must submit to the inevitable; we must capitulate." And as he said these words he cast his eye into the barrel of powder, of which at least one-fifth remained.

The garrison gathered around him and shouted in indignation. "We will never give up the fight," they cried, "while there is a drop of blood in our veins!"

"Blood will not do!" shouted the Governor-General in return. "Balls are what we want, not blood."

"And balls we must have!" cried some of the men. "If there are no more little ones left, perhaps we can find some that will fit the larger cannon."

The Governor-General trembled; it would be a dreadful thing if they should really find some larger balls.

"Be careful what you do!" he shouted. "One of the big cannon has a great crack in it. The light shines into the inside of it."

"The other one is good," replied one of the men; "let us find some balls for it."

In a very short time some of the men came running back, carrying balls which they found lying about the fort, but they were all two or three sizes too large.

"I knew it!" cried the Governor-General. "I understand the conditions of our munitions of war. We can fire no more of our guns. It is absolutely necessary that we capitulate immediately, otherwise the enemy will begin to shell the town. Think of our wives, our children," and in his heart the Governor-General added, "our stuffed birds."

The men turned sullenly away and began to roll cigarettes; of course they could not fight without balls to fit their cannon. But there was a young fellow, named Bartolomo Larrisda, who would not give the fight up so easily.

"I believe I can find balls to fit that gun!" he cried. "There must be some, somewhere!" and away he ran.

The Governor-General frowned and called to the young man to come back, but the latter did not hear him.

"Fool!" ejaculated Señor Proventura, "he will ruin everything," and as he spoke he fiercely thrust his hands into his pockets. In one of them he felt the nightcap. "Ha!" he said to himself, "this will do," and looking about to see that he was not observed, he thrust his nightcap into the muzzle of the one good gun, and with a rammer he pushed it home. "Now then," said he to himself, "he cannot fire off that cannon, even if he finds a ball to fit.

Having said this, he hurried out of the fort and down to the place where he had left his boat. He took with him a small table-cloth which he had snatched from one of the living-rooms of the fort, and this, tied to a pole, was waved high in the air, whereupon the cannonading from the man-of-war, which had become infrequent since it was not returned by the fort, now ceased altogether.

The boat of the Governor-General was rowed rapidly to the man-of-war, and he soon stood upon the quarter-deck. Advancing to the Captain, he drew his sword from his scabbard and held it in front of him, hilt first, and said: —

"Your Excellency, I surrender. We are out of —" he was about to say "cannon-balls," but he thought it wiser to make an amendment and said, "ammunition. We can fire no more. Our honor is satisfied. That is the great thing. El Morro capitulates. The town of Ruta capitulates. The island of Mañana, with the neighboring islets, all capitulate. Accept my sword."

The captain waved back the proffered weapon. "You can keep that," he said, "but I will take the rest. I will go ashore to hoist the Cabotian flag above your fort. What is the size of your garrison?"

This question puzzled the Governor-General. It had been some time since he had heard roll-call, or given any thought to the subject, but it was necessary to make an answer which would not belittle his position as first official of the colony, and therefore he said: —

"One hundred and forty-five men, your Excellency."

"What!" cried the Captain, "I did not suppose that you had as many men as that. Mr. Mannering," he continued, addressing the First Officer, "did you hear that? One hundred and forty-five soldiers in the garrison. What could we do with so many prisoners?"

"I don't know, sir," was the reply. "We could not accommodate them upon this ship."

The Governor-General listened in wonder. "Does your Excellency mean," said he, "that you are going to carry away our soldiers as prisoners!"

"I have planned to take you all, the officials of the town and your officers and soldiers, as prisoners of war and to carry you away with me, leaving behind some one commissioned by me as temporary Governor-General, acting under the authority of the Cabotian government. But your number embarrasses me. I did not suppose you had so many men."

To be carried away! The Governor-General turned pale. He had never thought of anything of that sort. It was bad enough to be obliged to change flags, but if he were forced to leave his home, his family, the fifth of a barrel of gunpowder, and all the stuffed parrots in the corridor, as well as those still flying freely in the woods, it would be terrible indeed. But he did not lose hope.

"Your Excellency," he said, "we have truly a large garrison in the castle, and besides, there is the garrison of the inland battery, above the town."

"More men!" cried the Captain. "And how many officers and men are in that garrison, I should like to know?"

"I should say," replied the Governor-General, "that, excluding the sick in the hospitals, there must be sixty men and officers, all told, in the garrison of the inland battery."

The Captain clapped his forehead. "Two hundred and five men!" said he. "Mr. Mannering, how are we to accommodate them?"

Bartolomo Larrisda was a young man of energetic loyalty; he did not know that the Governor-General had rowed away under a flag of truce: he knew nothing except that somewhere there must be some balls that would fit that large gun, and with which the fight for the honor of his flag and his mother-land might be continued. At last he found a ball which looked to be the right size. Only one, but with it he ran to the gun. One shot, well directed, might explode the enemy's magazine.

Bartolomo tried the ball and to his delight he found that it would go into the muzzle of the cannon. In fact, it was a trifle too small, and as he was about to remove it from the muzzle, preparatory to putting in a charge of powder, the smooth ball slipped from his nervous fingers and rolled down into the cannon,

which was somewhat elevated, and did not stop until it rested safely against the nightcap of the Governor-General, at the very bottom of the bore.

Bartolomo was horrified; with a great deal of trouble he lowered the muzzle of the cannon, but the ball would not roll out, for it was jammed by the nightcap. The young man tore his hair and beat the cannon with the rammer, but the concussion did not loosen the ball. For a moment he stood in despair and then he gave a spring toward the barrel of powder, which he picked up and placed close to the gun.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "I may load it yet. I will pour powder into the touch-hole until there is enough behind the ball to enable me to make this last shot for the honor of my flag and my mother-land."

Frantically he poured the powder into the touch-hole, ramming it in with a piece of wire, wriggling the wire so as to make more room inside, and pouring in more and more powder, until finally he believed he had enough to make his last great shot, by which, perchance, he might explode the magazine of the insolent enemy.

Dashing into an adjoining casemate he snatched a live cigarette from the mouth of a comrade and in two seconds had touched off the cannon.

"It is true, sir," said the First Officer of the man-of-war to his Captain, "there is no room here for two hundred and five men. We might as well try to ship another crew."

At this moment there was the report of a cannon. It came from the fort. It was not a very loud report, but everybody jumped, and all eyes were directed toward El Morro. A cannon-ball was seen coming through the air. It came so slowly that it was perfectly easy to observe it. It moved in a great arc over the harbor and then began slowly to descend. It came directly toward the quarter-deck of the man-of-war.

"Look out!" cried the captain of the watch. Everybody looked out, and when the ball approached the deck they all stepped back out of its way. It struck not three feet from where the Governor-General had been standing.

The Captain's face was as red as fire. "What is the meaning of this?" he shouted. "What vile treachery have you been hatching? You fly a flag of truce; you surrender; and then your fort fires upon us!"

The Governor-General did not immediately answer; his eyes

were fixed upon the cannon-ball which lay in the middle of the deck. He advanced toward it and raised it in his hand.

"Your Excellency," said he, to the Captain, "do not condemn me; do not be indignant. There is no harm done, there was none intended. You see this nightcap which partially envelops this ball? This is my nightcap, which I always should put on when I remove my hat of state. This great hat makes my head hot, and when I take it off I am in danger of catching cold if I do not put on something else. My wife urged me to take this cap with me to-day, and as I forgot it she has thoughtfully sent it after me in this fashion. There was no other way. Your Excellency, she has ordered one of the gunners to forward it with a very light charge of powder."

"A dangerous conjugal attention," said the Captain, his face recovering its natural brown. "It was a pretty good shot, though, I must say. It came nearer to you than to anybody else, and even if you had n't moved, it would not have hit you."

"Aye, your Excellency," said the Governor-General, putting on the nightcap, for it was impossible for him to seem to slight the affectionate attention of Señora Proventura, "my wife is a most considerate woman. She never forgets my health, and she doubtless selected the most careful gunner to send me this nightcap."

At this moment luncheon was announced, and as everybody was hungry the conference was suspended, and the Governor-General was invited to step below and join the Captain's mess. The invitation was most gladly accepted, and the Governor's boat was sent back to inform his lady that he would take his midday meal on the man-of-war.

The Governor-General made a very fine meal. He drank good wine, and a cigar which he afterward smoked, sitting in a comfortable chair on the deck with the Captain and some of the other officers, was of remarkable fragrance. Tobacco grew on Mañana, but the island produced nothing like this.

"It comes from some of our other colonies," thought the Governor-General, "but it is only through the foreigners that we have it here."

"Now then," said the Captain, puffing a cloud of smoke toward the flag of his country, which was gently waving in the breeze from Pruga, "we might as well arrange the terms of surrender. I have taken two hundred and five prisoners, besides yourself and the officers of the town. Now we must

decide what to do with you. You must be taken away, in some manner or other."

"Of course," said the Second Officer, "if we take prisoners and don't take them, of course we have n't taken them."

"Very good," said the Captain, and they all laughed.

"That brings us to the next point," said the Captain — "how are we going to take them? One thing is certain — I shall not stuff them into this ship."

"May I ask, your Excellency," interrupted the Governor-General, "to what place you propose to take your prisoners, when you do take them?"

"I don't know about that," answered the Captain; "the main thing is to get you all away from here. When a place is captured, its garrison and municipal officers must be removed. That is one of the principles of war and we can't get around it. If there were a merchant vessel in this port I would put you all into it and send you somewhere, probably to your own country, for I am sure you would not be wanted in mine, but the main point, as I have said, is to get you away from here."

"Yes, your Excellency," said the Governor-General, "I understand perfectly. But there is no ship in port, and no vessel larger than our ferry-boat, and that is a very little one."

"It seems to me, Mr. Mannering," said the Captain, addressing his First Officer, "that the only thing we can do is to leave these prisoners here for the present and to send a transport for them as soon as possible. They can then be taken to their own country, and we shall have no further trouble with them, it is plain."

"Yes," said the First Officer, "I see nothing else to do but that."

"Your Excellency," the Governor now asked, "how long do you suppose it will be before we could expect a ship which would carry us away?"

The Captain shook his head and looked at Mr. Mannering. The latter began to count on his fingers.

"Three weeks to port," he said, "a week to telegraph and make arrangements, five weeks for the transport to reach this island, two weeks for unavoidable delays. That makes, let me see, eleven weeks."

The Governor-General sat for a few moments and thought. "And what shall be done with your prisoners in the mean time, your Excellency?" he asked. "Of course they must be fed."

"Without doubt," said the Captain; "that is understood. They are prisoners of my country; my country will take care of them. I will leave rations for them until they are sent for. And, by the way, I must appoint some one to take charge here. Is there a naturalized Cabotian on the island?"

The Governor-General shook his head. "No, your Excellency," said he, "there is not one. In fact, there are but very few of us who can even speak your language. But if I might be allowed to offer a suggestion —"

"Certainly," interrupted the Captain; "I shall be glad to hear it."

"Well, then, your Excellency," said the Governor, "if it will help you out of your difficulty I am perfectly willing to be naturalized. I speak your language, and now that this island belongs to your country, and as it is necessary to find some one to take temporary charge of affairs, I am ready to do whatever is needed to make me a naturalized Cabotian."

"That 's not a bad idea," said the Captain to Mr. Mannering. "He can keep the people in order better than anybody else, and there will be no rupture, no strain. I am in favor of his plan."

"Yes," said the First Officer, "I think that would work very well, but I don't know that we have the authority to naturalize him. I suppose, however, we might make him a brevet-citizen, just for a time, you know."

"Very good," said the Captain, rising, "we will settle it that way. He can retain his officers, and things will go on smoothly and comfortably. And now, Mr. Governor, I am going to take a little nap. About five o'clock, when the day is cooler, I 'll go over to the fort to receive the surrender of your prisoners, and I will also go to the town to raise the flag of Cabotia upon your principal building, whatever it may be. Until then, I will bid you a very good afternoon."

The Governor-General rose, took off his nightcap, put on his plumed hat of state, shook hands all around and departed in his boat, which had returned for him.

He had no time to lose. He had surrendered two garrisons of two hundred and five men, and where was he to find those men? He was rowed first to the fort. The garrison was hastily gathered together and counted. Including those who had gone to town for their luncheon and had not yet returned, and even reckoning the laborers who worked in the castle garden, the

waiters, and a man who had a license to sell candy and cake to the soldiers, there were exactly seventy-three men belonging to the fort. But the Governor was not daunted; he called his Lieutenant.

"Señor Hernandez," said he, "I want, instantly, seventy-two men. I have surrendered one hundred and forty-five members of this garrison, and we are seventy-two short. Go bring them in quickly. Take a file of soldiers with bayonets. Anybody will do to help make up the garrison. We must have them quickly. The Cabotian Captain will be here by five o'clock. Take shopkeepers, carpenters, cooks, any one you please. If they have shirts and trousers, that 's enough. There are a lot of old military caps in the fort; clap one on every man jack of them. All our soldiers cannot be expected to wear their uniforms in this hot weather. As for arms, divide them up as well as you can. If there are enough to go around, give one fellow a sword and another a scabbard; and if you can't do any better, serve out the curiosities in the museum, stone hatchets and all. They can't expect that we have only modern arms in this island. Now I must hurry away and see the Alcalde and the Adjutant-General. And mind you, Hernandez, this garrison must number one hundred and forty-five by five o'clock."

When the Governor-General reported the terms of surrender of the town and the forces, the citizens were much agitated, of course, but the Governor-General's words, as he addressed them in the Plaza, were encouraging.

"My people!" he shouted, "there is nothing to fear. Very little will be changed. To-morrow, everything will go on as well as it did yesterday, if not better."

Continuing he said: "This afternoon the Cabotian flag will be raised in this town and on the castle, and in return for this privilege the Cabotians will land a large amount of stores, not only canned goods of many varieties, but flour, coffee, sugar, salt meat, potatoes, and many other things. The man-of-war will then depart, and if she should be overtaken by a typhoon before she reaches her destination there will be no report of the capture of this town. My friends, be calm; we have our honor and the stores I have mentioned."

At five o'clock the Captain of the man-of-war, accompanied by a party of officers, was rowed to El Morro. At the landing-place they were met by the Governor-General, who accompanied them up to the fort. There they found the garrison drawn up

in two long lines to receive them, those wearing uniforms and with the best arms in the front rank. The Governor glanced along the lines.

"Heavens!" he whispered to the officer in command, "three of those in the second line are women."

"It could not be helped, your Excellency," said the officer; "three men got away and we had to clap in these women who were bringing yams to the fort. We put military caps on them, you see, and they each have a ramrod."

The garrison was counted and the number of prisoners found to be correct. But the three women were noticed.

"Hello!" cried the Cabotian Captain. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Your Excellency," said the Governor-General with a bow, "those are vivandières, very necessary for the refreshment of the troops in this hot climate."

The Captain nodded. "All right," said he. "Hoist our flag over the fort, and then we will proceed to the town."

When the Captain and his party, with the Governor-General, were rowed to the town, they were joined by a file of marines from the ship, and all proceeded to the town hall. There the Cabotian flag was raised, a salute was fired, and the Captain, in the name of Cabotia, took possession of the town, the island, and the neighboring islets.

"Now then," said he, when the ceremonies had been concluded, "how about that inland battery you spoke of. Where is it?"

These words sent dismay to the heart of the Governor-General. He had been thinking about that battery and hoping that no present reference would be made to it. He had not visited it for a long time, and knew very little about it except that it did not contain anything like a garrison of sixty men.

"Your Excellency," said he, "it is a long way up to that battery, and I would suggest the postponing of the reception of its surrender until to-morrow morning. I hope that you and your officers will now accept the poor hospitality of my official residence, and I crave the honor of presenting you to my wife and daughters."

There was a gay time in the town that evening. There was a dinner and a dance at the Governor-General's house, and the example thus set by the official head of the colony was cheerfully followed by many of the citizens.

In the course of the evening the Governor-General withdrew

himself from his company, and wrote a note to the officer in command of the castle and sent it by a fleet-footed messenger. It was to this effect: —

"At daybreak to-morrow march sixty of your best-equipped men to the dell behind the inland battery. There they will await my orders.

"PROVENTURA Y TORADO."

Early the next morning the Governor-General walked up the hill, and there he found the sixty men from the fort, smoking cigarettes, at the place appointed. Leaving them he repaired to the battery, where he was received with all due military etiquette by the officer in command. Major Cascaro, a true soldier of his mother-land, was a medium-sized man, very lean, very erect, very punctilious. He had a long nose with nostrils like wings, and under this nose was a mustache of such size and density that it looked as if it had been punched into place, a little at a time, until a great mass of it had been securely adjusted.

"Major," said the Governor-General, "you must prepare, as rapidly as possible, to surrender this fortification with its garrison. Officers from the Cabotian man-of-war may arrive here at any moment."

The Major stared fixedly at the Governor-General. "Your Excellency," said he, "what have I to do with the officers of the Cabotian man-of-war?"

"You have to surrender to them," said the Governor-General, "and the quicker you prepare for it, the better."

The Major drew out the ends of his mustache and folded his arms.

"Your Excellency," said he, "I was appointed to command this fortification and thereby prevent the wild natives from intruding upon the town. It is true that all these natives have disappeared, but that makes no difference. The command has been intrusted to me by the crown of my mother-land. I shall hold it until that crown shall request me to give it up. I have heard the firings and the cannonadings and I have seen the flag-raisings, but all that is nothing to me. I have nothing to do with the forces of Cabotia, and I will not surrender to them."

"Well then," impatiently cried the Governor-General, "surrender to me. It does not make any difference to whom you surrender."

"Your Excellency," said the Major, "I do not surrender to an enemy, still more firmly do I decline to surrender to a friend."

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"Look here, Major," said the Governor-General, more impatiently, "we are spending too much time in talk. How many men have you in this battery?"

"Twelve," said the Major, "besides myself."

"Any officers under you?"

"Not at present," said the Major. "There were some assigned to this post, but I fill their positions myself."

"And draw their salaries?" asked the Governor-General.

"Of course," said the Major, "as I take their places."

"Now listen to me," said the Governor-General; "the whole colony has capitulated, including this battery with a garrison of sixty men. I have prepared for all emergencies. I have sixty soldiers from the castle, waiting down here in the dell. If you choose you may have forty-eight of those men to add to your garrison and may surrender them as a whole. If you do not choose, I will pack your fellows off into the woods and I will surrender the fortification myself, with the men from the castle. There must be sixty men surrendered from this spot in less than half an hour. I now see a boat putting off from the ship."

The Major looked at the Governor-General. "Your Excellency," said he, "what are the terms of surrender?"

"Rations for all prisoners of war until a ship can be sent to take them to their native land."

"Pay for the officers during that time?" the Major asked.

"Certainly, that is understood, of course."

"What is the usual rank of officers commanding a fortress of Cabotia?" asked the Major.

"A colonel, I should say," was the answer; "surely no lower than that."

"With the usual officers under him?"

"Of course," said the Governor-General; "that goes without saying."

"Your Excellency," said Major Cascaro, "I will surrender. Will you kindly send me your forty-eight men."

That morning, when the Captain of the man-of-war went on deck he stretched himself and yawned.

"We were up pretty late last night, Mr. Mannering," he said, "and I must say I don't want to go to receive the surrender of that little battery. Send the officers who were in charge of the vessel yesterday. It is fair that they also have a little skip on shore."

The remainder of that day was spent in landing stores. As far as it was possible, clothing was humanely issued to the prisoners. The Governor-General spent most of his time on the deck of the man-of-war, for it was necessary for him to have frequent conferences with the Captain.

Among the things which might have been overlooked, had it not been for his thoughtful suggestion, was the necessity of leaving money for the pay of the officials who were to have charge of the prisoners and the captured town. There were other things which were not forgotten by the prudent Governor-General. Among so many prisoners, medicine would probably be necessary, and he hinted that it would not be wise to leave an entire colony without any powder suitable for fowling-pieces and ordinary domestic defence. If there happened to be any powder left from the former generous gift, it was best suited for artillery and barely enough for the firing of a salute when the transport should arrive to take the garrison home.

All these suggestions were favorably received by the Captain, and he was so willing to be just as well as generous, that when the Governor-General mentioned the case of an elderly female whose family residence had been destroyed by the bombardment on the previous day, and who was now obliged to live in the open air, the Captain ordered the paymaster to put into the hands of the Governor-General sufficient coin to enable this unfortunate sufferer to erect a moderate-sized dwelling, with kitchen and other desirable outbuildings.

Late in the afternoon the man-of-war weighed anchor and steamed out of the harbor, and, as she passed over the bar, the man at the lead noticed that she drew considerably less water than when she went in.

It was many months after the occurrences above narrated that the Governor-General of Mañana stood on the edge of a forest in the southern part of the island. It was a lovely day, but though the waters of the encircling Pacific were warm, the breezes which came over from the neighboring islet of Aribo were cool and odorous with the fragrance from many an aromatic tree and shrub. There were no inhabitants on the islet of Aribo, and it seemed to exist solely for the purpose of furnishing fragrance to the island of Mañana when the winds blew from the southeast.

[illegible]oul of the Governor-General was sad; he had just fired

his last charge of powder at a parrot and missed it, and his chromatic scale, although nearly finished, still needed two or three birds.

The rations left by the Cabotian Captain had long since been consumed. The money for the officials' salaries had all been paid out, no transport had entered the harbor of Ruta, and the people of the little colony believed that they had been forgotten.

The Governor-General felt assured that peace between his mother-land and Cabotia must have been completed, for no nation could stand up long, before the valor of the people of his blood but he feared that in the confusion and bustle of the necessary negotiations, his colony had been totally overlooked both by the victors and the vanquished.

He seated himself on a little rock and gazed out over the sea. His days of prosperity were past; like Alexander, he sighed; there were no other worlds to conquer him!

ELIZABETH STODDARD.

STODDARD, MRS. ELIZABETH DREW (BARSTOW), an American poet and novelist, wife of Richard Henry Stoddard; born in Mattapoisett, Mass., May 6, 1823. At an early age she showed her inclination toward literature, but her contributions to periodicals (which have been numerous) did not begin to appear till after her marriage (1852) to Richard Henry Stoddard. Among her works are three strong novels: "The Morgesons" (1862); "Two Men" (1865); "Temple House" (1868); and "Lolly Dinks's Doings" (1874), a story for children. A new edition of her novels was published in 1888. Her verse was collected into a volume in 1895.

UNRETURNING.[1]

Now all the flowers that ornament the grass,
Wherever meadows are and placid brooks,
Must fall — the "glory of the grass" must fall.
Year after year I see them sprout and spread —
The golden, glossy, tossing buttercups,
The tall, straight daisies and red clover globes,
The swinging bellwort and the blue-eyed bent,
With nameless plants as perfect in their hues —
Perfect in root and branch, their plan of life,
As if the intention of a soul were there:
I see them flourish as I see them fall!
But he, who once was growing with the grass,
And blooming with the flowers, my little son,
Fell, withered — dead, nor has revived again!
Perfect and lovely, needful to my sight,
Why comes he not to ornament my days?
The barren fields forget their barrenness,
The soulless earth mates with these soulless things,
Why should I not obtain *my* recompense?
The budding spring should bring, or summer's prime,
At least a vision of the vanished child,

[1] By permission of the author and Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

And let his heart commune with mine again,
Though in a dream — his life was but a dream;
Then might I wait with patient cheerfulness,
That cheerfulness which keeps one's tears unshed,
And binds the eyes with pain — the passage slow
Of other seasons, and be still and cold
As the earth is when shrouded in the snow,
Or passive, like it, when the boughs are stripped
In autumn, and the leaves roll everywhere.
And he should go again; for winter's snows,
And autumn's melancholy voice, in winds,
In waters, and in woods, belong to me,
To me — a faded soul; for, as I said,
The sense of all his beauty, sweetness, comes
When blossoms are the sweetest; when the sea,
Sparkling and blue, cries to the sun in joy,
Or, silent, pale, and misty waits the night,
Till the moon, pushing through the veiling cloud,
Hangs naked in its heaving solitude:
When feathery pines wave up and down the shore,
And the vast deep above holds gentle stars,
And the vast world beneath hides him from me!

"In the Still, Star-lit Night."

In the still, star-lit night,
By the full fountain and the willow-tree,
I walked, and not alone —
A spirit walked with me!

A shade fell on the grass;
Upon the water fell a deeper shade:
Something the willow stirred,
For to and fro it swayed.

The grass was in a quiver,
The water trembled, and the willow-tree
Sighed softly; I sighed loud —
The spirit taunted me.

All the night long I walked
By the full fountain, dropping icy tears;
I tore the willow leaves,
I tore the long, green spears!

I clutched the quaking grass,
And beat the rough bark of the willow-tree;
I shook the wreathèd boughs,
To make the spirit flee.

It haunted me till dawn,
By the full fountain and the willow-tree;
For with myself I walked —
How could the spirit flee?

Closed.

The crimson dawn breaks through the clouded east,
And waking breezes round the casement pipe;
They blow the globes of dew from opening buds,
And steal the odors of the sleeping flowers.
The swallow calls its young ones from the eaves,
To dart above their shadows on the lake,
Till its long rollers redden in the sun,
And bend the lances of the mirrored pines.
Who knows the miracle that brings the morn?
Still in my house I linger, though the night —
The night that hides me from myself is gone.
Light robes the world, but strips me bare again.
I will not follow on the paths of day.
I know the dregs within its crystal hours;
The bearers of my cups have served me well;
I drained them, and the bearers come no more.
Rise, morning, rise, for those believing souls
Who seek completion in day's garish light.
My casement I will close, keep shut my door,
Till day and night are only dreams to me.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY, a prominent American poet literary critic; born at Hingham, Mass., July 2, 1825. He b to write for periodicals while under age, and in 1849 put f "Footprints," his first volume of poems. Some three years a ward he was appointed to a clerkship in the New York Cus house, a position which he retained many years, when he resi in order to devote himself wholly to literary labor. Among many volumes of poems are "Songs of Summer" (1857); " King's Bell" (1863); "The Book of the East" (1871); "The Li Cub" (1890). In 1880 was published a collected edition of poems up to that date. Later he became a frequent contributo verse and prose, to periodicals, and was made literary editor of New York "Mail and Express." Among his prose works "Life, Travels, and Books of Alexander von Humboldt;" " Loves and Heroines of the Poets;" and "Adventures in Fairy La He has put forth, as compiler, "Melodies and Madrigals from English Poets" and "The Late English Minor Poets." He prepared, with additions, new editions of Griswold's "Poets Poetry of America" and "The Female Poets of America." "U the Evening Lamp" (1892) is a volume of biographical and cri papers.

GULISTAN.

THOU hearest the story of the nightingale,
That Spring is coming? 'T is an old one here,
Where earlier and fairer than elsewhere,
In the white blossoms of the almond-tree
She suddenly is, or in the garden walks
Among the roses. Let us meet her there,
And pluck the roses with her sisters there —
Coy girls, with budding lips, from whose small ears
Dangle long pearls like trembling drops of dew,
And kiss those bright Sultanas of the hour,
Before their bloom is fled, or we have lost

By permission of the author.

The tender longing for it, which is love.
This is the story that the nightingale
Repeats in her sweet songs, and I in mine,
Nightingale of this rose-garden of the world!

WHERE?

A ROUMANIAN FOLK-SONG.

SHE went away, at the break of day,
And a child in her arms she bore.
I asked the roads which way she went,
I hunted for her till day was spent,
But she returned no more.

"Have you seen a woman and child to-day?"
I say to the people I meet on the way.
But no one seems to see;
They pass me by, without reply,
Too busy to answer me.

Sullen and slow, I go
To the river, and, watching the flow
Of its waves that seaward roll,
I say to the river, "What sings in thee?"
It answers me,
"Only a baby's soul."

I fly to the poplars, — why
I know not, for all I see,
Ghostly and ominous, troubles me.
The long limbs tremble, and every leaf
(They are numberless) is a tongue of grief,
And every sound a sigh.
"Tell me, before we part,
Poplars, that peak and pine,
If you have aught that is mine."
"Naught that is thine;
Only a woman's heart."

They passed away, at the break of day,
They are not on land or sea:
They have flown afar, where the angels are,
And both have forgotten me!

The Lute-Player's House.

A ROUMANIAN FOLK-SONG.

The house of the lute-player
  Is always full of guests;
For there, as in the forest,
  The birds are building nests;

And there the sun is shining,
  As in the summer sky:
He shares with the lute-player
  The light he has on high.

He sitteth, the lute-player,
  Nor cares who comes or goes,
So he sees the sky through his window,
  And feels the wind that blows.

The house of the lute-player
  The storks and swallows know;
They are welcome when they come there,
  And happy when they go.

Go thou, if thou art thirsty,
  When men their wine-cups pour;
He offers thee but water
  From the spring beside his door.

But come, if thou art weeping,
  For though thy grief be strong,
Remember, the lute-player
  Will comfort thee with song.

The Caravansary.

I keep a caravansary,
  And, be it night or day,
I entertain such travellers
  As chance to come my way.

Hafiz, maybe, or Sadi,
  Who, singing songs divine,
Discovered heaven in taverns,
  And holiness in wine!

Or Antar and his Arabs,
From burning sands afar,
So faint in love's sweet trances,
So resolute in war!

The Brahmin from the Ganges,
The Tartar, Turcoman, —
Savage hordes, with spears and swords,
Who rode with Genghis Khan!

Or mummies from old Egypt,
With priestly, kingly tread,
Who, in their cerecloths, mutter
The Ritual of the Dead!

Who keeps a caravansary
Knows neither friend nor foe;
His doors stand wide on every side
For all to come and go.

The Koran, or the Bible,
Or Veda, — which is best?
The wise host asks no questions,
But entertains his guest!

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

Story, William Wetmore, an American sculptor, lawyer, and poet; born at Salem, Mass., February 12, 1819; died in Italy, October 7, 1895. He was graduated at Harvard in 1838, studied law under his father, and entered upon practice. He was a frequent contributor to periodicals, and published a volume of "Poems" in 1847. He had developed a high talent for sculpture; and about 1850 abandoned the legal profession, and took up his residence in Rome, devoting himself to art and literature. His principal works are "Life and Letters of Joseph Story" (1851), a volume of "Poems" (1856); "Roba di Roma, or Walks and Talks About Rome" (1862); "Proportions of the Human Figure" (1866); "Graffiti d'Italia," consisting of dramatic poems (1869); "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem, at the Time of Our Saviour" (1870); "Nero, an Historical Play" (1875); "Castle St. Angelo" (1877); "He and She, or a Poet's Portfolio" (1883); "Fiammetta" (1885); "Conversations in a Studio" (1890); "Excursions in Art and Letters" (1891); "A Poet's Portfolio, Later Readings" (1894).

Cleopatra.

Dedicated to J. L. M.

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets, —
They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows, —
They are hot where I have lain;
Open the lattice wider,
A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished —
The music has died away.

The flame and the perfume have perished,
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves, —
They cool me after my sleep;
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow smooth Nile
Through slender papyri, that cover
The wary crocodile.
The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf-pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder —
For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down the lute — I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty, —
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers, —
That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!

O cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
  Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
  Till he hears you even in Rome.

There — leave me, and take from my chamber
  That stupid little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
  And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him, — my nerves he vexes,
  The thing without blood or brain, —
Or by the body of Isis,
  I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
  Mistily stretching away,
Where the afternoon's opaline tremors
  O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
  Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
  Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald blear skull of the desert
  With glowing mountains is crowned,
That burning like molten jewels
  Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,
  Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
  Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
  Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed,
  I wandered where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
  The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
  I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
  When he heard my footstep near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
  In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the moontide splendor,
  Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
  Basked in the tamarisk shade,

Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms, —
How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely,
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor —
For I was flexile and fair —
Fought for me in the moonlight,
While I lay couching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink;
We drank their blood and crushed them,
And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
Ere he disputed with him.
That was a life to live for!
Not this weak human life
With its frivolous blood!
Its poor and petty st

Come to my arms, my hero:
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior storms a fortress!
I will not shrink or cower.
Come as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
And love as you loved me then!

The Unexpressed.

Strive not to say the whole! the Poet in his Art
Must intimate the whole, and say the smallest part.

The young moon's arc her perfect circle tells;
The limitless within Art's bounded outline dwells.

Of every noble work the silent part is best;
Of all expressions, that which cannot be expressed.

Each Act contains the life, each work of Art the world,
And all the planet-laws are in each dew-drop pearled.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

STOWE, HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER, a famous American novelist and miscellaneous writer, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1811; died at Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1896. She was educated at the seminary of her sister, Catharine, at Hartford, and later was associated with her in its management. When her father, in 1832, went to Cincinnati, as President of Lane Seminary, she accompanied him, and was soon afterward married to Professor Calvin E. Stowe, of that institution, who subsequently became Professor of Sacred Literature in the Andover Theological Seminary.

She wrote several sketches for periodicals, which were in 1842 collected into a volume entitled "The Mayflower." In 1850 she began, in "The National Era," a newspaper published at Washington, a serial story entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This work, having been completed, was republished in 1852 in book form. The anti-slavery excitement was then at its height, and this story met with unexampled success, not only in the United States but in foreign countries. It was translated into more than twenty languages. It is said that there were fourteen German and four French versions. There were also translations into the Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, Welsh, and many other languages, and the book was dramatized over and over again. In 1853 she made a European tour, an account of which appeared under the title of "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." In 1856 Mrs. Stowe put forth a second anti-slavery novel, under the title of "Dred: A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp."

From that period Mrs. Stowe devoted herself earnestly to the literary vocation, writing largely for periodicals. The titles of the principal of these works are: "Our Charley, and What to Do with Him" (1859); "The Minister's Wooing" (1859); "The Pearl of Orr's Island" (1862); "Agnes of Sorento" (1862); "The Ravages of a Carpet" (1864); "House and Home Papers" (1864); "Religious Poems" (1865); "Stories about Dogs" (1865); "Little Foxes" (1865); "Queer Little People" (1867); "Daisy's First Winter" (1867); "The Chimney Corner" (1868); "Men of our Times" (1868); "Oldtown Folks" (1869); "Little Pussy Willow" (1870); "Pink and White Tyranny" (1871); "Sam Lawson's Fireside

Stories" (1871); "My Wife and I" (1872); "Palmetto Leaves" (1873); "Betty's Bright Idea" (1875); "We and our Neighbors" (1875); "Footsteps of our Master" (1876); "Poganuc People" (1878); "A Dog's Mission" (1881).

Eliza's Flight.

(From "Uncle Tom's Cabin.")

It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin.

Her husband's suffering and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object: the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband, — everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither she could go from a home like that?

But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and in an indifferent case she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp as she went rapidly forward.

The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to be come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth in frequent ejaculations the prayer to a Friend above: "Lord, help! Lord, save me!"

If it were *your* Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader to-morrow morning, — if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock

till morning to make good your escape, — how fast could *you* walk? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom, the little sleepy head on your shoulder, the small soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck?

For the child slept. At first the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking as he found himself sinking to sleep: —

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?"

"No, my darling: sleep if you want to."

"But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?"

"No! so may God help me!" said his mother, with a paler cheek, and a brighter light in her large dark eyes.

"You 're *sure*, ain't you, mother?"

"Yes, *sure!*" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself — for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, and gentle breathings that came on her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements! It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping, confiding child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that for a time can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty.

The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood-lot, passed by her dizzily, as she walked on; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, slacking not, pausing not, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects upon the open highway.

She had often been with her mistress to visit some connections in the little village of T——, not far from the Ohio River; and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio River, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape; beyond that, she could only hope in God.

When horses and vehicles began to move along the highway, with that alert perception peculiar to a state of excitement, and which seems to be a sort of inspiration, she became

aware that her headlong pace and distracted air might bring on her remark and suspicion. She therefore put the boy on the ground; and adjusting her dress and bonnet, she walked on at as rapid a pace as she thought consistent with the preservation of appearances. In her little bundle she had provided a store of cakes and apples, which she used as expedients for quickening the speed of the child; rolling the apple some yards before them, when the boy would run with all his might after it: and this ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half-mile.

After a while they came to a thick patch of woodland, through which murmured a clear brook. As the child complained of hunger and thirst, she climbed over the fence with him; and sitting down behind a large rock which concealed them from the road, she gave him a breakfast out of her little package. The boy wondered and grieved that she could not eat; and when, putting his arms round her neck, he tried to wedge some of his cake into her mouth, it seemed to her that the rising in her throat would choke her.

"No, no, Harry darling! mother can't eat till you are safe! We must go on — on — till we come to the river!" And she hurried again into the road, and again constrained herself to walk regularly and composedly forward.

She was many miles past any neighborhood where she was personally known. If she should chance to meet any who knew her, she reflected that the well-known kindness of the family would be of itself a blind to suspicion, as making it an unlikely supposition that she could be a fugitive. As she was also so white as not to be known as of colored lineage, without a critical survey, and her child was white also, it was much easier for her to pass on unsuspected.

On this presumption, she stopped at noon at a neat farmhouse, to rest herself and buy some dinner for her child and self; for as the danger decreased with the distance, the supernatural tension of the nervous system lessened, and she found herself both weary and hungry.

The good woman, kindly and gossiping, seemed rather pleased than otherwise with having somebody come in to talk with, and accepted without examination Eliza's statement that she "was going on a little piece, to spend a week with her friends:" all which she hoped in her heart might prove strictly true.

An hour before sunset she entered the village of T——, by the Ohio River, weary and footsore but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities; and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged and formed a great undulating raft, filling up the whole river and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood for a moment contemplating this unfavorable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running; and then turned into a small public house on the bank to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal, stopped with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said.

"Isn't there any ferry or boat that takes people over to B—— now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman: "the boats has stopped running."

Eliza's look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said inquiringly:—

"Maybe you're wanting to get over? Anybody sick? Ye seem mighty anxious!"

"I've got a child that's very dangerous," said Eliza. "I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day, in hopes to get to the ferry."

"Well, now, that's onlucky," said the woman, whose motherly sympathies were much aroused: "I'm re'lly consarned for ye. Solomon!" she called from the window towards a small back building. A man in leather apron and very dirty hands appeared at the door.

"I say, Sol," said the woman, "is that ar man going to tote them bar'ls over to-night?"

"He said he should try, if 't was anyway prudent," said the man.

"There 's a man a piece down here that 's going over wi some truck this evening, if he durs' to; he 'll be in here supper to-night, so you 'd better set down and wait. That 's sweet little fellow," added the woman, offering him a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

"Poor fellow! he is n't used to walking, and I 've hurri him on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, openi into a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed. Eli laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hands in hers till h was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in he bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gaze with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay b tween her and liberty.

Here we must take our leave of her for the present, to fo low the course of her pursuers.

At two o'clock Sam and Andy brought the horses up to t posts, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by t scamper of the morning.

Sam was there, new oiled from dinner, with an abundan of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, was boasting in flourishing style to Andy of the evident a eminent success of the operation, now that he had "farly co to it."

"Your master, I s'pose, don't keep no dogs?" said Ha thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

"Heaps on 'em," said Sam triumphantly: "thar 's Bru — he 's a roarer! and besides that, 'bout every nigger of keeps a pup of some natur' or other."

"Poh!" said Haley, — and he said something else to with regard to the said dogs; at which Sam muttered:—

"I don't see no use cussin' on 'em, noway."

"But your master don't keep no dogs (I pretty much kn he don't) for trackin' out niggers?"

Sam knew exactly what he meant, but he kept on a look earnest and desperate simplicity.

"Our dogs all smells round consid'able sharp. I sp they 's the kind, though they hain't never had no practi They 's *far* dogs, though, at most anything, if you 'd get ' arted. Here, Bruno," he called, whistling to the lumberi foundland, who came pitching tumultuously toward the

"You go hang!" said Haley, getting up. "Come, tumble up now."

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so; which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley's indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding-whip.

"I 's 'stonished at yer, Andy," said Sam with awful gravity; "this yer 's a seris bisness, Andy. Yer must n't be a-makin' game. This yer ain't no way to help Mas'r."

"I shall take the straight road to the river," said Haley decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. "I know the way of all of 'em: they makes tracks for the underground."

"Sartin," said Sam, "dat 's de idee. Mas'r Haley hits de thing right in de middle. Now der 's two roads to de river, — de dirt road and der pike: which Mas'r mean to take?"

Andy looked up innocently at Sam, surprised at hearing this new geographical fact; but instantly confirmed what he said by a vehement reiteration.

"'Cause," said Sam, "I 'd rather be 'clined to 'magine that Liry 'd take de dirt road, bein' it 's the least travelled."

Haley, notwithstanding that he was a very old bird, and naturally inclined to be suspicious of chaff, was rather brought up by this view of the case.

"If yer war n't both on yer such cussed liars, now!" he said contemplatively, as he pondered a moment.

The pensive, reflective tone in which this was spoken appeared to amuse Andy prodigiously, and he drew a little behind, and shook so as apparently to run a great risk of falling off his horse; while Sam's face was immovably composed into the most doleful gravity.

"Course," said Sam, "Mas'r can do as he 'd ruther; go de straight road, if Mas'r thinks best, — it 's all one to us. Now when I study 'pon it, I think the straight road the best, *deridedly*."

"She would naturally go a lonesome way," said Haley, thinking aloud, and not minding Sam's remark.

"Dar ain't no sayin'," said Sam: "gals is pecular: they never does nothin' ye thinks they will; mose gen'lly the contrar. Gals is nat'lly made contrary; and so if you thinks they 've gone one road, it is sartin you 'd better go t'other, and then you 'll be sure to find 'em. Now my private 'pinion is,

Lizy took der dirt road; so I think we 'd better take de straig one."

This profound generic view of the female sex did not see to dispose Haley particularly to the straight road; and he a nounced decidedly that he should go the other, and asked Sa when they should come to it.

"A little piece ahead," said Sam, giving a wink to An with the eye which was on Andy's side of the head; and l added gravely, "but I 've studied on the matter, and I 'm qui clar we ought not to go dat ar way. I nebber been over noway. It 's despit lonesome, and we might lose our wa whar we 'd come to, de Lord only knows."

"Nevertheless," said Haley, "I shall go that way."

"Now I think on 't, I think I hearn 'em tell dat ar ro was all fenced up and down by der creek, and thar — ain't i Andy?"

Andy was n't certain; he 'd only "hearn tell" about th road, but never been over it. In short, he was strictly no committal.

Haley, accustomed to strike the balance of probabiliti between lies of greater or lesser magnitude, thought that lay in favor of the dirt road aforesaid. The mention of t thing he thought he perceived was involuntary on Sam's pa at first, and his confused attempts to dissuade him he set dow to a desperate lying on second thoughts, as being unwilling implicate Eliza.

When therefore Sam indicated the road, Haley plung briskly into it, followed by Sam and Andy.

Now the road, in fact, was an old one that had formerl been a thoroughfare to the river, but abandoned for many yea after the laying of the new pike. It was open for about a hour's ride, and after that it was cut across by various farm and fences. Sam knew this fact perfectly well: indeed, th road had been so long closed up that Andy had never heard it. He therefore rode along with an air of dutiful submissio only groaning and vociferating occasionally that 't was "desp rough, and bad for Jerry's foot."

"Now I jest give yer warning," said Haley, "I know ye yer won't get me to turn off this yer road, with all yer fussin so you shet up!"

"Mas'r will go his own way!" said Sam with rueful su mission; at the same time winking most portentously to And whose delight was now very near the explosive point.

Sam was in wonderful spirits; professed to keep a very brisk lookout: at one time exclaiming that he saw "a gal's bonnet" on the top of some distant eminence, or calling to Andy "if that thar was n't Lizy down in the hollow;" always making these exclamations in some rough or craggy part of the road, where the sudden quickening of speed was a special inconvenience to all parties concerned, and thus keeping Haley in a state of constant commotion.

After riding about an hour in this way, the whole party made a precipitate and tumultuous descent into a barnyard belonging to a large farming establishment. Not a soul was in sight, all the hands being employed in the fields; but as the barn stood conspicuously and plainly square across the road, it was evident that their journey in that direction had reached a decided finale.

"War n't dat ar what I telled Mas'r?" said Sam, with an air of injured innocence. "How does strange gentlemen spect to know more about a country dan de natives born and raised?"

"You rascal!" said Haley, "you knew all about this."

"Did n't I tell yer I *know'd*, and yer would n't believe me? I telled Mas'r 't was all shet up, and fenced up, and I did n't spect we could get through: Andy heard me."

It was all too true to be disputed, and the unlucky man had to pocket his wrath with the best grace he was able; and all three faced to the right about, and took up their line of march for the highway.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back: the whole train swept by the window round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a

hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap, — impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it; but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake; stumbling — leaping — slipping — springing upwards again! Her shoes were gone, her stockings cut from her feet, while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye are!" said the man with an oath.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"O Mr. Symmes! — save me — do save me — do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 't ain't Shelby's gal!"

"My child! — this boy! — he 'd sold him! There is his Mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "O Mr. Symmes, you 've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly but kindly drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you 're a right brave gal. I like grit wherever I see it."

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused. "I 'd be glad to do something for ye," said he; "but then there 's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go thar: they 're kind folks. Thar 's no kind o' danger but they 'll help you: they 're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza earnestly.

"No 'casion, no 'casion in the world," said the man. "What I 've done 's of no 'count."

"And oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not," said the man. "Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You've arnt your liberty; and you shall have it, for all me."

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

"Shelby, now, mebbe won't think this yer the most neighborly thing in the world; but what's a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he's welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o' critter a-strivin' and pantin', and tryin' to cl'ar theirselves, with the dogs arter 'em, and go agin 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind o' 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks, neither."

St. Clare's "One Downright, Serious Talk."

(From "Uncle Tom's Cabin.")

Miss Ophelia sat down, and pulled out her knitting-work, and sat there grim with indignation. She knit and knit, but while she mused the fire burned; at last she broke out: —

"I tell you, Augustine, I can't get over things so, if you can. It's a perfect abomination for you to defend such a system, — that's *my* mind!"

"What now?" said St. Clare, looking up. "At it again, hey?"

"I say it's perfectly abominable for you to defend such a system!" said Miss Ophelia, with increasing warmth.

"*I* defend it, my dear lady? Who ever said I did defend it?" said St. Clare.

"Of course, you defend it, — you all do, — all you Southerners. What do you have slaves for, if you don't?"

"Are you such a sweet innocent, as to suppose nobody in this world ever does what they don't think is right? Don't you, or didn't you ever, do anything that you did not think quite right?"

"If I do, I repent of it, I hope," said Miss Ohpelia, rattling her needles with energy.

"So do I," said St. Clare, peeling his orange; "I'm repenting of it all the time."

"What do you keep on doing it for?"

"Didn't you ever keep on doing wrong, after you'd repented, my good cousin?"

"Well, only when I've been very much tempted," said Miss Ophelia.

"Well, I'm very much tempted," said St. Clare; "that's just my difficulty."

"But I always resolve I won't, and I try to break off."

"Well, I have been resolving I won't, off and on, these ten years," said St. Clare; "but I haven't, somehow, got clear. Have you got clear of all your sins, cousin?"

"Cousin Augustine," said Miss Ophelia, seriously, and laying down her knitting-work, "I suppose I deserve that you should reprove my shortcomings. I know all you say is true enough; nobody else feels them more than I do; but it does seem to me, after all, there is some difference between me and you. It seems to me I would cut off my right hand sooner than keep on, from day to day, doing what I thought was wrong. But, then, my conduct is so inconsistent with my profession, I don't wonder you reprove me."

"O, now, cousin," said Augustine, sitting down on the floor, and laying his head back in her lap, "don't take on so awfully serious! You know what a good-for-nothing, saucy boy I always was. I love to poke you up, — that's all, — just to see you get earnest. I do think you are desperately, distressingly good; it tires me to death to think of it."

"But this is a serious subject, my boy, Auguste," said Miss Ophelia, laying her hand on his forehead.

"Dismally so," said he; "and I — well, I never want to talk seriously in hot weather. What with mosquitoes and all, a fellow can't get himself up to any very sublime moral flights; and I believe," said St. Clare, suddenly rousing himself up, "there's a theory, now! I understand now why northern nations are always more virtuous than southern ones — I see into that whole subject."

"O, Auguste, you are a sad rattle-brain!"

"Am I? Well, so I am, I suppose; but for once I will be serious, now; but you must hand me that basket of oranges; — you see, you'll have to 'stay me with flagons and comfort me with apples,' if I'm going to make this effort. Now," said Augustine, drawing the basket up, "I'll begin: When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a fellow to

hold two or three dozen of his fellow-worms in captivity, a decent regard to the opinions of society requires — "

"I don't see that you are growing more serious," said Miss Ophelia.

"Wait, — I 'm coming on, — you 'll hear. The short of the matter is, cousin," said he, his handsome face suddenly settling into an earnest and serious expression, "on this abstract question of slavery there can, as I think, be but one opinion. Planters, who have money to make by it, — clergymen, who have planters to please, — politicians, who want to rule by it, — may warp and bend language and ethics to a degree that shall astonish the world at their ingenuity; they can press nature and the Bible, and nobody knows what else, into the service; but, after all, neither they nor the world believe in it one particle the more. It comes from the devil, that 's the short of it; — and, to my mind, it 's a pretty respectable specimen of what he can do in his own line."

Miss Ophelia stopped her knitting, and looked surprised; and St. Clare, apparently enjoying her astonishment, went on.

"You seem to wonder; but if you will get me fairly at it, I 'll make a clean breast of it. This cursed business, accursed of God and man, what is it? Strip it of all its ornament, run it down to the root and nucleus of the whole, and what is it? Why, because my brother Quashy is ignorant and weak, and I am intelligent and strong, — because I know how, and *can* do it, — therefore, I may steal all he has, keep it, and give him only such and so much as suits my fancy. Whatever is too hard, too dirty, too disagreeable, for me, I may set Quashy to doing. Because I don't like work, Quashy shall work. Because the sun burns me, Quashy shall stay in the sun. Quashy shall earn the money, and I will spend it. Quashy shall lie down in every puddle, that I may walk over dry-shod. Quashy shall do my will, and not his, all the days of his mortal life, and have such chance of getting to heaven, at last, as I find convenient. This I take to be about what slavery *is*. I defy anybody on earth to read our slave-code, as it stands in our law-books, and make anything else of it. Talk of the *abuses* of slavery! Humbug! The *thing itself* is the essence of all abuse! And the only reason why the land don't sink under it, like Sodom and Gomorrah, is because it is *used* in a way infinitely better than it is. For pity's sake, for shame's sake, because we are men born of women, and not savage beasts, many

of us do not, and dare not, — we would *scorn* to use the full power which our savage laws put into our hands. And he who goes the furthest, and does the worst, only uses within limits the power that the law gives him."

St. Clare had started up, and, as his manner was when excited, was walking, with hurried steps, up and down the floor. His fine face, classic as that of a Greek statue, seemed actually to burn with the fervor of his feelings. His large blue eyes flashed, and he gestured with an unconscious eagerness. Miss Ophelia had never seen him in this mood before, and she sat perfectly silent.

"I declare to you," said he, suddenly stopping before his cousin, — "it 's no sort of use to talk or to feel on this subject, — but I declare to you, there have been times when I have thought, if the whole country would sink, and hide all this injustice and misery from the light, I would willingly sink with it. When I have been travelling up and down on our boats, or about on my collecting tours, and reflected that every brutal, disgusting, mean, low-lived fellow I met was allowed by our laws to become absolute despot of as many men, women, and children, as he could cheat, steal, or gamble money enough to buy, — when I have seen such men in actual ownership of helpless children, of young girls and women, — I have been ready to curse my country, to curse the human race!"

"Augustine! Augustine!" said Miss Ophelia, "I 'm sure you 've said enough. I never, in my life, heard anything like this, even at the north."

"At the north!" said St. Clare, with a sudden change of expression, and resuming something of his habitual careless tone. "Pooh! your northern folks are cold-blooded; you are cool in everything! You can't begin to curse up hill and down as we can, when we get fairly at it."

"Well, but the question is — " said Miss Ophelia.

"O, yes, to be sure, the *question is*, — and a deuce of a question it is! How came *you* in this state of sin and misery? Well, I shall answer in the good old words you used to teach me, Sundays. I came so by ordinary generation. My servants were my father's, and, what is more, my mother's; and now they are mine, they and their increase, which bids fair to be a pretty considerable item. My father, you know, came first from New England; and he was just such another man as your father, — a regular old Roman, — upright, ener-

getic, noble-minded, with an iron will. Your father settled down in New England, to rule over rocks and stones, and to force an existence out of Nature; and mine settled in Louisiana, to rule over men and women, and force existence out of them. My mother," said St. Clare, getting up, and walking to a picture at the end of the room, and gazing upward with a face fervent with veneration, "*she* was *divine!* Don't look at me so! — you know what I mean! She probably was of mortal birth, but, as far as ever I could observe, there was no trace of any human weakness or error about her; and everybody that lives to remember her, whether bond or free, servant, acquaintance, relation, all say the same. Why, cousin, that mother has been all that stood between me and utter unbelief for years. She was a direct embodiment and personification of the New Testament, — a living fact, to be accounted for, and to be accounted for in no other way than by its truth. O, mother! mother!" said St. Clare, clasping his hands, in a sort of transport; and then suddenly checking himself, he came back, and seating himself on an ottoman, he went on: —

"My brother and I were twins; and they say, you know, that twins ought to resemble each other; but we were in all points a contrast. He had black, fiery eyes, coal-black hair, a strong, fine Roman profile, and a rich brown complexion. I had blue eyes, golden hair, a Greek outline, and fair complexion. He was active and observing, I dreamy and inactive. He was generous to his friends and equals, but proud, dominant, overbearing, to inferiors, and utterly unmerciful to whatever set itself up against him. Truthful we both were, he from pride and courage, I from a sort of abstract ideality. We loved each other as boys generally do, — off and on, and in general; he was my father's pet, and I my mother's.

"There was a morbid sensitiveness and acuteness of feeling in me on all possible subjects, of which he and my father had no kind of understanding, and with which they could have no possible sympathy. But mother did: and so, when I had quarrelled with Alfred, and father looked sternly on me, I used to go off to mother's room, and sit by her. I remember just how she used to look, with her pale cheeks, her deep, soft, serious eyes, her white dress, — she always wore white; and I used to think of her whenever I read in Revelations about the saints that were arrayed in fine linen, clean and white. She had a great deal of genius of one sort and another, particularly in

music; and she used to sit at her organ, playing fine old majestic music of the Catholic Church, and singing with a voice more like an angel than a mortal woman; and I would lay my head down on her lap, and cry, and dream, and feel, — O immeasurably! — things that I had no language to say!

"In those days, this matter of slavery had never been canvassed as it has now; nobody dreamed of any harm in it.

"My father was a born aristocrat. I think, in some preexistent state, he must have been in the higher circles of spirits, and brought all his old court pride along with him; for it was ingrain, bred in the bone, though he was originally of poor and not in any way of noble family. My brother was begotten in his image.

"Now, an aristocrat, you know, the world over, has no human sympathies, beyond a certain line in society. In England the line is in one place, in Burmah in another, and in America in another; but the aristocrat of all these countries never goes over it. What would be hardship and distress and injustice in his own class is a cool matter of course in another one. My father's dividing line was that of color. *Among his equals*, never was a man more just and generous; but he considered the negro, through all possible gradations of color, as an intermediate link between man and animals, and graded all his ideas of justice or generosity on this hypothesis. I suppose, to be sure, if anybody had asked him, plump and fair, whether they had human, immortal souls, he might have hemmed and hawed, and said yes. But my father was not a man much troubled with spiritualism; religious sentiment he had none, beyond a veneration for God, as decidedly the head of the upper classes.

"Well, my father worked some five hundred negroes; he was an inflexible, driving, punctilious business man; everything was to move by system, — to be sustained with unfailing accuracy and precision. Now, if you take into account that all this was to be worked out by a set of lazy, twaddling, shiftless laborers, who had grown up, all their lives, in the absence of every possible motive to learn how to do anything but 'shirk,' as you Vermonters say, you 'll see that there might naturally be, on his plantation, a great many things that looked horrible and distressing to a sensitive child, like me.

"Besides all, he had an overseer, — a great, tall, slab-sided, two-fisted renegade son of Vermont (begging your par-

don), who had gone through a regular apprenticeship in hardness and brutality, and taken his degree to be admitted to practice. My mother never could endure him, nor I; but he obtained an entire ascendency over my father; and this man was the absolute despot of the estate.

"I was a little fellow then, but I had the same love that I have now for all kinds of human things, — a kind of passion for the study of humanity, come in what shape it would. I was found in the cabins and among the field-hands a great deal, and, of course, was a great favorite; and all sorts of complaints and grievances were breathed into my ear; and I told them to mother, and we, between us, formed a sort of committee for a redress of grievances. We hindered and repressed a great deal of cruelty, and congratulated ourselves on doing a vast deal of good, till, as often happens, my zeal overacted. Stubbs complained to my father that he could n't manage the hands, and must resign his position. Father was a fond, indulgent husband, but a man that never flinched from anything that he thought necessary; and so he put down his foot, like a rock, between us and the field-hands. He told my mother, in language perfectly respectful and deferential, but quite explicit, that over the house-servants she should be entire mistress, but that with the field-hands he could allow no interference. He revered and respected her above all living beings; but he would have said it all the same to the Virgin Mary herself, if she had come in the way of his system.

"I used sometimes to hear my mother reasoning cases with him, — endeavoring to excite his sympathies. He would listen to the most pathetic appeals with the most discouraging politeness and equanimity. 'It all resolves itself to this,' he would say; 'must I part with Stubbs, or keep him? Stubbs is the soul of punctuality, honesty, and efficiency, — a thorough business hand, and as humane as the general run. We can't have perfection; and if I keep him, I must sustain his administration as a *whole*, even if there are, now and then, things that are exceptionable. All government includes some necessary hardness. General rules will bear hard on particular cases.' This last maxim my father seemed to consider a settler in most alleged cases of cruelty. After he had said *that*, he commonly drew up his feet on the sofa, like a man that has disposed of a business, and betook himself to a nap, or the newspaper, as the case might be.

"The fact is, my father showed the exact sort of talent fc a statesman. He could have divided Poland as easily as a orange, or trod on Ireland as quietly and systematically as an man living. At last my mother gave up, in despair. It neve will be known, till the last account, what noble and sensitiv natures like hers have felt; cast, utterly helpless, into wha seems to them an abyss of injustice and cruelty, and whic seems so to nobody about them. It has been an age of lon sorrow of such natures, in such a hell-begotten sort of worl as ours. What remained for her, but to train her children i her own views and sentiments? Well, after all you say abou training, children will grow up substantially what they *are* b nature, and only that. From the cradle, Alfred was an aristo crat; and as he grew up, instinctively all his sympathies an all his reasonings were in that line, and all mother's exhorta tions went to the winds. As to me, they sunk deep into me She never contradicted, in form, anything that my father said or seemed directly to differ from him; but she impressed burnt into my very soul, with all the force of her deep, earnes nature, an idea of the dignity and worth of the meanest huma soul. I have looked in her face with solemn awe, when sh would point up to the stars in the evening, and say to me, 'Se there, Auguste, the poorest, meanest soul on our place will l living, when all these stars are gone forever, — will live long as God lives!'

"She had some fine old paintings; one, in particular, Jesus healing a blind man. They were very fine, and used impress me strongly. 'See there, Auguste,' she would s 'the blind man was a beggar, poor and loathsome; theref he would not heal him *afar off!* He called him to him, put *his hands on him!* Remember this, my boy.' If I lived to grow up under her care, she might have stimu me to I know not what of enthusiasm. I might have b saint, reformer, martyr, — but, alas! alas! I went fro when I was only thirteen, and I never saw her again!

St. Clare rested his head on his hands, and did not for some minutes. After a while, he looked up, and on: —

"What poor, mean trash this whole business of hum tue is! A mere matter, for the most part, of latitu longitude, and geographical position, acting with natu perament. The greater part is nothing

father, for example, settles in Vermont, in a town where all are, in fact, free and equal; becomes a regular church-member and deacon, and in due time joins an Abolition society, and thinks us all little better than heathens. Yet he is, for all the world, in constitution and habit, a duplicate of my father. I can see it leaking out in fifty different ways, — just that same strong, overbearing, dominant spirit. You know very well how impossible it is to persuade some of the folks in your village that Squire Sinclair does not feel above them. The fact is, though he has fallen on democratic times, and embraced a democratic theory, he is to the heart an aristocrat, as much as my father, who ruled over five or six hundred slaves."

Miss Ophelia felt rather disposed to cavil at this picture, and was laying down her knitting to begin, but St. Clare stopped her.

"Now, I know every word you are going to say. I do not say they *were* alike, in fact. One fell into a condition where everything acted against the natural tendency, and the other where everything acted for it; and so one turned out a pretty wilful, stout, overbearing old democrat, and the other a wilful, stout old despot. If both had owned plantations in Louisiana, they would have been as like as two old bullets cast in the same mould."

"What an undutiful boy you are!" said Miss Ophelia.

"I don't mean them any disrespect," said St. Clare. "You know reverence is not my forte. But, to go back to my history: —

"When father died, he left the whole property to us twin boys, to be divided as we should agree. There does not breathe on God's earth a nobler-souled, more generous fellow than Alfred, in all that concerns his equals; and we got on admirably with this property question, without a single unbrotherly word or feeling. We undertook to work the plantation together; and Alfred, whose outward life and capabilities had double the strength of mine, became an enthusiastic planter, and a wonderfully successful one.

"But two years' trial satisfied me that I could not be a partner in that matter. To have a great gang of seven hundred, whom I could not know personally, or feel any individual interest in, bought and driven, housed, fed, worked like so horned cattle, strained up to military precision, — the how little of life's commonest enjoyments would working-order being a constantly recurring prob-

lem, — the *necessity* of drivers and overseers, — the ever-necessary whip, first, last, and only argument, — the whole thing was insufferably disgusting and loathsome to me; and when I thought of my mother's estimate of one poor human soul, it became even frightful!

"It 's all nonsense to talk to me about slaves *enjoying* all this! To this day, I have no patience with the unutterable trash that some of your patronizing Northerners have made up, as in their zeal to apologize for our sins. We all know better. Tell me that any man living wants to work all his days, from day-dawn till dark, under the constant eye of a master, without the power of putting forth one irresponsible volition, on the same dreary, monotonous, unchanging toil, and all for two pairs of pantaloons and a pair of shoes a year, with enough food and shelter to keep him in working order! Any man who thinks that human beings can, as a general thing, be made about as comfortable that way as any other, I wish he might try it. I 'd buy the dog, and work him, with a clear conscience!"

"I always have supposed," said Miss Ophelia, "that you, all of you, approved of these things, and thought them *right*, — according to Scripture."

"Humbug! We are not quite reduced to that yet. Alfred, who is as determined a despot as ever walked, does not pretend to this kind of defence; — no, he stands, high and haughty, on that good old respectable ground, *the right of the strongest;* and he says, and I think quite sensibly, that the American planter is 'only doing, in another form, what the English aristocracy and capitalists are doing by the lower classes;' that is, I take it, *appropriating* them, body and bone, soul and spirit, to their use and convenience. He defends both, — and I think, at least, *consistently*. He says that there can be no high civilization without enslavement of the masses, either nominal or real. There must, he says, be a lower class, given up to physical toil and confined to an animal nature; and a higher one thereby acquires leisure and wealth for a more expanded intelligence and improvement, and becomes the directing mind of the lower. So he reasons, because, as I said, he is an aristocrat; — so I don't believe, because I was a democrat."

. . . . . .

"There was," said St. Clare, "a time when I had plans and hopes of doing something

than to float and drift. I had vague, indistinct yearnings to be a sort of emancipator, — to free my native land from this spot and stain. All young men have had such fever-fits, I suppose, some time, — but then — "

"Why did n't you?" said Miss Ophelia; — "you ought not to put your hand to the plough, and look back."

"O, well, things did n't go with me as I expected, and I got the despair of living that Solomon did. I suppose it was a necessary incident to wisdom in us both; but, somehow or other, instead of being actor and regenerator in society, I became a piece of driftwood, and have been floating and eddying about, ever since. Alfred scolds me, every time we meet; and he has the better of me, I grant, — for he really does something; his life is a logical result of his opinions, and mine is a contemptible *non sequitur*."

"My dear cousin, can you be satisfied with such a way of spending your probation?"

"Satisfied! Was I not just telling you I despised it? But, then, to come back to this point, — we were on this liberation business. I don't think my feelings about slavery are peculiar. I find many men who, in their hearts, think of it just as I do. The land groans under it; and, bad as it is for the slave, it is worse, if anything, for the master. It takes no spectacles to see that a great class of vicious, improvident, degraded people, among us, are an evil to us, as well as to themselves. The capitalist and aristocrat of England cannot feel that as we do, because they do not mingle with the class they degrade as we do. They are in our houses; they are the associates of our children, and they form their minds faster than we can; for they are a race that children always will cling to and assimilate with. If Eva, now, was not more angel than ordinary, she would be ruined. We might as well allow the smallpox to run among them, and think our children would not take it, as to let them be uninstructed and vicious, and think our children will not be affected by that. Yet our laws positively and utterly forbid any efficient general educational system, and they do it wisely, too; for, just begin and thoroughly [redacted] one generation, and the whole thing would be blown [redacted] them liberty, they would

[redacted] of this?" said

"I don't know. One thing is certain, — that there i mustering among the masses, the world over; and there i *dies iræ* coming on, sooner or later. The same thing is wc ing in Europe, in England, and in this country. My mot used to tell me of a millenium that was coming, when Ch should reign, and all men should be free and happy. And taught me, when I was a boy, to pray, 'Thy kingdom con Sometimes I think all this sighing, and groaning, and stirr among the dry bones foretells what she used to tell me ' coming. But who may abide the day of his appearing?'

"Augustine, sometimes I think you are not far from kingdom," said Miss Ophelia, laying down her knitting, looking anxiously at her cousin.

"Thank you for your good opinion; but it 's up and dc with me, — up to heaven's gate in theory, down in earth's d in practice. But there 's the tea-bell, — do let 's go, — s don't say, now, I have n't had one downright serious talk, once in my life."

EDWARD HENRY STROBEL.

Strobel, Edward Henry, an American historian and diplomatist; born at Charleston, South Carolina, December 7, 1855. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1877, and from the Law School at Harvard in 1882, and the following year was admitted to the bar in New York City. He was Secretary of the United States Legation and Chargé d'Affaires at Madrid 1885–90, and was appointed Minister to Ecuador in 1894 but transferred to Chile the same year. He has published "The Spanish Revolution" (1898), a work covering the period from 1868 to 1875.

The Provisional Government and the Constituent Cortes.[1]

(From "The Spanish Revolution.")

General Serrano made his entry into Madrid on October 8, 1868, amid the acclamations of the people. He began at once to take measures for the formation of a government; but the attitude of prominent members of the Progressist party impressed him with the advisability of awaiting the arrival of Prim, whose entrance on the 7th of the same month was the occasion of an ovation even more enthusiastic than the reception of the conqueror of Alcolea. The Provisional Government was immediately formed, with Serrano as President of the Council of Ministers, and Prim in the War Department. . . . The Revolution of 1854 had shown that the Minister of War was a more powerful personage than the head of the Cabinet. The Democrats were not represented in the Ministry, but their leader, Nicolas Maria Rivero, was appointed to the important post of Governor of Madrid. The Republicans were completely excluded from office.

The first act of the Provisional Government was to dissolve the revolutionary juntas. The [illegible] of State, on October

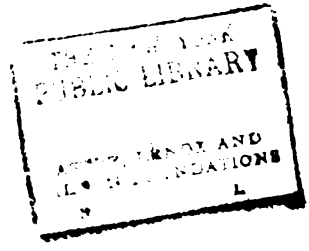
19, addressed a circular to the foreign powers, explaining the causes of the Revolution. In this circular the disorganization and corruption of the last reign were graphically described. "The Spanish people, taught by bitter experience, and fully convinced that it is impossible to erect the edifice of the nation's prosperity and liberty upon forced repentance and pretended amendment, has made a supreme effort to rid itself of the disturbing element which it carried in its bosom; and as Europe has seen, success has corresponded to the nobility of the enterprise and of the methods employed."

A few days after the issue of this circular, the Government addressed an important manifesto to the nation, embodying its programme. After extending "the commiseration or silence to the dethroned dynasty, which had been in opposition to the spirit of the age and a barrier to all progress," the manifesto proceeded to deal with the aims of the Revolution. "The first and most important of all reforms, on account of the essential alteration which it introduces into the secular organization of Spain, is the introduction of religious liberty. . . . Our faith, deeply rooted as it is, will not be invaded because we authorize the free and tranquil exercise of other creeds in the presence of Catholicism. Rather will it be fortified in the combat and be stimulated to defending itself against the persistent invasion of that religious indifference which so prostrates and weakens moral sentiment." The next reform demanded was free schools, — a demand "which the Provisional Government has hastened to satisfy. . . . Then, as a natural result of religious liberty and free schools, the Revolution has likewise proclaimed the liberty of the press, without which the other reforms would be but vain and illusory formulas. . . . The liberty of reunion and of peaceful association, eternal fountains of activity and progress, which have contributed so materially to the political and economical aggrandizement of other nations, have been recognized as fundamental principles by the Spanish Revolution." Sweeping financial reforms were promised, and the assurance given that the benefits of the Revolution would be extended to the colonies.

At the close of this manifesto the Provisional Government made an explicit declaration of its belief in the monarchy as the system of government adapted to the necessities of the people and best fitted for giving form to the aspirations of the

PRADO AND FOUNTAIN OF CYBELE

(Madrid, Spain)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Revolution. "While the Provisional Government does not pretend," said the manifesto, "to prejudge so grave and intricate a question, it must take note of a fact of great significance which, in the midst of the enthusiastic agitation produced by the Revolution, demonstrates to a certain point the true tendency of the national will. All the juntas, genuine representatives of the movement, have proclaimed the cardinal principles of our new political organization, but have kept silence regarding the monarchical institution, thus responding, without previous agreement but by their own inspiration, to a sentiment of patriotic prudence. Despite the ease with which it could have been done in the hour of passionate disturbance, they have not confounded persons with things nor the loss of prestige of a dynasty with the lofty magistracy of which it is a symbol. This extraordinary phenomenon has seriously attracted the attention of the Provisional Government, which brings it to the public notice, not as a favorable argument, but as a fact worthy to be considered in the solution of so important and difficult a problem.

"It is true that voices of great eloquence and authority have been raised in defence of the Republican form of Government, basing their arguments upon the difference in origin and characteristics of the Spanish nation, and, more than all, upon the marvellous example offered beyond the seas by a people born yesterday, and to-day the envy and admiration of the world. However much importance may be conceded to these opinions, they are not so impressive as the general reserve regarding so thorny a question adopted by the juntas, who, until the formation of the Provisional Government, fully controlled the situation. It can be well understood how a young people, lost in the midst of virgin forests and bounded by vast unexplored solitudes and wandering tribes, can establish a government with entire independence, free from all internal engagements and from all international bonds. It is not probable that the same would occur with nations of long life and indestructible organic antecedents, who are members of a community of nations, and who cannot by a brusque and violent transition suddenly disturb the impulses which control them. The ill success resulting from experiments of this kind in other countries of Europe which have preceded us in revolution must deeply excite the attention of the public, before hastening into paths that are unknown and obscure."

This argumentative declaration was called forth by the importance of the Republican movement, which was daily gaining ground. It was not an illogical assumption in the minds of many that the Revolution of September, which professed to appeal to the sovereignty of the people, would lead to the Republic as the national outcome. The Republican agitation was begun in Catalonia by José Maria Orense, Marquis of Albaida. Orense in his youth had been exiled with his family to England, and became imbued with democratic principles at an early age. A representative of the province of Palencia in 1844, he had been the only Liberal member of the Cortes, and with great courage and ability had fought single-handed against an overwhelming majority. He had earned the title of Patriarch of the Spanish Republicans, and he now declared that a democratic monarchy had been shown by the French experiment of 1830–1848 to be an impossibility, and that the Republic was the natural sequel of the Revolution. He was aided by the experience of Estanislao Figueras, who saw in the Republic the opportunity for bringing to a fitting close his long political career, by the cold but forcible reasoning of Pi y Margall, who regarded the Revolution as a field for experimenting with the theories of Proudhon, and by the eloquence of Emilio Castelar, who believed that the realization of his ideals was now close at hand.

The Republican campaign was so successful in the provinces that the Government saw the necessity of making a counter-agitation. On November 15 a great mass meeting was called at Madrid by the leaders of the Unionists, Progressists, and Monarchical Democrats, who had assumed the name of the great Liberal party. Addresses in favor of the establishment of a constitutional monarchy were made by Olozaga in behalf of the Progressists, by the Democratic leaders, Martos, Becerra, and Rivero, and by the Marquis de la Vega de Armijo for the Unionists. The latter made a speech of great force. The necessities of the situation welded the three parties into a barrier against the rushing tide of Republicanism.

That this harmony might be impressed upon the nation at large, a proclamation was published on November 12, a few days before this meeting, and signed by the leaders of the three parties, men of varied political antecedents. This document called attention to the necessity of political organization. The capitals of the provinces should take the initiative in forming

committees, the members of which were to constitute a proportionate representation of the three parties; the same scheme of organization should be extended through the districts and provinces. The cry for the Republic was uttered by the supporters of reaction and deceived a few "noble and imprudent spirits who do not recognize that the supporters of reaction wish for the Republic only because they see in it the easiest and surest means — the only means — of destroying the results of our glorious Revolution, of ending our liberties, of creating in Europe the false impression that Spain is not worthy of leading the life of a free nation, and of hurling us again into the wretchedness of uncertainty and the horrors of despotism."

An enticing picture was drawn of the future monarchy. "It is not the monarchy which we have just overthrown, not the monarchy of divine right, not the monarchy which regards itself as superior to the nation and which made its sovereignty and liberty impossible. That monarchy is forever dead in Spain. Our monarchy, on the contrary, — the monarchy which we shall establish by our votes, — is born of the right of the people, consolidated by universal suffrage, the symbol of the sovereignty of the nation, the consolidation of all public liberties; in short, the personification of the rights of the citizen superior to all institutions and to all powers. It is the monarchy which radically destroys the divine right and the supremacy of one family over the nation; the monarchy surrounded by democratic institutions, — the popular monarchy."

In accordance with its assurances, the Government published a series of decrees of a radical character. Liberty of the press was declared, the right of public meetings for pacific purposes was sanctioned, as well as the privilege of forming societies and associations. The introduction of universal suffrage was announced, the elections fixed for the beginning of the new year, and the Constituent Cortes convoked for February 12, 1869.

In the meantime the Republicans had not been idle. Clubs were formed in all the principal cities. More than a thousand newspapers, not to mention pamphlets, sustained and defended their principles; nor did they hesitate on the day of the monarchical mass meeting in Madrid to make a counter-demonstration by summoning a meeting for the purpose of organizing a Republican central committee at the capital. Before an assembly of upwards of ten thousand people, Castelar, in a speech

of great eloquence, developed his theory of the Federal l
public, and in terms of bitter irony pointed out the absurd
of the monarchy without a monarch. "I ask," said
"whether in order to have a monarchy it is right to say
wish a monarchy. No, a monarch must be at hand. A m
archy is a personal government, and on that account require
peculiar personality, a personality of extraordinary digni
of a dignity capable of being handed down for a hundred g
erations. The monarchy without a monarch is a ridicul
device which would excite mockery if there were not dan
of its leading to bloodshed." On November 22 the Republi
central committee issued a proclamation in reply to the M
archist manifesto of the 12th. "The Republic is the mater
form of the democracy, just as the human body is the ma
rial form of our life; just as human speech is the mater
form of thought. . . . The Republic is the State, reduced to
natural boundaries and its original powers; the society wh
substitutes for the arbitrary laws of the old governments
abolition of the death penalty, the reform of the penal law,
establishment of the autonomy of our ancient colonies, so l
oppressed and plundered; the reduction of the budget by m
than half of the present scandalous amount; the suppress
of indirect taxes, the honest payment of the national debt,
final abolition of the conscription for the army and navy,
complete accomplishment of the whole democratic programm

This peaceable campaign of proclamations, pamphlets, a
Utopian promises between the Monarchists and Republic
was rudely disturbed by conflicts which assumed a seri
shape in some of the Southern provinces. The laborers
Puerto de Santa Maria, near Cadiz, became disorderly in con
quence of the reduction of their wages. The governor decli
to accept the aid of the militia of Cadiz in repressing the d
turbances, but summoned the regular troops. The Ca
militia then made common cause with the people. A state
siege was proclaimed in Cadiz, and the militia ordered to
down their arms. The result was a bloody contest in t
streets of the city between the militia and the regular troo
which lasted through the night of December 5. On the 6
and 7th the city was shelled by the fleet; and it was not un
the 8th that the efforts of the foreign consuls succeeded
effecting a suspension of hostilities. The intercession of C
telar and Figuer as with the Madrid Government was fruitle

and the declaration of the state of siege in the province of Cadiz and the orders to the militia to lay down their arms were sustained. General Caballero de Rodas, who had taken command of the army of Andalusia after the battle of Alcolea, was ordered to suppress disorder with a stern hand. The people of Cadiz saw that further resistance was useless, and on December 13 the militia, in reply to the demands of the commander-in-chief, delivered up their arms. In the neighboring province of Malaga, the events in Cadiz and the order to disarm issued to the volunteer militia of Malaga created great excitement. On hearing of the approach of Caballero de Rodas, the citizens of Malaga constructed barricades and prepared for a sturdy resistance. A committee of prominent citizens endeavored to persuade the commander-in-chief to defer the unpopular disarmament, but his reply was a proclamation declaring a state of siege, ordering a general disarmament within the space of twenty-four hours, and warning noncombatants to leave the city at once. The result was a street combat bloodier than that of Cadiz, ended only after three days of hard fighting, by the united efforts of the fleet and the army.

These events caused excitement and irritation among the Republicans, who openly charged the Government with a policy of intimidation in the Republican strongholds of the South for the purpose of assuring a monarchical majority in the Constituent Cortes. So strong was this feeling throughout the country that the Minister of the Interior felt impelled to issue a circular declaring that the Provisional Government had no intention of infringing upon the public liberties or of anticipating the decisions of the Cortes.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Suckling, Sir John, an English dramatist and lyrical poet; born at Whitton, Middlesex; baptized February 10, 1609; died at Paris in 1642. In 1623 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and five years later travelled on the Continent. He served in the army of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. In 1640 he entered the Long Parliament. As a conspirator for the rescue of the Earl of Strafford from the Tower he was obliged to flee to France, where he is supposed to have committed suicide. Suckling's literary work consisted of numerous verses and masques. "Aglaura," a tragedy, was first played on Christmas, 1637. He next produced "The Goblins," a comedy, and in 1639, "Brennoralt," a tragedy.

The Constant Lover.

Out upon it! I have loved
  Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
  If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
  Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
  Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
  Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
  Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
  And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
  A dozen dozen in her place.

Song.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from thine thou wilt not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on 't, let it lie:
To find it were in vain,
For thou 'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O love, where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I 'm best resolved
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I 'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she hath mine.

A Bride.

(From the "Ballad upon a Wedding.")

The maid — and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape that 's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring, —
It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth (for out it must),
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
  As if they feared the light:
But oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
  Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
  Who sees them is undone:
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
  The side that 's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
  Some bee had stung it newly;
But Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
  Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
  That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
  And are not spent a whit.

HERMANN SUDERMANN.

SUDERMANN, HERMANN, a German dramatist and novelist; born at Matzicken, East Prussia, September 30, 1857. He studied at Königsberg and Berlin, and was engaged as a private tutor, employing his spare time in contributing to the press, when his drama "Die Ehre" (1890), a treatment of the social question, was produced and he became famous. "Frau Sorge" (1887), a novel which has been highly praised, has been Englished under the name "Dame Care" (1892). His other works include "Im Zwielicht" (1887); "Geschwister" (1888); "Sodoms Ende" (1891); "Iolanthe's Hochzeit" (1892); "Heimat," reproduced in English as "Magda" (1893); "Die Schmetterlings-schlacht" (1894); "Regina" (1898); "Thannes" (1898); "Das Glück im Winkel" (1896); plays, and a number of novels and short stories, of which "Der Katzensteg" (1889) and "Es War" are much praised.

THE EVIL GENIUS.[1]

(From "Regina, or The Sins of the Fathers.")

THEN they walked side by side through the dusky garden, the neatly-kept paths of which were strewn with white gravel, and skirted, like glittering rivulets, the smooth turf. The shrubs exhaled an indescribable fragrance, the breath of spring mingled with the scent of dying things, and in the tree-tops that waved above their heads they heard the subdued whispering twitter of home-coming birds.

"How beautifully everything has come out here since I went away!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, *Herr*," she answered. "It has never been so beautiful as it is now."

"It has become so all at once?" he asked, smiling. He looked at her sideways and noticed the hollows in her cheeks. But an exquisite color was already tingeing them.

She has begun to live again, he thought to himself, and it seemed as if the next few hours were to be the last vouchsafed to him too of a vanishing happiness.

[1] By permission of John Lane.

"In spite of everything, you have worked hard," he sai striving to retain his tone of condescending patronage, and l pointed to the neat borders in which auriculas and primros were planted.

She gave a proud little laugh. "I thought to myself yc should find everything in order if you *did* come back, *Herr.*"

"But you have neglected yourself, Regina. How is that?

She turned her face away, blushing hotly.

"Shall I tell the truth, *Herr?*" she stammered.

"Of course," he said.

"I thought . . . I . . . was . . . going to die . . . an so . . . it would n't matter."

He was silent. It was as if she poured forth an ocean infinite love with every word, and that its waves rolled ov him.

The lawn on the farther side of the Castle, sloping gen down to the park, now opened before his gaze. There sto the weather-beaten socket of the Goddess Diana's pedest Regina had collected the pieces and put them together agai but the torso had been beyond her strength to lift, and it l in the grass, while the head, with its blank white eyes, look down on it. A few steps farther on, a dark four-cornered pat stood out in relief from the emerald turf. That was the sp where he had first seen her busily employed in digging a gra for her seducer, whom every one else refused to bury.

"I left it as it was — in memory of me," she said apologet cally, pointing to the turned-up clods that, now overgrown wi grass, had joined and formed a bank.

Then they walked on towards the undergrowth that su rounded the cottage like a thick hedge.

"And I have mended the glass roof too," she said.

"Ah! indeed!"

Their eyes met for a moment, and then they both quick looked in front of them again. There was an aspect of peac ful welcome about the little house. Its window panes he caught a ray of the departing sunlight, while all else lay buri in deepest shadow.

A sense of contentment at being at home, and of gladne that this was his home, overcame him, and for a mome allayed his gnawing restlessness.

"Go," he said, "and cook me something for supper; I a hungry and exhausted after a long ride."

He remembered his horse for the first time, and wondered where it had galloped to. Then the next instant he forgot it again.

"And make yourself neat," he continued. "I should like you to look your best when you come to table."

"Yes, *Herr* — I'll try."

They separated in the vestibule. He went into the sitting-room, and she to her kitchen. He threw himself with a deep sigh on the sofa, that creaked beneath his weight. Everything seemed the same as on the night he had left it, except that the curtain had been taken away from the corner by the stove, and the couch removed; the portrait of his grandmother, too, had disappeared. The shot which grazed Regina's neck had proved its final destruction, and reduced it to ribbons.

One of the windows was open. The strange perfume of fermenting earth, which to-day he could not get out of his nostrils, flooded the apartment. But here it might possibly come from a lime heap, which had been shovelled up at the gable end of the house.

From minute to minute his unrest increased. Why shorten for him and her the all too scanty time? He could tolerate solitude no longer, and got up with the intention of going into the kitchen, but when on the threshold he saw her cowering on the hearth with naked shoulders, mending her jacket by the firelight, — he retreated, shocked. But in a few seconds she came herself to open the door to him, fully dressed.

"Is there anything I can do for you, *Herr?*" she asked, respectfully.

"Show me where you have repaired the roof," he replied, not being able to think of anything else to say. He praised her work, without looking at it. Then he took up a position on the hearth and stared at the tongues of flame in the grate. By this time it was nearly dark, and the firelight flickered on the rush walls.

"I'll help you to cook," he said.

"Ah, *Herr!* You are laughing at me," she answered. But her face lighted up with pleasure.

"What am I to have for supper?"

"There is n't much in the house, *Herr.* Eggs and fried ham — a fresh salad — and that 's all."

"I shall thank God if I — " he stopped abruptly. He had nearly betrayed the secret of which as yet she had no suspicion,

and she should not, must not, suspect anything. Till the dawn of to-morrow her felicity should last.

"Very well, make haste," he laughed, while his throat contracted in anxious suspense, "else I shall expire of hunger."

"The water must boil first, *Herr*."

"All right, we 'll wait, then." He squatted on one of the wooden boxes. "And, Regina," he went on, "come here; do you know I am not satisfied with your appearance even now? Your hair — "

"I 've not had time to comb it yet, *Herr*."

"Comb it now at once, then."

She flashed at him a look of shy entreaty.

"While you are here, *Herr?*" she asked, hesitatingly.

"Why not? Have you become prudish all in a minute?"

"It was n't that — "

"Then don't stand on ceremony."

She went into the far corner of the apartment, where her bed stood, and with a quick movement loosened the floating wealth of tresses till they hung below her hips. In the middle of her combing, aware that his eyes were fixed on her in admiration, she suddenly spread out her arms, as if overcome with shame and joy, and threw herself on her knees by the bed, burying her face in the pillows.

He waited silently till she got up. When her hair was done she went to the hearth and busied herself among the pots and kettles, without looking at him.

"Tell me, Regina, what have you been doing with yourself all this time?"

She shook her head. "Bockeldorf was the same as ever; besides the grocer and his wife, I never saw a single soul. During the floods I did n't go once down to the village. As I told you in my letter, I had to starve for a time, but I did n't mind. And then, during the last few weeks, some letters have come, from Wartenstein, and Königsberg too — and to-day one — from — "

"Ah, never mind! I 'll look at them later, when you 've brought some light."

What concern had he with the outer world to-day, when he had burnt the bridges that connected him with his past, and nothing remained of all he had suffered and lived through?

Then when the supper table was spread, and the lamp shone at him from Regina's hand, he crossed over with her to the sitting-room.

"You have not laid a place for yourself," he remarked.

"May I, *Herr?*"

"Of course you may."

"And, *Herr*, what wine?"

He drew a long breath — "None!"

And so once more they sat opposite each other in the soft lamp-light, as they had so often done on winter evenings, when the snow was driven against the window panes, and gales shook the roof and rattled in the beams. Now gray moths flapped gently to and fro, bringing with them into the room whiffs of the balmy outer air, and the rising moon, which was full for the first time since Easter, shimmered through the young foliage.

He pushed his plate away. Not a morsel could he eat. The precaution of leaving the wine in the cellar had done no good, for the excitement he had wished to shun was, notwithstanding, creeping over him. He took a stolen glance at Regina, and trembled. Her eyes rested on him in such a transport of happiness, that she seemed oblivious of everything in heaven and earth, except the fact that he was sitting near her. Every trace of sorrow and distress had vanished from her face as if by magic. Its curves had taken a new roundness, a new freshness bloomed in her cheeks. But what struck him as most lovely in her, was the languorous, yielding tenderness of her whole being, as if she had loosened herself from the trammels of earth and floated in space.

"Regina," he whispered. His heart seemed throbbing violently in his throat. A voice of warning rose within him, saying, "Take care. Be on your guard — this is the last time she will lead you into temptation."

"The last time!" came a melancholy echo.

"Yes; she will die — perish of heart-sickness and unsatisfied longing."

The scar on his under-lip began to burn.

"Take her in your arms and then kill her; that will save her all further misery," was the next thought that rushed through his brain. "But it would be literal madness to do such a thing," he added to himself, shuddering.

And again their eyes met and sank in each other's depths. Their souls knew of no resistance, even though their bodies still sought despairingly for weapons of defence.

"Save yourself!" cried that warning voice again. "Think

of the curse! Keep yourself pure and unspotted for Fatherland!"

He tried to think of words to speak that would break spell of blissful enchantment; but none would occur to hi Then he rose and walked to the open window to bathe his brow in the cool night air. "Speak — act — end this silenc he exhorted himself. He thought of the letters she l spoken of.

"Give me the letters," he said. His voice sounded hars

She fetched a packet of white covers, which she laid by plate. He opened the first he came to, and stared vacantly the unfolded sheet. Would it not be better to allude now the unavoidable? Why spare her allusion to a parting whi was inevitable? But he put the idea from him in horr "Till midnight she shall be happy. Take her in your arn and then — "

"His Hochwohlgeboren the Freiherr Boleslav von Schranc is hereby informed that his appeal for an inquiry into the cau and events which eventually led to the destruction by fire of Cas Schranden, on the 6th of March, 1809, is receiving attention, s that a day has been appointed for — "

With a discordant laugh he tossed the communication to (side, and fumbled for the next letter. His eye fell on Helen handwriting. A feeling almost of aversion shot through hi What did she want now? Why disturb him at this the eleve hour?

"My dearest Boleslav, — I can't let you go to the war ag without once seeing and speaking to you. I beg and implore to meet me this evening at nine o'clock, near the churchyard s gate, where I will wait for you. — Your

"Helen

"Why not before," he murmured, "when there was ple of time to spare?" Then suddenly it flashed across him t again in an hour of danger his guardian angel had put forth l rescuing hand to him, and that it would be criminal folly his part to disregard the sign, and not respond to the summo

"You must — you must," he said to himself, "or you wo be worth the cannon-ball that at this moment is being cast you in France."

Was it not a special dispensation of divine grace that t daughter should intervene at such a perilous crisis as this

transform the father's curse into a blessing? He looked at the clock. It wanted only a few minutes to the hour mentioned. He dragged himself on to his feet.

"I must go down to the village," he said. "There is some one who wants to see me." And though he avoided meeting her eyes, her pathetic beseeching glance penetrated to his innermost soul.

"I shall soon be back," he stammered.

She folded her hands, and placed herself silently before him.

"What is it?" he asked.

She could hardly articulate her words.

"*Herr!* I am so frightened — I feel as if something dreadful was going to happen!"

"Since when have you been given to presentiments?" he said, trying to joke.

"I don't know — but I feel so strange, *Herr!* . . . something in my throat — as if . . . Oh! I know it's stupid of me, but I pray you — not to go — not to-night — "

He pushed her gently to one side. The hand that she stretched out to hold him back fell helplessly.

"Please — please don't go! . . . *Herr!*"

He set his teeth and went — went to his guardian angel.

The Good Angel.

(From "Regina, or The Sins of the Fathers.")

On reaching the highroad Boleslav saw the figure of a girl come out from the shadow of the churchyard yews, and advance to meet him with hesitating footsteps.

The moment to which he had looked forward with tender yearning for eight years had come at last, yet his heart beat no quicker. "You ought to be pleased; congratulate yourself," he said inwardly. "She loves you! She saved you . . . has freed you from Regina." And something echoed sadly within him, "From Regina!"

The contour of the too slender figure was sharply defined against the moonlit background. The shoulders looked angular, and her hips fell in straight, ungraceful lines from the high-waisted bodice.

He jumped over the ditch, and held out both his hands to her. With a prudish simper she placed hers behind her back.

"Don't be so impetuous," she lisped.

He was amazed. The action chilled him, and almost excited his contempt; but he was ashamed of the emotion, and tried to suppress it.

"You have kept me waiting a long time, Regina."

The face she turned on him was illuminated by the moon and he saw plainly how insignificant and meagre it had become. She tossed her head scornfully.

"My name is *Helene*," she said. "I am sorry you have forgotten it;" and pouting, she turned her back.

He winced. "Pardon," he stammered; "it was a slip of the tongue."

This was certainly an unfortunate beginning. She made another grimace, but seemed disposed to accept his apology.

"Don't let us stay here," she begged. "I 'm afraid."

"What of?"

"Of the churchyard . . . if you *will* know."

Again he had to struggle against a feeling of contempt. In all she said and did he found himself involuntarily comparing her with Regina, and the comparison was immeasurably to her disadvantage.

"You know how timid I am," she said, as they retraced their steps. "It was rash of me to have chosen this place for an appointment; indeed it was exceedingly rash to come at all — and if it were n't — "

Instead of finishing her sentence she cast at him an affected sidelong glance. Then, as he offered to help her over the ditch she gave a little scream and said, "No, no!"

His half-defined sensation of disappointment now gave place to blank astonishment. She gazed round her nervously.

"We can't stay here either," she whispered. "If I were caught here alone with a gentleman, I believe I should die of shame."

"Where do you wish to go, then?"

"You must decide."

"Very well. Come into the wood."

She clasped her hands together with an agitated, coy maidish gesture.

"What are you thinking of?" she exclaimed. "At night . . . with a gentleman!"

He rubbed his eyes. Was it really possible, what he heard and saw? Could this be Helene, the guardian angel to whom he had looked up, as to a being belonging to another world?

But perhaps it was he who was to blame. Perhaps the language of innocence and virtue was no longer intelligible to him because of the fair savage who had perverted his tastes, and filled his imagination with impure pictures.

"Then let us walk quietly along the highroad," he said.

"But if some one comes?"

"We can see that no one *is* coming."

"Yet some one might . . ."

He was at a loss for an answer. A silence ensued, and then he said, "Won't you take my arm?"

"Oh, I don't know whether I ought," replied the love of his youth.

And again they walked on in silence. It almost seemed as if they had nothing at all to say to each other.

"Regina is waiting!" a voice cried within him.

"How silent you are!" Helene lisped, playfully pinching his elbow with two of the finger-tips that lay on his arm. "You wicked man! Haven't you a little bit of liking left for me?"

He felt he had no right to say "No." She had been true to him, had trusted his word for eight long years; he dared not prove himself unworthy now of her faith in him. When he had reassured her with a stammered "Of course, of course," she sighed, a deep-drawn, languishing sigh.

"I hear such dreadful things about you," she said, "that I don't know what to believe. Tell me it's not true."

"What?" he asked wearily.

"Ah, a girl can't discuss such matters. Immoral things, I mean. In old days you were a good, noble fellow, and I can't believe it's true that you've altered so completely."

She drew a little closer to him. In doing so, she dropped her blue silk reticule. As he stooped — with her — to pick it up, the peak of his cap brushed her face.

"Oh, take care!" she simpered, drawing back hastily.

"A thousand pardons!" he answered, in a tone of rigid politeness, and bit his lips.

"Well, you don't answer my question," she continued. "Perhaps it is true, then, what people say! I should be sorry to think that poor unhappy me had been so deceived in you. But papa always thought you would come to a bad end." She said this with such a ludicrous little air of superiority, that he could not help smiling.

She seemed to discern that she was appearing absurd in his eyes, and went on in a deeply injured tone, "Ah, it's all very well to laugh at a poor girl, whose intentions towards you are so kind, and who would give anything to prevent your ruin."

"Please, do not trouble yourself on my account," he replied.

"Now you are making yourself out worse than you are," she interposed. "I know you have a noble nature at bottom. And if fate parts us forever, I shall always, always keep a warm place for you in my heart. Oh, what bitter tears have I shed for you many a time! And I've prayed every night to God to keep the dear friend of my youth from sin, and from wicked revengeful thoughts, and to give him a good conscience."

"I am afraid the behavior of the Schrandeners is not exactly calculated to cure a man of revengeful thoughts," he replied.

She turned up her sharp little nose. "The Schrandeners are an uncouth lot," she remarked. "And one can't have much to do with them. I would much rather stay altogether with my aunt in Wartenstein. There at least one associates with respectable, well-mannered townspeople, who lift their hats to a lady when they meet her in the street. Not a single Schrandener, with the exception of Herr Merckel, and Felix of course, dreams of doing such a thing. Felix," she added with a sigh, "has the manners of a gentleman and an officer." Then as if something had suddenly recalled the events of the afternoon to her mind, she screamed, wrung her hands and said, "Oh, Boleslav, Boleslav!"

"What is it, Helene?"

"Boleslav, how could you be so wicked! Poor, poor Felix! I did not see it myself, for I was in the back-garden drawing radishes, but they told me afterwards how you slashed at his head with your drawn sabre, till it poured with blood." She shuddered and shook with suppressed sobs. Then she wrenched her hand out of his arm and skipped to the opposite side of the road. "Go! I won't have anything more to do with you," she cried. "You acted in a harsh and cruel manner—"

"But you don't understand, dear Helene," he protested.

"And he was your schoolfellow and playmate, and used to play hide-and-seek with us both in the garden. He often climbed over the hedge for you to get your ball when you had tossed it too far, and he used to give you guinea-pigs. Have

you forgotten everything? You ought to remember the dear old times."

"Because of the guinea-pigs, eh?"

"Oh, — and to think that you have shut him up in the cold dark church! Papa is of opinion that you have no business to do it; he says he will report your conduct to the *kommando*, and that probably you will get the worst of it."

She resembled her father so little, he thought, that his words of thunder when repeated by her lips sounded the most insipid chatter. And it was on this cackling little hen that he had let the great question of to be, or not to be, hang!

She had now come back to his side, and with a mincing gesture pushed her hand again through his arm.

"They say that you intend carrying him off to-morrow a prisoner, to be tried by a court-martial, and that he will be shot dead for certain. But it must be a lie. It is, is n't it? You could n't do such a thing; I would n't believe it of you. You are not so bad as all that."

He suppressed an exclamation of impatience.

"Say you won't?" she besought, wiping her eyes. "If *I* ask you, dear Boleslav, to let him go free, you will grant me the favor — I know you will."

She spoke calmly, as if the request she made were merely a casual one. But there was secret anxiety in the eyes that glanced at his suspiciously.

"Dear, dear Boleslav!" she continued more urgently, her arm trembling violently, "if you care for me the very least little bit, don't let us part before you have promised me this. I will cherish your memory always in my heart, if Fate is cruel enough to separate us forever, and will at least never cease to pray for you and bless you."

"I am sorry, Helene," he said, moved to speaking more warmly by her now evident distress, "if I must seem hard and inexorable to you. But it is all of no good. Your wish cannot possibly be fulfilled."

She had not in the least expected this answer, and regarded him for a second with a cold, angry expression. Then suddenly she burst out weeping, and sank against the trunk of a tree for support, with her thin hands before her face.

At the same moment the report of a gun was heard in the distance, the echo of which slowly rolled through the woodlands.

Helene gave a frightened cry, and, throwing up her hands, sobbed out —

"Now they have shot him for certain, because you, inhuman monster, have commanded it! Oh dear! have you *no* mercy?"

Listening in the direction from which the gun-shot had come, he did his best to soothe her.

That the shot had anything to do with Felix Merckel was, of course, out of the question.

It had undoubtedly been fired in the wood, on the farther side of the Castle, probably by a poacher on the track of a wild red deer.

But she sobbed more violently than ever —

"It 's all very well . . . but you . . . you . . . intended dragging him out to his death — you know you do."

Her increasing agitation began to bewilder Boleslav. He assured her he would do everything in his power to ameliorate Felix's sentence. He himself would testify to his being hopelessly intoxicated at the time. His old rancor against himself, his wounded vanity, all should be cited in extenuation of his offence, and might influence his judges to mildness.

But she was not satisfied, and at last dropped on her knees in the clay soil, and cried aloud —

"Be merciful! be noble! Save him!"

"For God's sake, stand up!"

"No, I shall not. In the dust I 'll kneel to you and implore your mercy."

"But don't you see that I shall be imputing to myself a murderous design if I represent him as innocent?"

"Never mind," she sobbed. "If you really love me, you won't object to making this little sacrifice for my sake."

Then it began to dawn on him that it was not for the pleasure of seeing him she had summoned him to her side, but, in accordance with a preconceived plan, to make use of his love for her on behalf of another. And of such stuff as this the woman was made, of whom for long years he had considered himself unworthy! This was the radiant angel who had represented his ideal of purity and goodness, whose name he had held too sacred to mention in the same breath as Regina's!

And Regina, the dishonored, the outcast! What worlds she seemed now above this sly virtue!

A wild laugh burst from him.

"Why did you not tell me at once that you were in love with some one else?"

She started. "That is a slander!" she cried. "I am an honest, innocent girl!"

"Well, I presume you are betrothed?"

She began to cry again, though even in her grief she did not forget to carefully brush the mud from her skirts.

"O Boleslav," she wailed, "it's all your fault. Why did you keep me waiting for you so long? And why have you given people so much cause to gossip about you? And then you know, there was papa! His consent could never have been won! What was I, poor girl, to do?"

"Please, say no more. It really doesn't matter!" he broke in cheerily.

"You aren't angry with me, then?"

"Oh no! not in the least!"

In silence he accompanied Helene back to the village, took a friendly farewell of her, and promised to do all he could to save her *fiancé*.

She thanked him, made a formal little curtsey, and they parted.

And so ended the great love of his life.

As he watched the shadow of her meagre little figure disappear behind the houses, his whole soul cried out for Regina in uncontrollable boundless jubilation. Now the road was free — free for sinful, exultant love.

But what was sin, when virtue had collapsed so deplorably? How could there be any evil, when what was good appeared so absurd and contemptible?

"Take her in your arms — crush her to your breast — even to-morrow shall not cheat you of her. . . . She shall follow you to the camp, from battle to battle — let her wear men's clothes like that Leonore Prohaska, the heroine whom all Germany admires and honors!"

"Regina! Regina!" he carolled anew, stretching out his arms exultingly, in anticipation. He bounded over the moonlit meadows, and higher and darker every minute rose the wooded bank of the river before him.

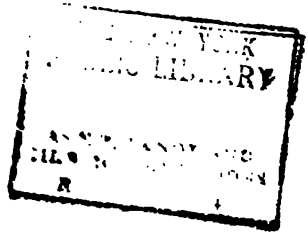
She would be standing on the Cats' Bridge looking out for him, as she had always done.

"Regina!" he shouted over the river. But no answer came. Deep silence all around. There was only a faint rustle among the young leaves of the willows that sounded like slumberous breathing through half-closed lips; and a gentle splash-

ing came up from the invisible river. Its waters were low, and broke on the sharp pebbles. He climbed the steep steps.

"Regina!" he called again. Still silence. Then he saw that in the centre of the plank, the rickety hand-rail had given way: rotten splinters hung on either side. Horror-stricken he looked down at the river.

On its silver surface floated a woman's corpse.



EUGÈNE SUE.

Sue, Marie Joseph (known as Eugène), a popular French novelist; born at Paris, December 10, 1804; died at Annecy, Savoy, July 3, 1859. For a time he was surgeon in the army, then gave himself to painting, and finally became an author. From 1830 to 1833 he wrote stories of the sea; these were followed by historical romances, — "Jean Cavalier," "The Count of Létorières," and "The Commander of Malta." "The Mysteries of Paris" appeared in 1842, and "The Wandering Jew" in 1845. Other works are "Mathilde" and "Thérèse Dunoyer." He was elected to the National Assembly in 1850.

The Fight with the Panther.

(From "The Wandering Jew.")

The pantomime opening, by which was introduced the combat of Morok with the black panther, was so unmeaning, that the majority of the audience paid no attention to it, reserving all their interest for the scene in which the lion-tamer was to make his appearance.

This indifference of the public explains the curiosity excited in the theatre by the arrival of Faringhea and Djalma — a curiosity which expressed itself (as at this day, when uncommon foreigners appear in public) by a slight murmur and general movement among the crowd. The sprightly, pretty face of Rose-Pompon, always charming, in spite of her singularly staring dress, in style so ridiculous for such a theatre, and her light and familiar manner toward the handsome Indian who accompanied her, increased and animated the general surprise; for, at this moment, Rose-Pompon, yielding without reserve to a movement of teasing coquetry, had held up, as we have already stated, her large bunch of roses to Djalma. But the prince, at sight of the landscape which reminded him of his country, instead of appearing sensible to this pretty provocation, remained for some minutes as in a dream, with his eyes

fixed upon the stage. Then Rose-Pompon began to beat time on the front of the box with her bouquet, while the somewhat too visible movement of her pretty shoulders showed that this devoted dancer was thinking of fast-life dances, as the orchestra struck up a more lively strain.

Placed directly opposite the box in which Faringhea, Djalma, and Rose-Pompon had just taken their seats, Lady Morinval soon perceived the arrival of these two personages, and particularly the eccentric coquetries of Rose-Pompon. Immediately, the young marchioness, leaning over toward Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who was still absorbed in memories ineffable, said to her, laughing: "My dear, the most amusing part of the performance is not upon the stage. Look just opposite."

"Just opposite?" repeated Adrienne, mechanically; and, turning toward Lady Morinval with an air of surprise, she glanced in the direction pointed out.

She looked — what did she see? Djalma seated by the side of a young woman, who was familiarly offering to his sense of smell the perfume of her bouquet. Amazed, struck almost literally to the heart, as by an electric shock, swift, sharp, and painful, Adrienne became deadly pale. From instinct, she shut her eyes for a second, in order *not to see* — as men try to ward off the dagger, which, having once dealt the blow, threatens to strike again. Then suddenly, to this feeling of grief succeeded a reflection, terrible both to her love and to her wounded pride.

"Djalma is present with this woman, though he must have received my letter," she said to herself, "wherein he was informed of the happiness that awaited him."

At the idea of so cruel an insult, a blush of shame and indignation displaced Adrienne's paleness, who, overwhelmed by this sad reality, said to herself: "Rodin did not deceive me."

We abandon all idea of picturing the lightning-like rapidity of certain emotions which in a moment may torture — may kill you in the space of a minute. Thus Adrienne was precipitated from the most radiant happiness to the lowest depths of an abyss of the most heart-rending grief, in less than a second for a second had hardly elapsed before she replied to Lady Morinval: "What is there, then, so curious, opposite to us, my dear Julia?"

This evasive question gave Adrienne time to recover her

self-possession. Fortunately, thanks to the thick folds of hair which almost entirely concealed her cheeks, the rapid and sudden changes from pallor to blush escaped the notice of Lady Morinval, who gayly replied: "What, my dear, do you not perceive those East Indians who have just entered the box immediately opposite to ours? There, just before us!"

"Yes, I see them; but what then?" replied Adrienne, in a firm tone.

"And don't you observe anything remarkable?" said the marchioness.

"Don't be too hard, ladies," laughingly interposed the marquis; "we ought to allow the poor foreigners some little indulgence. They are ignorant of our manners and customs; were it not for that, they would never appear in the face of all Paris in such dubious company."

"Indeed," said Adrienne, with a bitter smile, "their simplicity is touching; we must pity them."

"And, unfortunately, the girl is charming, spite of her low dress and bare arms," said the marchioness; "she cannot be more than sixteen or seventeen at most. Look at her, my dear Adrienne, what a pity!"

"It is one of your charitable days, my dear Julia," answered Adrienne; "we are to pity the Indians, to pity this creature, and — pray, whom else are we to pity?"

"We will not pity that handsome Indian, in his red-and-gold turban," said the marquis, laughing, "for, if this goes on, the girl with the cherry-colored ribbons will be giving him a kiss. See how she leans toward her sultan."

"They are very amusing," said the marchioness, sharing the hilarity of her husband, and looking at Rose-Pompon through her glass; then she resumed, in about a minute, addressing herself to Adrienne: "I am quite certain of one thing. Notwithstanding her giddy airs, that girl is very fond of her Indian. I just saw a look that expresses a great deal."

"Why so much penetration, my dear Julia?" said Adrienne, mildly, "what interest have we to read the heart of that girl?"

"Why, if she loves her sultan, she is quite in the right," said the marquis, looking through his opera-glass in turn; "for, in my whole life, I never saw a more handsome fellow than that Indian. I can only catch his side-face, but the profile is pure and fine as an antique cameo. Do you not think

so?" added the marquis, leaning toward Adrienne. "Of course, it is only as a matter of art, that I permit myself to ask you the question."

"As a work of *art*," answered Adrienne, "it is certainly very fine."

"But see!" said the marchioness; "how impertinent the little creature is! She is actually staring at us."

"Well!" said the marquis; "and she is actually laying her hand quite unceremoniously on her sultan's shoulder, to make him share, no doubt, in her admiration of you ladies."

In fact, Djalma, until now occupied with the contemplation of the scene which reminded him of his country, had remained insensible to the enticements of Rose-Pompon, and had not yet perceived Adrienne.

"Well now!" said Rose-Pompon, bustling herself about in front of the box, and continuing to stare at Mademoiselle de Cardoville, for it was she, and not the marchioness, who now drew her attention; "that is something quite out of the common way — a pretty woman, with red hair; but such a sweet red, it must be owned. Look, Prince Charming!"

And so saying, she tapped Djalma lightly on the shoulder; he started at these words, turned round, and for the first time perceived Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

Though he had been almost prepared for this meeting, the prince was so violently affected by it, that he was about involuntarily to rise, in a state of the utmost confusion; but he felt the iron hand of Faringhea laid heavily on his shoulder, and heard him whisper in Hindostanee: "Courage! and by to-morrow she will be at your feet."

As Djalma still struggled to rise, the half-caste added, to restrain him: "Just now, she grew pale and red with jealousy. No weakness, or all is lost!"

"So! there you are again, talking your dreadful gibberish," said Rose-Pompon, turning round toward Faringhea. "First of all, it is not polite, and then the language is so odd, that one might suppose you were cracking nuts."

"I spoke of you to my master," said the half-caste; "he is preparing a surprise for you."

"A surprise? oh! that is different. Only make haste — do you hear, Prince Charming!" added she, looking tenderly at Djalma.

"My heart is breaking," said Djalma, in a hollow voice to Faringhea, still using the language of India.

"But to-morrow it will bound with joy and love," answered the half-caste. "It is only by disdain that you can conquer a proud woman. To-morrow, I tell you, she will be trembling, confused, supplicating, at your feet!"

"To-morrow, she will hate me like death!" replied the prince, mournfully.

"Yes, were she now to see you weak and cowardly. It is now too late to draw back; look full at her, take the nosegay from this girl, and raise it to your lips. Instantly you will see yonder woman, proud as she is, grow pale and red, as just now. Then will you believe me?"

Reduced by despair to make almost any attempt, and fascinated, in spite of himself, by the diabolical hints of Faringhea, Djalma looked for a second full at Mademoiselle de Cardoville; then, with a trembling hand he took the bouquet from Rose-Pompon, and, again looking at Adrienne, pressed it to his lips.

Upon this insolent bravado, Mademoiselle de Cardoville could not restrain so sudden and visible a pang, that the prince was struck by it.

"She is yours," said the half-caste to him. "Did you see, my lord, how she trembled with jealousy? Only have courage! and she is yours. She will soon prefer you to that handsome young man behind her — for *it is he* whom she has hitherto fancied herself in love with."

As if the half-caste had guessed the movement of rage and hatred, which this revelation would excite in the heart of the prince, he hastily added: "Calmness and disdain! Is it not his turn now to hate you?"

The prince restrained himself, and drew his hand across his forehead, which glowed with anger.

"There now! what are you telling him, that vexes him so?" said Rose-Pompon to Faringhea, with pouting lip. Then, addressing Djalma, she continued: "Come, Prince Charming, as they say in the fairy-tale, give me back my flowers."

As she took it again, she added: "You have kissed it, and I could almost eat it." Then, with a sigh, and a passionate glance at Djalma, she said softly to herself: "That monster Ninny Moulin did not deceive me. All this is *quite proper;* I have not even *that* to reproach myself with." And with her little white teeth she bit at a rosy nail of her right hand, from which she had just drawn the glove.

It is hardly necessary to say, that Adrienne's letter had not been delivered to the prince, and that he had not gone to pass the day in the country with Marshal Simon. During the three days in which Montbron had not seen Djalma, Faringhea had persuaded him, that, by affecting another passion, he would bring Mademoiselle de Cardoville to terms. With regard to Djalma's presence at the theatre, Rodin had learned from her maid, Florine, that her mistress was to go in the evening to the Porte-Saint-Martin. Before Djalma had recognized her, Adrienne, who felt her strength failing her, was on the point of quitting the theatre; the man, whom she had hitherto placed so high, whom she had regarded as a hero and a demigod, and whom she had imagined plunged in such dreadful despair, that, led by the most tender pity, she had written to him with simple frankness, that a sweet hope might calm his grief — replied to a generous mark of sincerity and love, by making himself a ridiculous spectacle with a creature unworthy of him. What incurable wounds for Adrienne's pride! It mattered little, whether Djalma knew or not, that she would be a spectator of the indignity. But when she saw herself recognized by the prince, when he carried the insult so far as to look full at her, and, at the same time, raise to his lips the creature's bouquet who accompanied him, Adrienne was seized with noble indignation, and felt sufficient courage to remain; instead of closing her eyes to evidence, she found a sort of barbarous pleasure in assisting at the agony and death of her pure and divine love. With head erect, proud and flashing eye, flushed cheek and curling lip, she looked in her turn at the prince with disdainful steadiness. It was with a sardonic smile that she said to the marchioness, who, like many others of the spectators, was occupied with what was passing in the stage-box: "This revolting exhibition of savage manners is at least in accordance with the rest of the performance."

"Certainly," said the marchioness; "and my dear uncle will have lost, perhaps, the most amusing part."

"Montbron?" said Adrienne, hastily, with hardly repressed bitterness; "yes, he will regret not having *seen all.* I am impatient for his arrival. Is it not to him that I am indebted for this charming evening?"

Perhaps Madame de Morinval would have remarked the expression of bitter irony, that Adrienne could not altogether dissemble, if suddenly a hoarse and prolonged roar had not

attracted her attention, as well as that of the rest of the audience, who had hitherto been quite indifferent to the scenes intended for an introduction to the appearance of Morok. Every eye was now turned instinctively toward the cavern, situated to the left of the stage, just below Mademoiselle de Cardoville's box; a thrill of curiosity ran through the house. A second roar, deeper and more sonorous, and apparently expressive of more irritation than the first, now rose from the cave, the mouth of which was half-hidden by artificial brambles, made so as to be easily put on one side. At this sound, the Englishman stood up in his little box, leaned half over the front, and began to rub his hands with great energy, then, remaining perfectly motionless, he fixed his large, green, glittering eyes on the mouth of the cavern.

At these ferocious howlings, Djalma also had started, notwithstanding the frenzy of love, hate, and jealousy, to which he was a prey. The sight of this forest, and the roarings of the panther, filled him with deep emotion, for they recalled the remembrance of his country, and of those great hunts which, like war, have their own terrible excitement. Had he suddenly heard the horns and gongs of his father's army sounding to the charge, he could not have been transported with more savage ardor. And now deep growls, like distant thunder, almost drowned the roar of the panther. The lion and tiger, Judas and Cain, answered her from their dens at the back of the stage. On this frightful concert, with which his ears had been familiar in the midst of the solitudes of India, when he lay encamped, for the purposes of the chase or of war, Djalma's blood boiled in his veins. His eyes sparkled with a wild ardor. Leaning a little forward, with both hands pressed on the front of the box, his whole body trembled with a convulsive shudder. The audience, the theatre, Adrienne herself, no longer existed for him; he was in a forest of his own lands, tracking the tiger.

Then there mingled with his beauty so intrepid and ferocious an expression, that Rose-Pompon looked at him with a sort of terror and passionate admiration. For the first time in her life, perhaps, her pretty blue eyes, generally so gay and mischievous, expressed a serious emotion. She could not explain what she felt; but her heart seemed tightened, and beat violently, as though some calamity were at hand.

Yielding to a movement of involuntary fear, she seized

Djalma by the arm, and said to him: "Do not stare so in that cavern; you frighten me."

Djalma did not hear what she said.

"Here he is! here he is!" murmured the crowd, almo with one voice, as Morok appeared at the back of the stage.

Dressed as we have described, Morok now carried in add tion a bow and a long quiver full of arrows. He slowly d scended the line of painted rocks, which came sloping dov toward the centre of the stage. From time to time he stopp as if to listen, and appeared to advance with caution. Looki from one side to the other, his eyes involuntarily encounter the large, green eyes of the Englishman, whose box was clo to the cavern. Instantly the lion-tamer's countenance w contracted in so frightful a manner, that Lady Morinval, wl was examining him closely with the aid of an excellent glas said hastily to Adrienne, "My dear, the man is afraid. Son misfortune will happen."

"How can accidents happen," said Adrienne, with a sa donic smile, "in the midst of this brilliant crowd, so we dressed and full of animation! Misfortunes here, this evenin why, dear Julia, you do not think it. It is in darkness an solitude that misfortunes come — never in the midst of a joyo crowd, and in all this blaze of light."

"Good gracious, Adrienne! take care!" cried the marchio ess, unable to repress an exclamation of alarm, and seizing h arm, as if to draw her closer; "do you not see it?" An with a trembling hand, she pointed to the cavern's mouth Adrienne hastily bent forward, and looked in that directio "Take care! do not lean so forward!" exclaimed Lad Morinval.

"Your terrors are nonsensical, my dear," said the marqu to his wife. "The panther is securely chained; and even we it to break its chain (which is impossible), we are here beyo its reach."

A long murmur of trembling curiosity here ran through th house, and every eye was intently fixed on the cavern. Fro among the artificial brambles, which she abruptly pushed asi with her broad chest, the black panther suddenly appeare Twice she stretched forth her flat head, illumined by yello flaming eyes; then, half opening her blood-red jaws, sh uttered another roar, and exhibited two rows of formidab fangs. A double iron chain, and a collar also of iron, paint

black, blended with the ebon shades of her hide, and with the darkness of the cavern. The illusion was complete, and the terrible animal seemed to be at liberty in her den.

"Ladies," said the marquis, suddenly, "look at those Indians. Their emotion makes them superb!"

In fact, the sight of the panther had raised the wild ardor of Djalma to its utmost pitch. His eyes sparkled in their pearly orbits like two black diamonds: his upper lip was curled convulsively with an expression of animal ferocity, as if he were in a violent paroxysm of rage.

Faringhea, now leaning on the front of the box, was also greatly excited, by reason of a strange coincidence.

"That black panther of so rare a breed," thought he, "which I see here at Paris, upon a stage, must be the very one that the Malay" — the Thug who had tattooed Djalma at Java during his sleep — "took quite young from his den and sold to a European captain. Bowanee's power is everywhere!" added the Thug, in his sanguinary superstition.

"Do you not think," resumed the marquis, addressing Adrienne, "that those Indians are really splendid in their present attitude?"

"Perhaps they may have seen such a hunt in their own country," said Adrienne, as if she would recall and brave the most cruel remembrances.

"Adrienne," said the marchioness, suddenly, in an agitated voice, "the lion-tamer has now come nearer — is not his countenance fearful to look at? I tell you he is afraid."

"In truth," observed the marquis, this time very seriously, "he is dreadfully pale, and seems to grow worse every minute, the nearer he approaches this side. It is said that, were he to lose his presence of mind for a single moment, he would run the greatest danger."

"Oh! it would be horrible!" cried the marchioness, addressing Adrienne, "if he were wounded — there — under our eyes!"

"Every wound does not kill," replied her friend, with an accent of such cold indifference, that the marchioness looked at her with surprise, and said to her: "My dear girl, what you say there is cruel!"

"It is the air of the place that acts on me," answered Adrienne, with an icy smile.

"Look! look! the lion-tamer is about to shoot his arrow at

the panther," said the marquis, suddenly. "No doubt, he v next perform the hand to hand grapple."

Morok was at this moment in front of the stage, but had yet to traverse its entire breadth to reach the cave mouth. He stopped an instant, adjusted an arrow to string, knelt down behind a mass of rock, took deliberate — and then the arrow hissed across the stage, and was los the depths of the cavern, into which the panther had reti after showing for a moment her threatening head to the a ence. Hardly had the arrow disappeared, than Death, posely irritated by Goliath (who was invisible), sent fort howl of rage, as if she had been really wounded. Mor actions became so expressive, he evinced so naturally his at having hit the wild beast, that a tempest of applause b from every quarter of the house. Then, throwing away bow, he drew a dagger from his girdle, took it between teeth, and began to crawl forward on hands and knees, though he meant to surprise the wounded panther in his d To render the illusion perfect, Death, again excited by Goli who struck him with an iron bar, sent forth frightful howli from the depths of the cavern.

The gloomy aspect of the forest, only half-lighted wit reddish glare, was so effective — the howlings of the pant were so furious — the gestures, attitude, and countenance Morok were so expressive of terror, that the audience, at tive and trembling, now maintained a profound silence. E one held his breath, and a kind of shudder came over the s tators, as though they expected some horrible event. W gave such a fearful air of truth to the pantomime of Morok, that, as he approached the cavern step by step, he approac also the Englishman's box. In spite of himself, the l tamer, fascinated by terror, could not take his eyes from large green eyes of this man, and it seemed as if every on the abrupt movements which he made in crawling along, produced by a species of magnetic attraction, caused by fixed gaze of the fatal wagerer. Therefore, the nearer M approached, the more ghastly and livid he became. At s of this pantomime, which was no longer acting, but the expression of intense fear, the deep and trembling sil which had reigned in the theatre was once more interrupte acclamations, with which were mingled the roarings of panther and the distant growls of the lion and tiger. . .

The moment was decisive. Crouching down with his dagger in his hand, following with eye and gesture Death's every movement, who, roaring furiously, and opening wide her enormous jaws, seemed determined to guard the entrance of her den, Morok waited for the moment to rush upon her. There is such fascination in danger, that Adrienne shared, in spite of herself, the feeling of painful curiosity, mixed with terror, that thrilled through all the spectators. Leaning forward like the marchioness, and gazing upon this scene of fearful interest, the lady still held mechanically in her hand the Indian bouquet preserved since the morning. Suddenly, Morok raised a wild shout, as he rushed toward Death, who answered this exclamation by a dreadful roar, and threw herself upon her master with so much fury, that Adrienne, in alarm, believing the man lost, drew herself back, and covered her face with her hands. Her flowers slipped from her grasp, and, falling upon the stage, rolled into the cavern in which Morok was struggling with the panther.

Quick as lightning, supple and agile as a tiger, yielding to the intoxication of his love, and to the wild ardor excited in him by the roaring of the panther, Djalma sprang at one bound upon the stage, drew his dagger, and rushed into the cavern to recover Adrienne's nosegay. At that instant, Morok, being wounded, uttered a dreadful cry for help; the panther, rendered still more furious at sight of Djalma, made the most desperate efforts to break her chain. Unable to succeed in doing so, she rose upon her hind legs in order to seize Djalma, then within reach of her sharp claws. It was only by bending down his head, throwing himself on his knees, and twice plunging his dagger into her belly with the rapidity of lightning, that Djalma escaped certain death. The panther gave a howl, and fell with her whole weight upon the prince. For a second, during which lasted her terrible agony, nothing was seen but a confused and convulsive mass of black limbs, and white garments stained with blood — and then Djalma rose, pale, bleeding, for he was wounded — and standing erect, his eye flashing with savage pride, his foot on the body of the panther, he held in his hand Adrienne's bouquet, and cast toward her a glance which told the intensity of his love. Then only did Adrienne feel her strength fail her — for only superhuman courage had enabled her to watch all the terrible incidents of the struggle.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

SWEDENBORG, EMANUEL, the eminent Swedish philosopher and theologian; born at Stockholm, January 29, 1688; died at London, March 29, 1772. He completed his course at the University of Upsala in 1709; travelled for two years, and resided abroad until 1716, when he returned to Sweden. Between 1717 and 1722 he put forth several treatises on philosophical topics, and was engaged in public affairs. In 1722 he was appointed Assessor of Mines. Between 1722 and 1745 he wrote several important works on physical science, among which are "Opera Philosophica et Mineralia" "Œconomia Regni Animalis," and "De Cultu et Amore Dei." When he had reached his fifty-fifth year he believed himself divinely commissioned to enunciate a new system of religious truth, and permitted to have frequent intercourse with angelic intelligences. He resigned his assessorship, and devoted himself to the study of the Bible, especially of the Old Testament, and to the writing and publication of works setting forth the principles of his new faith. Of these works the principal are "The Heavenly Arcana," put forth at different periods from 1749 to 1756, and "The True Christian Religion," published in the last year of his life, which sets forth the dogmatic system of his teachings.

THE ETHICS OF SWEDENBORG.

(1.) THE SPIRITUAL LIFE: HOW IT IS ACQUIRED.

(From "Apocalypse Explained.")

SPIRITUAL life is acquired solely by a life according to the commandments in the Word. These commandments are given in a summary in the Decalogue; namely, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet the goods of others. These commandments are the commandments that are to be done; for when a man does these his works are good and his life is spiritual, and for the reason that so far as a man shuns evils and hates them, so far he wills and loves goods.

For there are two opposite spheres that surround man, one
m hell, the other from heaven: from hell a sphere of evil
l of falsity therefrom, from heaven a sphere of good and of
th therefrom; and these do [not immediately] affect the
ly, but they affect the minds of men; for they are spiritual
eres, and thus are affections that belong to the love. In
midst of these man is set; therefore so far as he approaches
one, so far he withdraws from the other. This is why so
as a man shuns evil and hates it, so far he wills and loves
od and the truths therefrom; for no one can at the same
ne serve two masters, for he will either hate the one and
e the other, or he will cleave to the one and despise the
er (Matt. vi. 24).

But let it be noted that man must do these commandments
m religion, because they are commanded by the Lord; and
he does this from any other consideration whatever, — for
tance, from regard merely to the civil law or the moral law,
he remains natural, and does not become spiritual. For
en a man acts from religion, he acknowledges in heart that
re is a God, a heaven and a hell, and a life after death.
t when he acts from regard merely to the civil and moral
, he may act in the same way, and yet in heart may deny
t there is a God, a heaven and a hell, and a life after death.
d if he shuns evil and does good, it is merely in the external
n, and not in the internal; thus while he is outwardly in
pect to the life of the body like a Christian, inwardly
respect to the life of his spirit he is like a devil. All this
kes clear that a man can become spiritual, or receive spirit-
life, in no other way than by a life according to religion
m the Lord.

Many, I know, think in their heart that no one can of him-
f shun the evils enumerated in the Decalogue, because man
born in sins and has therefore no power of himself to shun
m. But let such know that any one who thinks in his heart
t there is a God, that the Lord is the God of heaven and
rth, that the Word is from him and is therefore holy, that
ere is a heaven and a hell, and that there is a life after
ath, has the ability to shun these evils. But he who de-
ises these truths and casts them out of his mind, and still
ore he who denies them, is not able. For how can one who
ever thinks about God think that anything is a sin against
od? And how can one who never thinks about heaven, hell,

and the life after death, shun evils as sins? Such a man doe not know what sin is.

Man is placed in the middle between heaven and hell. Ou of heaven goods unceasingly flow in, and out of hell evils un ceasingly flow in; and as man is between, he has freedom t think what is good or to think what is evil. This freedom th Lord never takes away from any one, for it belongs to his lif and is the means of his reformation. So far therefore as ma from this freedom has the thought and desire to shun evils be cause they are sins, and prays to the Lord for help, so far do the Lord take them away, and give man the ability to refra from them as if of himself, and then to shun them.

(2.) THE SOCIAL GOOD.

(From "Doctrine of Charity.")

The general good arises out of the goods of use which indi viduals perform; and the goods of use that individuals per form subsist from the general good.

The goods of use which individuals perform, out of whicl the general good arises, are ministries, offices, callings, an various employments.

All the vocations and employments in a kingdom, common wealth, or community, regarded as to the goods of use, consti tute a form which corresponds to the heavenly form.

They also constitute a form which corresponds to the huma form.

In this form each individual is a good of use, according t the extent of his calling and employment.

It is well known that every man is born to be of use, an that he may perform uses to others: and he who does not i called a useless member, and is cast off. He who perform uses for himself alone is also useless, though not called so. I a well-constituted commonwealth, therefore, provision is mad that no one shall be useless. If useless, he is compelled some work; and a beggar is compelled, if he is in health.

The general good consists in these things: — That in th society or kingdom there shall be: I. What is Divine amon them. II. That there shall be justice among them. III. Th there shall be morality among them. IV. That there shall industry, knowledge, and uprightness among them. V. Th there shall be the necessaries of life. VI. That there shall

the things necessary to their occupations. VII. That there shall be the things necessary for protection. VIII. That there shall be a sufficiency of wealth; because from this come the three former necessaries.

From these arises the general good; and yet it does not come of these themselves, but from the individuals there, and through the goods of use which individuals perform. As for instance, even what is Divine is there through ministers; and justice through magistrates and judges: so morality exists by means of the Divine and of justice; and necessaries by means of industrial occupations and commerce: and so on.

All the vocations and employments, regarded as to the goods of use, constitute a form which corresponds to the heavenly form. The heavenly form is such that every individual there is in some ministry, some office, some calling or employment, and in work. Such are all the heavenly societies, that no one may be useless. No one who desires to live in ease, or only to talk and walk and sleep, is tolerated there. All things there are so ordered that each is assigned a place nearer or more remote from the centre according to his use. In proportion as they are nearer the centre, the palaces are more magnificent; as they are more remote from the centre, they are less magnificent. They are different in the east, in the west, in the south, and in the north.

Marriage Love.

(From "Heaven and Hell.")

True marriage love is derived from the Lord's love for the church, and from the love of good and truth, which is the love of the angels of the third heaven; therefore marriage love, which descends therefrom as the love of that heaven, is innocence, which is in the very being (*esse*) of every good in the heavens. And for this reason embryos in the womb are in a state of peace, and when they have been born as infants are in a state of innocence; so too is the mother in relation to them. For as the love of marriage corresponds to the love of the highest heaven, which is love to the Lord from the Lord, so the love of adultery corresponds to the love of the lowest hell.

The love of marriage is so holy and heavenly because it has its beginning in the inmosts of man from the Lord himself, and it descends according to order to the outmosts of the body,

and thus fills the whole man with heavenly love and brings him into a form of the Divine love, which is the form of heaven, and is an image of the Lord. But the love of adultery has its beginning in the outmosts of man from an impure lascivious fire there, and thus, contrary to order, penetrates towards the interiors, always into the things that are man's own, which are nothing but evil, and brings these into a form of hell, which is an image of the devil. Therefore a man who loves adultery and turns away from marriage is in form a devil.

How holy in themselves, that is, from creation, marriages are, can be seen from the fact that they are nurseries of the human race; and as the angelic heaven is from the human race, they are also the nurseries of heaven; consequently by marriages not only the earths but also the heavens are filled with inhabitants; and as the end of the entire creation is the human race, and thus heaven, where the Divine itself may dwell as in its own and as it were in itself, and as the procreation of mankind according to Divine order is accomplished through marriages, it is clear how holy marriages are in themselves, — that is, from creation, — and thus how holy they should be esteemed. It is true that the earth might be filled with inhabitants by fornications and adulteries as well as marriages, but not heaven; and for the reason that hell is from adulteries but heaven from marriages.

Hell is from adulteries, because adultery is from the marriage of evil and falsity, from which hell in the whole complex is called adultery; while heaven is from marriages, because marriage is from the marriage of good and truth, from which heaven in its whole complex is called a marriage. That is called adultery where its love, which is called a love of adultery, reigns, — whether it be within wedlock or apart from it; and that is called marriage where its love, which is called marriage love, reigns.

When procreations of the human race are effected by marriages, in which the holy love of good and truth from the Lord reigns, then it is on earth as it is in the heavens, and the Lord's kingdom in the heavens. For the heavens consist of societies arranged according to all the varieties of celestial and spiritual affections, from which arrangement the form of heaven springs; and this pre-eminently surpasses all other forms in the universe. There would be a like form on the earth, if the procreations there were effected by marriages in

which a true marriage love reigned; for then, however many families might descend in succession from one head of a family, there would spring forth as many images of the societies of heaven in a like variety.

Families would then be like fruit-bearing trees of various kinds, forming as many different gardens, each containing its own kind of fruit; and these gardens taken together would present the form of a heavenly paradise. This is said in the way of comparison, because "trees" signify men of the church, "gardens" intelligence, "fruits" goods of life, and "paradise" heaven. I have been told from heaven that with the most ancient people, from whom the first church on this globe was established, which was called by ancient writers the golden age, there was such a correspondence between families on the earth and societies in the heavens, because love to the Lord, mutual love, innocence, peace, wisdom, and chastity in marriages then prevailed; and it was also told me from heaven that they were then inwardly horrified at adulteries, as the abominable things of hell.

(From "Apocalypse Explained.")

I heard an angel describing truly conjugial love and its heavenly delights in this manner, that it is the Divine of the Lord in the heavens, which is the Divine good and the Divine truth, united in two, yet so that they are not two, but as one. He said that two conjugial partners in heaven are that love, because every one is his own good and his own truth, both as to mind and as to body; for the body is an image of the mind, because formed to its likeness. He thence inferred that the Divine is imaged in two who are in truly conjugial love; and because the Divine, that heaven also is imaged, since the universal heaven is the Divine Good and the Divine Truth proceeding from the Lord: and that hence it is that all things of heaven are inscribed on that love, and so many blessings and delights as to exceed all number.

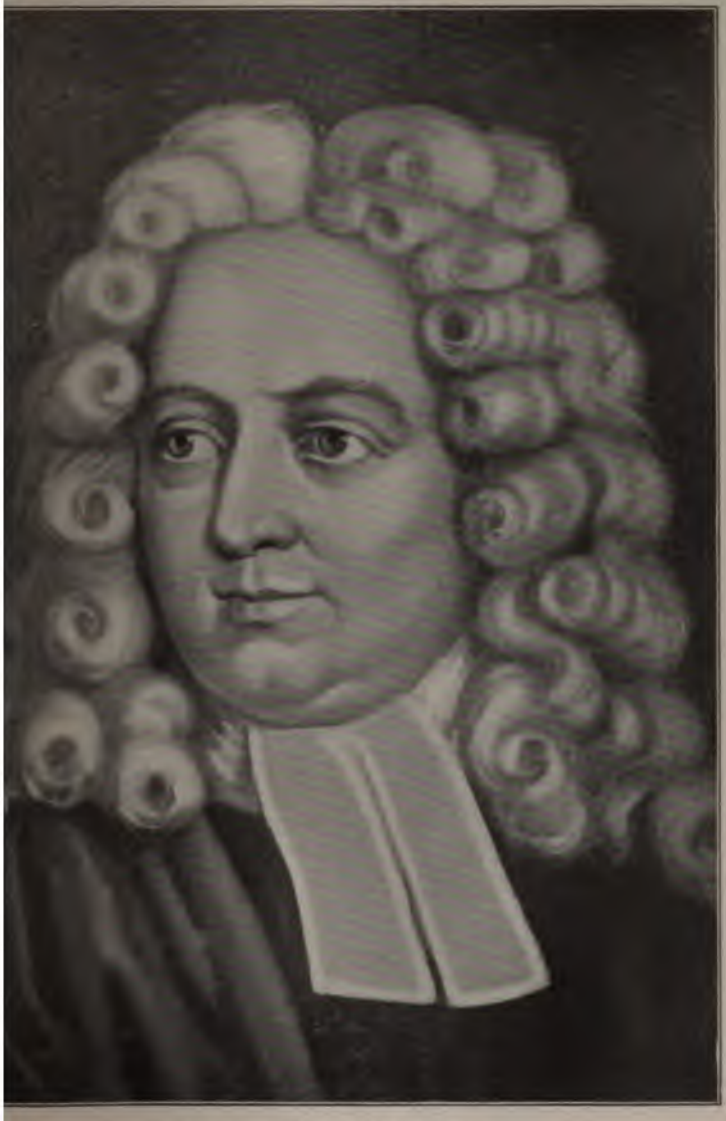
The Second Coming of the Lord.

(From "True Christian Religion.")

Since the Lord cannot manifest himself in person, as has been shown just above, and yet he has foretold that he would come and establish a New Church, which is the New Jerusa-

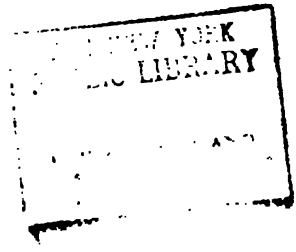
lem, — it follows that he is to do it by means of a man who is able not only to receive the doctrines of this church with his understanding, but also to publish them by the press. That the Lord has manifested himself before me, his servant, and sent me on this office, and that after this he opened the sight of my spirit, and thus let me into the spiritual world, and gave me to see the heavens and the hells, and also to speak with angels and spirits, and this now continually for many years, I testify in truth; and also that from the first day of that call I have not received anything that pertains to the doctrines of that church from any angel, but from the Lord alone while I read the Word.

To the end that the Lord might be constantly present, he has disclosed to me the spiritual sense of his Word, in which divine truth is in its light, and in this he is constantly present; for his presence in the Word is only by means of the spiritual sense: through the light of this he passes into the shade in which the sense of the letter is; comparatively as it happens with the light of the sun in the daytime by the interposition of a cloud. That the sense of the letter of the Word is as a cloud, and the spiritual sense glory, and the Lord himself the sun from which the light proceeds, and that thus the Lord is the Word, has been demonstrated above.



REV. JONATHAN SWIFT

(*Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, 1713*)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JONATHAN SWIFT.

SWIFT, JONATHAN, a famous English satirist and clergyman; born of English parents in Dublin, Ireland, November 30, 1667; died there October 19, 1745. He was educated at Kilkenny, and Trinity College, Dublin, leaving the latter institution at the time of the Revolution of 1688 and entering the service of Sir William Temple as secretary. He took holy orders in the Anglican Church in 1695, but continued to reside with Temple until the latter's death in 1699. After this event he received various clerical appointments, becoming Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, in 1713. During the last five years of his life his marked eccentricities became definitely merged into insanity, and he was by turns either furiously insane or plunged in sullen melancholy. His first published work of importance was the famous satire "A Tale of a Tub" (1704). His subsequent works in prose include among others "The Battle of the Books" (1704); "Sentiments of a Church of England Man" (1708); "An Argument Against Abolishing Christianity" (1708); "Project for the Advancement of Religion" (1709); "The Conduct of the Allies" (1711); "Proposal for Correcting the English Language," the first of his writings which bore his name as author (1712); "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures" (1720); "Drapier's Letters" (1724); "Gulliver's Travels" (1726–27); "Miscellanies" (1729); "Vindication of Lord Cartaret" (1730); "Examination of Certain Abuses" (1732). Among his poems may be mentioned "Cadenus and Vanessa" (1713); "The Journal of a Modern Lady" (1728); "Strephon and Chloe" (1731); "On the Death of Dr. Swift" (1731); "The Beast's Confession" (1732); "On Poetry" (1733).

GULLIVER AMONG THE PIGMIES.

(From "Gulliver's Travels.")

[The author gives some account of himself and family. His first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life. Gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput. Is made a prisoner and carried up the country.]

MY father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire: I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in

Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three ye and applied myself close to my studies: but the charge maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, be too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I c tinued four years: my father now and then sending me sn sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, other parts of the mathematics useful to those who inten travel, as I always believed it would be — some time or ot — my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates I went down my father, where, by the assistance of him and my uncle Jo and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promis thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I stud physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be us in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden I was recommended my good master Mr. Bates to be surgeon to the "Swallo Captain Abraham Pannel, commander, with whom I contin three years and a half; making a voyage or two into Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resol to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates my master encoura me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I t part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised alter my condition, I married Miss Mary Burton, sec daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in New-gate Str with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, an having few friends, my business began to fail; for my c science would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted w my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships; made several voyages, for six years, to the East and W Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My ho of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient modern, — being always provided with a good number of boo — and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dis sitions of the people, as well as learning their langua wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memor

The last of these voyages [illegible] very fortunate, I g weary of the sea, and inte[illegible] at home with my w and family. I removed fr[illegible] ry

from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the "Antelope," who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, 1699; and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him that in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30° 2′ south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired; and with that and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much ...ed to sleep.

... down on the grass, which was very short and soft,

where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay, I could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "Hekinah degul;" the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me; and at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, "Tolgo phonac:" when in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many I suppose fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my

I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce.

I thought it the most prudent method to lie still; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased: and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work, when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, "Langro dehul san" (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me); whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him: whereof one was a page, that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of [illegible] so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my [illegible] (perhaps against the strict rules of decency), by

putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that wanted food.

The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterward learned) understood me very well. He descended from th stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applie to my sides; on which above a hundred of the inhabitan mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baske full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by th king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of m I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could n distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, leg and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two o three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about th bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as the could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishmen at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantit would not suffice me: and being a most ingenious people, the slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I dran it off at a draught, — which I might well do, for it did not hol half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, bu much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more but they had none to give me. When I had performed thes wonders they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, re peating several times, as they did at first, "Hekinah degul. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogs heads; but first warning the people below to stand out of th way, crying aloud, "Borach mevolah:" and when they saw th vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of "Hekina degul!"

I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing back wards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of th first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably migh not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor made them, — for so I interpreted my submissive behavior, — soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who ha treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However

in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue: and producing his credentials under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger but with a kind of determined resolution, often pointing forwards; which as I afterwards found was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his Majesty in council that I must be conveyed. . . .

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, — about seven feet long, and four wide, — moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine; which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the

emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a
high, were employed to draw me toward the metropolis, w
as I said was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked
very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awl
to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of
young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked wh
was asleep: they climbed up into the engine, and advan
very softly to my face, one of them — an officer in the gu
— put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my
nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made
sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, an
was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so
denly. We made a long march the remaining part of the
and rested at night with five hundred guards on each sid
me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, read
shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun
we continued our march, and arrived within two hun
yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and
his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers woul
no means suffer his Majesty to endanger his person by mo
ing on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stoo
ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole k
dom: which, having been polluted some years before b
unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those pe
looked upon as profane; and therefore had been applie
common use, and all the ornaments and furniture ca
away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge.
great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high,
almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep.
each side of the gate was a small window, not above six in
from the ground: into that on the left side the king's s
conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang
lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were lo
to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against
temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty
distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here
emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his cour
have an opportunity of viewing me, — as I was told, for I c
not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thou
inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; an

GULLIVER AMONG THE PIGMIES

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pite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten ousand at several times who mounted my body by the help of dders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon ain of death. When the workmen found that it was impossble for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound e; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as er I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of e people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. ne chains that held my left leg were about two yards long; id gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and rwards in a semicircle, but being fixed within four inches of e gate, allowed me to creep in and lie at my full length in e temple.

The Struldbrugs.

(From "Gulliver's Travels.")

One day, in much good company [among the Luggnaggians] was asked by a person of quality, "whether I had seen any of eir *struldbrugs*, or immortals?" I said, "I had not;" and esired he would explain to me what he meant by such an ppellation, applied to a mortal creature. He told me that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born n a family, with a red circular spot on the forehead, directly ver the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it hould never die. The spot," as he described it, "was about he compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its color: for at twelve years of age it became green, so continued till five-and-twenty, then turned a deep blue; at five-and-forty it grew coal-black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any further alteration." . . .

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *struldbrugs* among them. He said, "They commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession; for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only

all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionated, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to a harbor of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect; and for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories: these meet with more pity and assistance because they want many bad qualities which abound in others."

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles, an English poet; born near Henley-on-Thames, April 5, 1837. He was educated partly in France and partly at Eton. In his twentieth year he was entered at Balliol College, Oxford, but left without taking a degree. His principal works are "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamund," dramas (1860); "Atalanta in Calydon," a dramatic poem (1864); "Chastelard," a tragedy (1865); "Poems and Ballads" (1866), withdrawn and republished under the name "Laus Veneris, and Other Poems and Ballads;" "A Song of Italy," and "William Blake" (1867); "Siena," a poem (1868); "Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic" (1870); "Songs before Sunrise" (1871); "Under the Microscope" (1872); "The Fleshly School;" "Bothwell," a tragedy (1874); "Essays and Studies" (1875); "Poems and Ballads," second series (1878); "A Study of Shakespeare" (1879); "Songs of the Spring-tides" (1880); "Studies in Song" (1881); "Tristram of Lyonesse" (1882); "A Century of Roundels" (1883); "Locrine," a tragedy (1887); "Poems and Ballads," third series (1889); "A Study of Ben Jonson" (1889); "The Sisters," a tragedy (1892); "Astrophel, and Other Poems" (1894); and "Studies in Prose and Poetry" (1894).

Chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon."

Before the beginning of years
  There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
  Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
  Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven;
  And madness, risen from hell;
Strength, without hands to smite;
  Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
  And Life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
  Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
  From under the feet of the years,
And froth and drift of the sea,
  And dust of the laboring earth,
And bodies of things to be,
  In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
  And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
  And death beneath and above;
For a day and a night and a morrow,
  That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
  The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
  They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
  They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
  For the veils of the souls therein;
A time for labor and thought,
  A time to serve and to sin.
They gave him a light in his ways,
  And love, and a space for delight;
And beauty and length of days,
  And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire,
  With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
  In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
  Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
  Between a sleep and a sleep.

Dedication.

1865.

The sea gives her shells to the shingle,
  The earth gives her streams to the sea;
They are many, but my gift is single,
  My verses, the first fruits of me.

Let the wind take the green and the gray leaf,
Cast forth without fruit upon air;
Take rose-leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf
Blown loose from the hair.

The night shakes them round me in legions,
Dawn drives them before her like dreams;
Time sheds them like snows on strange regions,
Swept shoreward on infinite streams;
Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy,
Dead fruits of the fugitive years;
Some stained as with wine and made bloody,
And some as with tears.

Some scattered in seven years' traces,
As they fell from the boy that was then;
Long left among idle green places,
Or gathered but now among men;
On seas full of wonder and peril,
Blown white round the capes of the north;
Or in islands where myrtles are sterile
And loves bring not forth.

O daughters of dreams and of stories
That life is not wearied of yet, —
Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores,
Félise and Yolande and Juliette, —
Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,
When sleep that is true or that seems
Comes back to me hopeless to kiss you,
O daughters of dreams?

They are past as a slumber that passes,
As the dew of a dawn of old time;
More frail than the shadows on glasses,
More fleet than a wave or a rhyme.
As the waves after ebb drawing seaward,
When their hollows are full of the night,
So the birds that flew singing to me-ward
Recede out of sight.

The songs of dead seasons that wander
On wings of articulate words;
Lost leaves that the shore-wind may squander,
Light flocks of untamable birds:

Some sang to me dreaming in class-time,
And truant in hand as in tongue;
For the youngest were born of boy's pastime,
The eldest are young.

Is there shelter while life in them lingers,
Is there hearing for songs that recede,
Tunes touched from a harp with men's fingers
Or blown with boy's mouth in a reed?
Is there place in the land of your labor,
Is there room in your world of delight,
Where change has not sorrow for neighbor
And day has not night?

In their wings though the sea-wind yet quivers
Will you spare not a space for them there,
Made green with the running of rivers
And gracious with temperate air;
In the fields and turreted cities,
That cover from sunshine and rain
Fair passions and bountiful pities
And loves without stain?

In a land of clear colors and stories,
In a region of shadowless hours,
Where earth has a garment of glories
And a murmur of musical flowers;
In woods where the spring half uncovers
The flush of her amorous face,
By the waters that listen for lovers, —
For these is there place?

For the song-birds of sorrow, that muffle
Their music as clouds do their fire;
For the storm-birds of passion, that ruffle
Wild wings in a wind of desire;
In the stream of the storm as it settles
Blown seaward, borne far from the su
Shaken loose on the darkness like petal
Dropt one after one?

Though the world of your hands be m
And lovelier in lordship of things
Clothed round by sweet art with the
Warm heaven of her imminent wir

Let them enter, unfledged and nigh fainting,
For the love of old loves and lost times;
And receive in your palace of painting
This revel of rhymes.

Though the seasons of man full of losses
Make empty the years full of youth,
If but one thing be constant in crosses,
Change lays not her hand upon truth;
Hopes die, and their tombs are for token
That the grief, as the joy, of them ends
Ere time that breaks all men has broken
The faith between friends.

Though the many lights dwindle to one light,
There is help if the heaven has one;
Though the skies be discrowned of the sunlight
And the earth dispossessed of the sun,
They have moonlight and sleep for repayment,
When, refreshed as a bride, and set free
With stars and sea-winds in her raiment,
Night sinks on the sea.

The Hounds of Spring.

(From "Atalanta in Calydon.")

When the Hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain,
And the brown bright nightingale, amorous,
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces;
The tongueless vigil and all the pain:

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, Lady of Light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou, most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet!
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
  Fold our hands round her knees and cling?
Oh, that man's heart were fire and could spring to her
  Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiments, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
  And the southwest wind and the west wind sing.

For Winter's rains and ruins are over,
  And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
  The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
  Blossom by blossom the Spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
  Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot;
The faint, fresh flame of the young year flushes
  From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a Satyr crushes
  The chestnut-husk at the chestnut root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
  Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follow with dancing and fill with delight
  The Mænad and the Bassaria;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
  The God pursuing, the maiden hid.

Love at Sea.

Imitated from Théophile Gautier.

We are in Love's hand to-day:
  Where shall we go?
Love, shall we start or stay,
  Or sail or row?
There 's many a wind and way,
And never a May but May;
We are in Love's hand to-day:
  Where shall we go?

Our land wind is the breath
Of sorrows kissed to death
And joys that were;
Our ballast is a rose;
Our way lies where God knows
And Love knows where.
We are in Love's hand to-day —

Our seamen are fledged Loves,
Our masts are bills of doves,
Our decks fine gold;
Our ropes are dead maids' hair,
Our stores are love-shafts fair
And manifold.
We are in Love's hand to-day —

Where shall we land you, sweet?
On fields of strange men's feet,
Or fields near home?
Or where the fire-flowers blow,
Or where the flowers of snow
Or flowers of foam?
We are in Love's hand to-day —

Land me, she says, where Love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand:
A shore like that, my dear,
Lies where no man will steer,
No maiden land.

A Match.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief:
If love were what the rose is
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single,
Delight our lips would mingle

With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon:
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We 'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath:
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We 'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy:
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We 'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day:
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We 'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein:
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

Étude Réaliste.

I.

A baby's feet, like sea-sh
Might tempt, sh
An angel's lips t
A ba

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

II.

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world —
A baby's hands.

III.

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
And sleep flows out and in,
Lies perfect in their paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb the wise;
By mute glad godhead felt within
A baby's eyes.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

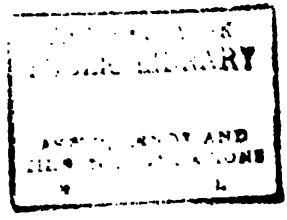
SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON, a distinguished English poet an critic; born at Bristol, October 5, 1840; died at Rome, April 1 1893. He was educated at Harrow School and at Oxford. Del cate health for many years compelled him to reside in a war climate, principally in Italy and Switzerland, and most of hi works — the earliest of which appeared in 1872 — are upon Italia subjects. In verse he has published "Sonnets of Michelangelo an Campanella;" a volume of "Sonnets on the Thought of Death;" "Many Moods;" "New and Old." His prose works are "Intr duction to the Study of Dante" (1872); "Studies of the Gre Poets" (1873–76); "The Renaissance in Italy" (1875–8 "Sketches in Italy and Greece;" "Italian By-Ways;" and t lives of Shelley and Sir Philip Sidney, in the "English M of Letters" series. The seventh and last volume of his work the Italian Renaissance was published in 1886. "In the Key Blue" and "Walt Whitman" were published after his death 1893.

THE INVASION OF ITALY BY CHARLES VIII. OF FRANCE

(From "History of the Renaissance in Italy.")

WHAT was this beautiful land in the midst of which th French found themselves, — a land whose marble palaces we thronged with cut-throats in disguise, whose princes poison while they smiled, whose luxuriant meadows concealed fev whose ladies carried disease upon their lips? To the captai and the soldiery of France, Italy already appeared a splend and fascinating Circe, arrayed with charms, surrounded wi illusions, hiding behind perfumed thickets her victims changed brutes, and building the couch of her seduction on the bones murdered men. Yet she was so beautiful that, halt as they mig for a moment and gaze back with yearning on the Alps that th had crossed, they found themselves unable to resist her smi Forward they must march through the garden of enchantmen

Charles VIII



henceforth taking the precaution to walk with drawn sword, and like Orlando in Morgana's park, to stuff their casques with roses that they might not hear the siren's voice too clearly. It was thus that Italy began the part she played through the Renaissance for the people of the North. "The White Devil of Italy" is the title of one of Webster's best tragedies. A white devil, — a radiant daughter of sin and death, holding in her hands the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, and tempting the nations to eat, — this is how Italy struck the fancy of the men of the sixteenth century. She was feminine, and they were virile; but she could teach and they must learn. She gave them pleasure; they brought force. The fruit of her embraces with the nations was the spirit of modern culture, the genius of the age in which we live.

Two terrible calamities warned the Italians with what new enemies they had to deal. Twice at the commencement of the invasion did the French use the sword which they had drawn o intimidate the sorceress. These terror-striking examples were he massacres of the inhabitants of Rapallo on the Genoese Rivira, and of Fivizzano in Lunigiana. Soldiers and burghers, even risoners and wounded men in the hospitals, were butchered, first y the Swiss and German guards, and afterwards by the French, ho would not be outdone by them in energy. It was thus that he Italians, after a century of bloodless battles and parade campaigning, learned a new art of war, and witnessed the first act f those Apocalyptic tragedies which were destined to drown the eninsula with French, Spanish, German, Swiss, and native blood.

Meanwhile the French host had reached Parma; traversing, ll through the golden autumn weather, those plains where mulerry and elm are married by festoons of vines above a billowy xpanse of maize and corn. From Parma placed beneath the orthern spurs of the Apennines, to Sarzana on the western oast of Italy, where the marbles of Carrara build their barrier gainst the Tyrrhene Sea, there leads a winding barren mountain ass. Charles took this route with his army, and arrived in he beginning of November before the walls of Sarzana. Meanwhile we may well ask what Piero de' Medici had been doing, and how he had fulfilled his engagement with Alfonso. He had undertaken, it will be remembered, to hold the passes of the Apennines upon this side. To have embarrassed the French troops among those limestone mountains, thinly forested with ine and chestnut trees, and guarded here and there with ancient

fortresses, would have been a matter of no difficulty. With like advantages, 2000 Swiss troops during their wars of independence would have laughed to scorn the whole forces of Burgundy and Austria. But Piero, a feeble and false tyrant, preoccupied with Florentine factions, afraid of Lucca, and disinclined to push forward into the territory of the Sforza, had as yet done nothing when the news arrived that Sarzana was on the point of capitulation. In this moment of peril he rode as fast as horses could carry him to the French camp, besought an interview with Charles, and then and there delivered up to him the keys of Sarzana and its citadel, together with those of Pietra Santa, Librafratte, Pisa, and Leghorn. Any one who has followed the sea-coast between Pisa and Sarzanza can appreciate the enormous value of these concessions to the invader. They relieved him of the difficulty of forcing his way along a narrow belt of land which is hemmed in on one side by the sea, and on the other by the highest and most abrupt mountain range in Italy. To have done this in the teeth of a resisting army and beneath the walls of hostile castles would have been all but impossible. As it was, Piero cut the Gordian knot by his incredible cowardice, and for himself gained only ruin and dishonor. Charles, the foe against whom he had plotted with Alfonso and Alexander, laughed *in* his face, and marched at once into Pisa. The Florentines, whom he had hitherto engaged in an unpopular policy, now rose in fury, expelled him from the city, sacked his palace, and erased from their memory the name of Medici except for execration. The unsuccessful tyrant, who had proved a traitor to his allies, to his country, and to himself, saved his life by flying first to Bologna and thence to Venice, where he remained in a sort of polite captivity — safe, but a slave — until the Doge and his council saw which way affairs would tend.

On the 9th of November, Florence after a tyranny of fifty years, and Pisa after the servitude of a century, recovered their liberties, and were able to reconstitute republican governments. But the situation of the two States was very different. The Florentines had never lost the name of liberty, which in Italy at that period meant less the freedom of the inhabitants to exercise self-government than the independence of the city in relation to its neighbors. The Pisans on the other hand had been reduced to subjection by Florence; their civic life had been stifled, their pride wounded in the tenderest point of honor, their population decimated by proscription and exile. The great sin of Florence

was the enslavement of Pisa; and Pisa in this moment of anarchy burned to obliterate her shame with bloodshed. The French, understanding none of the niceties of Italian politics, and ignorant that in giving freedom to Pisa they were robbing Florence of her rights, looked on with wonder at the citizens who tossed the lion of the tyrant town into the Arno, and took up arms against its officers. It is sad to witness this last spasm of the long-suppressed passion for liberty in the Pisans, while we know how soon they were reduced again to slavery by the selfish sister State, herself too thoroughly corrupt for liberty. The part of Charles — who espoused the cause of the Pisans with blundering carelessness, pretended to protect the new republic, and then abandoned it a few months later to its fate — provokes nothing but the languid contempt which all his acts inspire.

After the flight of Piero and the proclamation of Pisan liberty, the King of France was hailed as savior of the free Italian towns. Charles received a magnificent address from Savonarola, who proceeded to Pisa, and harangued him as the chosen vessel of the Lord and the deliverer of the Church from anarchy. At the same time the friar conveyed to the French King a courteous invitation from the Florentine republic to enter their city and enjoy their hospitality. Charles, after upsetting Piero de' Medici with the nonchalance of a horseman in the tilting-yard, and restoring the freedom of Pisa for a caprice, remained as devoid of policy and as indifferent to the part assigned him by the prophet as he was before. He rode, armed at all points, into Florence on November 17th, and took up his residence in the palace of the Medici. Then he informed the elders of the city that he had come as conqueror and not as guest, and that he intended to reserve to himself the disposition of the State.

It was a dramatic moment. Florence, with the Arno flowing through her midst, and the hills around her gray with olive-trees, was then even more lovely than we see her now. The whole circuit of her walls remained, nor had their crown of towers been levelled yet to make resistance of invading force more easy. Brunelleschi's dome and Giotto's tower and Arnolfo's Palazzo, and the Loggie of Orcagna gave distinction to her streets and squares. Her churches were splendid with frescoes in their bloom, and with painted glass over which as yet the injury of but a few brief years had passed. Her palaces, that are as strong as castles, overflowed with a population cultivated, polished, elegant, refined, and haughty. This Florence, the city

of scholars, artists, intellectual sybarites, and citizens in the blood of the old factions beat, found herself suddenly sessed as a prey of war by flaunting Gauls in their outla finery, plumed Germans, kilted Kelts, and particolored S On the other hand, these barbarians awoke in a terrestrial dise of natural and æsthetic beauty. Which of us wh enjoyed the late gleams of autumn in Valdarno, but can p to himself the revelation of the inner meaning of the wor comprehensible yet soul-subduing, which then first dawned the Breton bowmen and the bulls of Uri? Their impul doubt was to pillage and possess the wealth before them child pulls to pieces the wonderful flower that has surpr on some mountain meadow. But in the very rudeness of they paid a homage to the new-found loveliness of whicl had not dreamed before.

Charles here as elsewhere showed his imbecility. H entered and laid hands on hospitable Florence like a foe. would he now do with her? — reform the republic — legisl impose a levy on the citizens, and lead them forth to t No. He asked for a huge sum of money, and began to ba The Florentine secretaries refused his terms. He in Then Piero Capponi snatched the paper on which they written, and tore it in pieces before his eyes. Charles cri shall sound my trumpets." Capponi answered, "We wil our bells." Beautiful as a dream is Florence; but her s streets, overshadowed by gigantic belfries and masked by brown palace fronts, contained a menace that the French could not face. Let Capponi sound the tocsin, and each would become a fortress, the streets would be barricaded iron chains, every quarter would pour forth men by hun well versed in the arts of civic warfare. Charles gave way ering with a bad joke the discomfiture he felt: *Ah, Ci Ciappon, voi siete un mal Ciappon!* The secretaries beat his terms. All he cared for was to get money. He agr content himself with 120,000 florins. A treaty was signe in two days he quitted Florence.

Hitherto Charles had met with no serious obstacle. invasion had fallen like the rain from heaven; and like r far as he was concerned, it ran away to waste. Lombard Tuscany, the two first scenes in the pageant displayed by before the French army, had been left behind. Rome n before them, magnificent in desolation: not the Rome whi

Farnesi and Chigi and Barberini have built up from the quarried ruins of amphitheatres and baths, but the Rome of the Middle Ages; the city crowned with relics of a pagan past, herself still pagan, and holding in her midst the modern Antichrist. The progress of the French was a continued triumph. They reached Siena on the second of December. The Duke of Urbino and the lords of Pesaro and Bologna laid down their arms at their approach. The Orsini opened their castles. Virginio, the captain-general of the Aragonese army and grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, hastened to win for himself favorable terms from the French sovereign. The Bagliono betook themselves to their own rancors in Perugia. The Duke of Calabria retreated. Italy seemed bent on proving that cowardice and selfishness and incapacity had conquered her. Viterbo was gained; the Ciminian heights were traversed; the Campagna, bounded by the Alban and the Sabine hills, with Rome a bluish cloud upon the lowlands of the Tiber, spread its solemn breadth of beauty at the invader's feet. Not a blow had been struck when he reached the Porta del Popolo, upon the 31st of December, 1494. At three o'clock in the afternoon began the entry of the French army. It was nine at night before the last soldiers, under the flaring light of torches and flambeaux, defiled through the gates, and took their quarters in the streets of the Eternal City. The gigantic barbarians of the cantons, flaunting with plumes and emblazoned surcoats, the chivalry of France splendid with silk mantles and gilded corslets, the Scotch guard in their wild costume of kilt and philibeg, the scythe-like halberds of the German lanzknechts, the tangled elf-locks of stern-featured Bretons, stamped an ineffaceable impression on the people of the South. On this memorable occasion, as in a show upon some holiday, marched past before them specimens and vanguards of all those legioned races which were soon to be too well at home in every fair Italian dwelling-place. Nothing was wanting to complete the symbol of the coming doom but a representative of the grim, black, wiry infantry of Spain.

Farewell.

It is buried and done with,
The love that we knew:
Those cobwebs we spun with
Are beaded with dew.

I loved thee; I leave thee:
To love thee was pain;
I dare not believe thee,
To love thee again.

Like spectres unshriven
Are the years that I lost;
To thee they were given
Without count of cost.

I cannot revive them
By penance or prayer:
Hell's tempest must drive them
Through turbulent air.

Farewell, and forget me;
For I too am free
From the shame that beset me,
The sorrow of thee.

The Feet of the Beloved.

Fear not to tread, — it is not much
To bless the meadow with your touch:
Nay, walk unshod; for as you pass,
The dust will take your feet like grass.
Oh dearest melodies, oh beat
Of musically moving feet!
Stars that have fallen from the sky
To sparkle where you let them lie;
Blossoms, a new and heavenly birth,
Rocked on the nourishing breast of earth;
Dews that on leaf and petal fling
Multitudinous quivering;
Winged loves with light and laughter crowned;
Kind kisses pressed upon the ground!

Eyebright.

As a star from the sea new risen,
As the waft of an angel's wing,
As a lark's song heard in prison,
As the promise of summer in spring,

She came to me through the stillness,
The shadows that ring me round,
The dungeon of years and illness
Wherein my spirit is bound.

She came with her eyes love-laden,
Her laughter of lily and rose, —
A fragile and flower-like maiden,
In the season of frosts and snows.

She smiled, and the shades departed;
She shone, and the snows were rain:
And he who was frozen-hearted
Bloomed up into love again.

VENICE.

VENICE, thou Siren of sea cities, wrought
By mirage, built on water, stair o'er stair,
Of sunbeams and cloud shadows, phantom-fair,
With naught of earth to mar thy sea-born thought!
Thou floating film upon the wonder-fraught
Ocean of dreams! Thou hast no dream so rare
As are thy sons and daughters, — they who wear
Foam flakes of charm from thine enchantment caught.
O dark-brown eyes! O tangles of dark hair!
O heaven-blue eyes, blonde tresses where the breeze
Plays over sunburned cheeks in sea-blown air!
Firm limbs of molded bronze! frank debonair
Smiles of deep-bosomed women! Loves that seize
Man's soul, and waft her on storm melodies!

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS.

TACITUS, PUBLIUS CORNELIUS, a famous Roman historian born about A.D. 55; died about A.D. 117. He was eminent as an orator and pleader. He was a friend of the younger Pliny, and held important positions under Vespasian, Domitian, and Nero (A.D. 69–98), after which nothing definite is recorded of his personal history. He wrote "A Dialogue Concerning Orators" which was held in high esteem. His "Life of Agricola," his father-in-law, is of value for its information concerning the early inhabitants of Britain. His "Germania" gives nearly all the knowledge which we have of the ancient Germans. His "History of Rome" narrated the events from A.D. 69 to 96; but the greater part of this has been lost, only the portions relating to the years 69 and 70 being extant. His "Annals" narrated the events from the year 14 to 68; but of the sixteen books only nine, and portions of three others, are now known to exist.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

(From "Concerning Orators.")

WHO does not know that eloquence and all other arts have declined from their ancient glory; not from dearth of men, but from the indolence of the young, the carelessness of parents, the ignorance of teachers, and neglect of the old discipline? The evils which first began in Rome soon spread through Italy, and are now diffusing themselves into the provinces. But your provincial affairs are best known to yourselves. I shall speak of Rome, and of those native and home-bred vices which take hold of us as soon as we are born, and multiply with every stage of life, when I have first said a few words on the strict discipline of our ancestors in the education and training of children. Every citizen's son, the child of a chaste mother, was from the beginning reared, not in the chamber of a purchased nurse, but in that mother's bosom and embrace; and it was her special glory to study her home and devote herself to her children. It was usual to select an elderly kinswoman of approved

and esteemed character to have the entire charge of all the children of the household. In her presence it was the last offence to utter an unseemly word or to do a disgraceful act. With scrupulous piety and modesty she regulated not only the boy's studies and occupations, but even his recreations and games. Thus it was, as tradition says, that the mothers of the Gracchi, of Cæsar, of Augustus, — Cornelia, Aurelia, Atia, — directed their children's education and reared the greatest of sons. The strictness of the discipline tended to form in each case a pure and virtuous nature, which no vices could warp, and which would at once with the whole heart seize on every noble lesson. Whatever its bias, — whether to the soldier's or the lawyer's art, or to the study of eloquence, — it would make that its sole aim, and imbibe it in its fulness.

But in our day we intrust the infant to a little Greek servant-girl, who is attended by one or two — commonly the worst of all the slaves — creatures utterly unfit for any important work. Their stories and their prejudices from the very first fill the child's tender and uninstructed mind. No one in the whole house cares what he says or does before his infant master. Even parents themselves familiarize their little ones, not with virtue and modesty, but with jesting and glib talk; which lead on by degrees to shamelessness, and to contempt for themselves as well as for others. Really I think that the characteristic and peculiar vices of this city — a liking for actors and a passion for gladiators and horses — are all-but conceived in the mother's womb. When these occupy and possess the mind, how little room has it left for worthy attainments! Few indeed are to be found who talk of any other subjects in their homes; and whenever we enter a class-room, what else is the conversation of the youths? Even with the teachers, these are the more frequent topics of talk with their scholars. In fact, they draw pupils, not by strictness of discipline or by giving proof of ability, but by assiduous court and cunning tricks of flattery.

Domitian's Reign of Terror.

(From the "Agricola.")

We have read that the panegyrics pronounced by Arulenus Rusticus on Pætus Thrasea, and by Herennius Senecio on Priscus Helvidius, were made capital crimes; that not only their persons but their very books were objects of rage, and that the

triumvirs were commissioned to burn in the forum those works of splendid genius. They fancied, forsooth, that in that fire the voice of the Roman people, the freedom of the Senate, and the conscience of the human race were perishing; while at the same time they banished the teachers of philosophy, and exiled every noble pursuit, that nothing good might anywhere confront them. Certainly we showed a magnificent example of patience; as a former age had witnessed the extreme of liberty, so we witnessed the extreme of servitude, when the informer robbed us of the interchange of speech and hearing. We should have lost memory as well as voice, had it been as easy to forget as to keep silence.

Now at last our spirit is returning. And yet, though at the dawn of a most happy age Nerva Cæsar blended things once irreconcilable, — sovereignty and freedom; though Nerva Trajan is now daily augmenting the prosperity of the time, and though the public safety has not only our hopes and good wishes, but has also the certain pledge of their fulfilment, — still, from the necessary condition of human frailty, the remedy works less quickly than the disease. As our bodies grow but slowly, perish in a moment, so it is easier to crush than to revive genius and its pursuits. Besides, the charm of indolence steals over us, and the idleness which at first we loathed we afterwards love. What if during those fifteen years, — a large portion of human life, — many were cut off by ordinary casualties, and the ablest fell victims to the Emperor's rage, if a few of us survive, — I may almost say, not only others but our own selves survive, though there have been taken from the midst of life those many years which brought the young in dumb silence to old age, and the old almost to the very verge and end of existence! Yet we shall not regret that we have told, though in language unskilful and unadorned, the story of past servitude, and borne our testimony to present happiness. Meanwhile this book, intended to do honor to Agricola my father-in-law, will, as an expression of filial regard, be commended, or at least excused.

Apostrophe to Agricola.

(From the "Agricola.")

Thou wast indeed fortunate, Agricola, not only in the splendor of thy life, but in the opportune moment of thy death. Thou submittedst to thy fate, so they tell us who were present to hear thy last words, with courage and cheerfulness, seeming to be

doing all thou couldst to give thine Emperor full acquittal. As for me and thy daughter, besides all the bitterness of a father's loss, it increases our sorrow that it was not permitted us to watch over thy failing health, to comfort thy weakness, to satisfy ourselves with those looks, those embraces. Assuredly we should have received some precepts, some utterances, to fix in our inmost hearts. This is the bitterness of our sorrow, this the smart of our wound: that from the circumstance of so long an absence thou wast lost to us four years before. Doubtless, best of fathers, with the most loving wife at thy side, all the dues of affection were abundantly paid thee; yet with too few tears thou wast laid to thy rest, and in the light of thy last day there was something for which thine eyes longed in vain.

If there is any dwelling-place for the spirits of the just; if, as the wise believe, noble souls do not perish with the body, — rest thou in peace; and call us, thy family, from weak regrets and womanish laments to the contemplation of thy virtues, for which we must not weep nor beat the breast. Let us honor thee not so much with transitory praises as with our reverence; and if our powers permit us, with our emulation. That will be true respect, that the true affection of thy nearest kin. This too is what I would enjoin on daughter and wife: to honor the memory of that father, that husband, by pondering in their hearts all his words and acts, by cherishing the features and lineaments of his character rather than those of his person. It is not that I would forbid the likenesses which are wrought in marble or in bronze; but as the faces of men, so all similitudes of the face are weak and perishable things, while the fashion of the soul is everlasting, — such as may be expressed not in some foreign substance, or by the help of art, but in our own lives. Whatever we loved, whatever we admired in Agricola, survives, and will survive in the hearts of men, in the succession of the ages, in the fame that waits on noble deeds. Over many, indeed, of those who have gone before, as over the inglorious and ignoble, the waves of oblivion will roll: Agricola, made known to posterity by history and tradition, will live forever.

Manners and Customs of the Germans.

(From the "Germania.")

They choose their kings by birth, their generals for merit. These kings have not unlimited or arbitary power, and the

generals do more by example than by authority. If they are energetic, if they are conspicuous, if they fight in the front, they lead because they are admired. But to reprimand, to imprison, even to flog, is permitted to the priests alone; and that not as a punishment, or at the general's bidding, but as it were, by the mandate of the god whom they believe to inspire the warrior. They also carry with them into battle certain figures and images taken from their sacred groves. And what most stimulates their courage is that their squadrons or battalions, instead of being formed by chance or by a fortuitous gathering, are composed of families and clans. Close by them too are those dearest to them, so that they hear the shrieks of women, the cries of infants. *They* are to every man the most sacred witnesses of his bravery —*they* are his most generous applauders. The soldier brings his wounds to mother and wife, who shrink not from counting or even demanding them, and who administer both food and encouragement to the combatant.

Tradition says that armies already wavering and giving way have been rallied by women, who, with earnest entreaties and bosoms laid bare, have vividly represented the horrors of captivity; which the Germans fear with such extreme dread on behalf of their women, that the strongest tie by which a State can be bound is the being required to give, among the number of hostages, maidens of noble birth. They even believe that the sex has a certain sanctity and prescience; and they do not despise their counsels, or make light of their answers. In Vespasian's days we saw Veleda, long regarded by many as a divinity. In former times too they venerated Aurinia, and many other women; but not with servile flatteries or with sham deification.

Death and Character of Tiberius.

(From the "Annals.")

On the 15th of March, his breath failing, he was believed to have expired; and Caius Cæsar was going forth with a numerous throng of congratulating followers to take the first possession of the empire, when suddenly news came that Tiberius was recovering his voice and sight, and calling for persons to bring him food to revive him from his faintness. Then ensued universal panic; and while the rest fled hither and thither every one feigning grief or ignorance, Caius Cæsar, in sile

stupor, passed from the highest hopes to the extremity of apprehension. Marco, nothing daunted, ordered the old emperor to be smothered under a huge heap of clothes; and all to quit the entrance-hall.

And so died Tiberius in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Nero was his father, and he was on both sides descended from the Claudian house; though his mother passed by adoption, first into the Livian, then into the Julian family. From earliest infancy, perilous vicissitudes were his lot. Himself an exile, he was the companion of a proscribed father; and on being admitted as a stepson into the house of Augustus, he had to struggle with many rivals, so long as Marcellus and Agrippa, and subsequently Caius and Lucius Caesar, were in their glory. Again, his brother Drusus enjoyed in a greater degree the affection of the citizens. But he was more than ever on dangerous ground after his marriage with Julia, whether he tolerated or escaped from his wife's profligacy. On his return from Rhodes he ruled the emperor's now heirless house for twelve years; and the Roman world, with absolute sway, for about twenty-three. His character too had its distinct periods. It was a bright time in his life and reputation while under Augustus he was a private citizen or held high offices; a time of reserve and crafty assumption of virtue, as long as Germanicus and Drusus were alive. Again, while his mother lived, he was a compound of good and evil; he was infamous for his cruelty, though he veiled his debaucheries, while he loved or feared Sejanus. Finally he plunged into every wickedness and disgrace, when, fear and shame being cast off, he simply indulged his own inclinations.

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE.

TAINE, HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE, a distinguished French critic, historian, and philosopher; born at Vouziers, Ardennes, April 21, 1828; died at Paris, March 5, 1893. He was educated at the Bourbon College, employed in the Paris Normal School, and in 1864 was appointed Professor of History and Æsthetics in the École des Beaux-Arts. Beginning with 1855, he published numerous works, such as "Travels in the Pyrenees" (1855); "French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century" (1856); "Critical and Historical Essays," two series (1864–65); a study of "Carlyle" (1864); and one of "J. S. Mill" (1864); a "History of English Literature," in four volumes (1864), widely known and used by students in this country; "Travels in Italy" (1866); "The Philosophy of Art in Italy" (1866); also "Philosophy of Art in Greece" (1869); "The Intellect" (1870); "Notes on England" (1871); and "Origin of Contemporaneous France" (5 vols., 1876–90). His works have been translated into English.

MODERN LIFE IN ENGLAND.

(From "History of English Literature.")

IN no age or nation of the earth, I believe, has matter ever been better handled and utilized. Enter London by water, and you will see an accumulation of toil and work which has no equal on this planet. Paris, by comparison, is but an elegant city of pleasure; the Seine, with its quays, a pretty serviceable plaything. Here all is vast. I have seen Marseilles, Bordeaux, Amsterdam, but I had no idea of such a mass. From Greenwich to London the two shores are a continuous wharf: merchandise is always being piled up, sacks hoisted, ships moored; ever new warehouses for copper, beer, ropework, tar, chemicals. Docks, timber-yards, calking-basins, and dockyards multiply and encroach on each other. On the left there is the iron framework of a church being finished, to be sent to India. The Thames is a mile broad, and is but a populous street of vessels, a winding

rk-yard. Steamboats, sailing vessels, ascend and descend, ne to anchor in groups of two, three, ten, then in long files, n in dense rows; there are five or six thousand of them at hor. On the right, the docks, like so many intricate, marie streets, disgorge or store up the vessels. If you get on a ght, you see vessels in the distance by hundreds and thouds, fixed as if on the land; their masts in a line, their slenrigging, make a spider-web which girdles the horizon. Yet the river itself, to the west, we see an inextricable forest of sts, yards, and cables; the ships are unloading, fastened to another, mingled with chimneys, amongst the pulleys of the ehouses, cranes, capstans, and all the implements of the vast l ceaseless toil. A foggy smoke, penetrated by the sun, ips them in its russet veil; it is the heavy and smoky air of a at hot-house; soil and man, light and air, all is transformed work. If you enter one of these docks, the impression will yet more overwhelming: each resembles a town; always ps, still more ships, in a line, showing their heads; their hol'ed sides, their copper chests, like monstrous fishes under ir breastplate of scales. When we descend below, we see t this breastplate is fifty feet high; many are of three thouid or four thousand tons. Long clippers of three hundred t are on the point of sailing for Australia, Ceylon, America. bridge is raised by machinery; it weighs a hundred tons, and y one man is needed to raise it. Here are the wine stores — re are thirty thousand tuns of port in the cellars; here the ce for hides, here for tallow, here for ice. The universe ids to this centre. Like a heart, to which the blood flows d from which it pours, money, goods, business arrive hithe. m the four quarters of the globe, and flow thence to all the arters of the world. And this circulation seems natural, so ll is it conducted. The cranes turn noiselessly; the tuns em to move of themselves; a little car rolls them at once, and thout effort; the bales descend by their own weight on the clined planes, which lead them to their place. Clerks, without rry, call out the numbers; men push or pull without confuon, calmly husbanding their labor; whilst the cool master, in s black hat, gravely, with spare gestures, and without one ord, directs.

Now take rail and go to Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, anchester, to see their industry. As you advance into the coal untry, the air is darkened with smoke; the chimneys, high as

obelisks, are crowded by hundreds, and cover the plain as far as you can see; multiplied diagonal lines, lofty buildings, in red monotonous brick, pass before the eyes, like rows of economical and busy beehives. The blast-furnaces flame through the smoke; I counted sixteen in one group. The refuse of minerals is heaped up like mountains; the engines run like black ants, with monotonous and violent motion, and suddenly we find ourselves swallowed up in a monstrous town. This manufactory has five thousand hands, one mill 300,000 spindles. The Manchester warehouses are Babylonian edifices, a hundred and twenty yards wide and long, in six stories. In Liverpool there are five thousand ships along the Mersey, which choke one another up; more wait to enter. The docks are six miles long, and the cotton warehouses on the border extend their vast red rampart out of sight. All things here seem built in unmeasured proportions, and as though by colossal arms. You enter a mill; nothing but iron pillars, thick as tree-trunks, cylinders as broad as a man; locomotive shafts like vast oaks, notching machines which send up iron chips, rollers which bend sheet-iron like paste, fly-wheels which become invisible by the swiftness of their revolution. Eight workmen, commanded by a kind of peaceful colossus, pushed into and pulled from the fire a tree of red iron as big as my body. Coal has produced all this growth. England has twice as much coal as the remainder of the world. Add brick, the great schists, which are close to the surface, and the estuaries filled by the sea, so as to make natural ports. Liverpool and Manchester, and about ten towns of 40,000 to 100,000 souls, are springing up like plants in the basin of Lancashire. Glance over the map, and you see the districts shaded with black — Glasgow, Newcastle, Birmingham, Wales, all Ireland, which is one block of coal. The old antediluvian forests, accumulating here their fuel, have stored up the power which moves matter, and the sea furnishes the true road by which matter can be transported. Man himself, mind and body, seems made to profit by these advantages. His muscles are resistive, and his mind can support tedium. He is less subject to weariness and disgust than other men. He works as well in the tenth hour as in the first. No one handles machines better; he has their regularity and precision. Two workmen in a cotton-mill do the work of three, or even four, French workmen. Look now in the statistics how many leagues of stuffs they fabricate every year, how many millions of tons they export and import, how many

tens of millions they produce and consume; add the industrial or commercial states they have founded, or are founding, in America, China, India, Australia; and then, perhaps, reckoning men and value, — considering that their capital is seven or eight times greater than that of France, that their population has doubled in fifty years, that their colonies, wherever the climate is healthy, are becoming new Englands, — you will obtain some notion, very slight, very imperfect, of a work whose magnitude the eyes alone can measure.

There remains yet one of its parts to explore — cultivation. From the railway carriage we see quite enough to understand it: a field with a hedge, then another field with another hedge, and so on; at times vast squares of radishes, all in line, clean, glossy; no forests, here and there only a grove. The country is a great kitchen-garden — a manufactory of grass and meat. Nothing is left to nature and chance; all is calculated, regulated, arranged to produce and to bring in profits. If you look at the peasants, you find no more genuine peasants; nothing like French peasants, — a sort of fellahs, akin to the soil, mistrustful and uncultivated, separated by a gulf from the citizens. The countryman here is like an artisan; and, in fact, a field is a manufactory, with a farmer for a foreman. Proprietors and farmers, they lavish capital like great contractors. They have drained; they have a rotation of crops; they have produced a cattle, the richest in returns of any in the world; they have introdued steam-engines into cultivation, and into the breeding of cattle; they perfect already perfect stables. The greatest of the aristocracy take a pride in it; many country gentlemen have no other occupation. Prince Albert, near Windsor, had a model farm, and this farm brought in money. A few years ago the papers announced that the Queen had discovered a cure for the turkey-disease. Under this universal effort, the products of agriculture have doubled in fifty years. The English acre receives eight or ten times more manure than the French hectare; though of inferior quality, they have made it produce double. Thirty persons are enough for this work, when in France forty would be required for half thereof. You come upon a farm, even a small one, say of a hundred acres; you find respectable, worthy, well-clad men, who express themselves clearly and sensibly; a large, wholesome, comfortable dwelling — often a little porch, with climbing plants, — a well-kept garden, ornamental trees, the inner walls white-

washed yearly, the floors washed weekly — an almost Dutch cleanness; therewith plenty of books — travels, treatises on agriculture, a few volumes of religion or history; first of all, the great family Bible. Even in the poorest cottages we find a few objects of comfort and recreation: a large cast-iron stove, a carpet, nearly always a paper on the walls, one or two mor- al novels, and always the Bible. The cottage is clean; the habi- ts are orderly; the plates, with their blue pattern, regularly ar- ranged, look well above the shining dresser; the red floor-ti- les have been swept; there are no broken or dirty panes; no do- rs off hinges, shutters unhung, stagnant pools, straggling dunghi- ls, as amongst the French villagers; the little garden is kept f- ree from weeds; frequently roses and honeysuckle round the do- r; and on Sunday we can see the father, the mother, seated b- a well-scrubbed table, with tea and butter, enjoy their *home*, and the order they have established there. In France the peasant on Sunday leaves his hut to visit his *land*: what he aspires to is possession: what Englishmen love is comfort. There is no land in which they demand more in this respect. An Englishman said to me, not very long ago: "Our great vice is the strong desire we feel for all good and comfortable things. We have too many wants. As soon as our peasants have a little money, they buy the best sherry and the best clothes, instead of buying a bit of land."

As we rise to the upper classes, this taste becomes stronger. In the middle ranks a man burdens himself with toil, to give his wife gaudy dresses, and to fill his house with the hundred thou- and baubles of quasi-luxury. Higher still, the inventions of comfort are so multiplied that people are bored by them; there are too many newspapers and reviews on your bed-table at night; too many kinds of carpets, washstands, matches, towels in your dressing-room; their refinement is endless; you would think, thrusting your feet in slippers, that twenty generations of invent- ors were required to bring sole and lining to this degree of perfection. You cannot conceive clubs better furnished with necessaries and superfluities, houses so well provided and man- aged, pleasure and abundance so cunningly understood, servants so reliable, respectful, speedy. Servants in the last census were "the most numerous class of Her Majesty's subjects;" in Eng- land there are five where in France they have two. When I saw in Hyde Park the rich young ladies, the gentlemen riding and driving, when I reflected on their country houses, their dress,

their parks and stables, I said to myself that verily this people is constituted after the heart of economists: I mean, that it is the greatest producer and the greatest consumer in the world; that none is more apt at squeezing out and absorbing the quintessence of things; that it has developed its wants at the same time as its resources; and you involuntarily think of those insects which, after their metamorphosis, are suddenly provided with teeth, feelers, unwearying claws, admirable and terrible instruments, fitted to dig, saw, build, do everything, but furnished also with incessant hunger and four stomachs.

How is the ant-hill governed? As the train advances, you perceive, amidst farms and cultivation, the long wall of a park, the façade of a castle, more generally of some vast ornate mansion, a sort of country town-house, of inferior architecture, Gothic or Italian pretensions, but surrounded by beautiful lawns, large trees scrupulously preserved. Here live the rich *bourgeois;* I am wrong, the word is false — I must say *gentlemen: bourgeois* is a French word, and signifies the lazy rich, who devote themselves to rest, and take no part in public life; here it is quite different; the hundred or hundred and twenty thousand families, who spend thousands and more annually, really govern the country. And this is no government imported, implanted artificially and from without; it is a spontaneous and natural government. As soon as men wish to act together, they need leaders; every association, voluntary or not, has one; whatever it be, state, army, ship, or commonalty, it cannot do without a guide to find the road, enter it, call the rest, scold the laggards. In vain we call ourselves independent; as soon as we march in a body, we need a leader; we look right and left expecting him to show himself. The great thing is to pick him out, to have the best, and not to follow another in his stead; it is a great advantage that there should be one, and that we should acknowledge him. These men, without popular election, or selection from above, find him ready made and recognized in the influential landholder, an old county man, powerful through his connections, dependents, tenantry, interested above all else by his great possessions in the affairs of the neighborhood, expert in the concerns which his family have managed for three generations, most fitted by education to give good advice, and by his influence to lead the common enterprise to a good result. In fact, it is thus that things fall out; rich men leave London by hundreds every day to spend a day in the country; there is a meeting on the affairs

of the county or of the church; they are magistrates, overseers, presidents of all kinds of societies, and this gratuitously. One has built a bridge at his own expense, another a church or a school; many establish public libraries, with warmed and lighted rooms, in which the villagers in the evening find the papers, games, tea, at low charges, — in a word, simple amusements which may keep them from the gin-shop. Many of them give lectures; their sisters or daughters teach in Sunday schools; in fact, they give to the ignorant and poor, at their own expense, justice, administration, civilization. I have seen one, having an enormous fortune, who on Sunday in his school taught singing to little girls. Lord Palmerston offered his park for archery meetings; the Duke of Marlborough opens his daily to the public, "requesting (this is the word used) the public not to destroy the grass." A firm and proud sentiment of duty, a genuine public spirit, a liberal notion of what a gentlemen owes to himself, gives them a moral superiority which sanctions their command; probably from the time of the old Greek cities, no education or condition has been seen in which the innate nobility of man has received a more wholesome or completer development. In short, they are magistrates and patrons from their birth, leaders of the great enterprises in which capital is risked, promoters of all charities, all improvements, all reforms, and with the honors of command they accept its burdens. For observe, in contrast with other aristocracies, they are well educated, liberal, and march in the van, not at the tail of public civilization. They are not drawing-room exquisites, as our marquises of the eighteenth century: a lord visits his fisheries, studies the system of liquid manures, speaks to the purpose about cheese; and his son is often a better rower, walker, and boxer than the farmers. They are not malcontents, like the French nobility, behind their age, devoted to whist, and regretting the middle-ages. They have travelled through Europe, and often farther; they know languages and literature; their daughters read Schiller, Manzoni, and Lamartine with ease. By means of reviews, newspapers, innumerable volumes of geography, statistics, and travels, they have the world at their finger-ends. They support and preside over scientific societies. If the free inquirers of Oxford, amidst conventional rigor, have been able to give their explanations of the Bible, it is because they knew themselves to be backed by enlightened laymen of the highest rank. There is also no danger that this aristocracy

of talent should become a set; it renews itself; a great physician, a profound lawyer, an illustrious general, become ennobled and found families. When a manufacturer or merchant has gained a large fortune, he first thinks of acquiring an estate; after two or three generations his family has taken root, and shares in the government of the country: in this way the best saplings of the great popular forest come to recruit the aristocratic nursery. Mark, in the last place, that the institution is not isolated. Throughout there are leaders recognized, respected, followed with confidence and deference, who feel their responsibility, and carry the burden as well as the advantages of the dignity. There is such an institution in marriage, by which the man incontestably rules, followed by his wife to the end of the world, faithfully waited for in the evenings, unshackled in his business, of which he does not speak. There is such in the family, when the father can disinherit his children, and keeps up with them, in the most petty circumstances of daily life, a degree of authority and dignity unknown in France: if in England a son, through ill-health, has been away for some time from his home, he dare not come into the county to see his father without leave; a servant to whom I gave my card refused to take it, saying, "Oh! I dare not now. Master is dining." There is respect in all ranks, in the workshops as in the fields, in the army as in the family. Throughout there are inferiors and superiors who feel themselves so; if the mechanism of established power were thrown out of gear, we should behold it reconstructed of itself; below the legal constitution is the social, and human action is forced into a solid mould prepared for it.

It is because this aristocratic network is strong that human action can be free; for local and natural government being rooted throughout, like ivy, by a hundred small, ever-growing fibres, the sudden movements, violent as they are, are not capable of pulling it up altogether. In vain men speak, cry out, call meetings, hold processions, form leagues: they will not demolish the state; they have not to deal with a set of functionaries who have not real hold on the country, and who, like all external applications, can be replaced by another set; the thirty or forty gentlemen of a district, rich, influential, trusted, useful as they are, will become the leaders of the district. "As we see in the papers," says Montesquieu, speaking of England, "that they are playing

the devil, we fancy that the people will revolt to-morrow." Not at all, it is their way of speaking; they only talk loudly and rudely. Two days after I arrived in London, I saw advertising men walking with a placard on their backs and their stomachs, bearing these words: "Great usurpation! Outrage of the Lords, in their vote on the budget, against the right of the people." But then the placard added, "Fellow-countrymen, petition!" Things end thus; they argue in free terms, and if the reasoning is good it will spread. Another time, in Hyde Park, orators were declaiming in the open air against the Lords, who were called rogues. The audience applauded or hissed, as it pleased them. "After all," said an Englishman to me, "this is how we manage our business. With us, when a man has an idea, he writes it; a dozen men think it good, and then all contribute money to publish it; this creates a little association, which grows, prints cheap pamphlets, gives lectures, then petitions, calls forth public opinion, and at last takes the matter into Parliament; Parliament refuses or delays it; yet the matter gains weight: the majority of the nation pushes, forces open the doors, and then you 'll have a law passed." It is open to every one to do this; workmen can league against their masters; in fact, their associations embrace all England; at Preston I believe there was once a strike which lasted more than six months. They will sometimes mob, but never revolt; they know political economy by this time, and understand that to do violence to capital is to suppress work. Above all, they are cool; here, as elsewhere, temperament has great influence. Anger, blood, does not rise at once to their eyes, as in the southern nations; a long interval always separates idea from action, and wise arguments, repeated calculations, occupy the interval. Go to a meeting, consider men of every condition, the ladies who come for the thirtieth time to hear the same speech, full of figures, on education, cotton, wages. They do not seem to be wearied; they can bring argument against argument, be patient, protest gravely, recommence their protest; they are the same people who wait for the train on the platform, without getting crushed, and who play cricket for a couple of hours without raising their voices or quarrelling for an instant. Two coachmen, who run into one another, set themselves free without storming or scolding. Thus their political association endures; they can be free because they have natural leaders and patient nerves. After all, the state is a machine like other machines; try to have good

wheels, and take care you don't break them; Englishmen have the double advantage of possessing very good ones, and of managing them coolly.

Such is our Englishman, with his provision and his administration. Now that he has provided for private comfort and public security, what will he do, and how will he govern himself in this higher, nobler domain, to which man climbs to contemplate beauty and truth? At all events, the arts do not lead him there. That vast London is monumental; but, like the castle of a man who has become rich, everything there is well preserved and costly, but nothing more. Those lofty houses of massive stone, burdened with porches, short columns, Greek decorations, are generally gloomy; the poor columns of the monuments seem washed with ink. On Sunday, in foggy weather, you would think yourself in a cemetery; the perfect readable names on the houses, in brass letters, are like sepulchral inscriptions. There is nothing beautiful: at most, the varnished middle-class houses, with their patch of green, are pleasant; we feel that they are well kept, commodious, capital for a business man who wants to amuse himself and unbend after a hard day's work. But a finer and higher sentiment could relish nothing there. As to the statutes, it is difficult not to laugh at them. You should see the Duke of Wellington, with his cocked hat with iron plumes; Nelson, with a cable which serves him for a tail, planted on his column, and pierced by a lightning-conductor, like a rat impaled on the end of a pole; or again, the half-dressed Waterloo Generals crowned by Victory. The English, though flesh and bone, seem manufactured out of sheet-iron: how much more so will English statues look? They pride themselves on their painting; at least they study it with surprising minuteness, in the Chinese fashion; they can paint a bottle of hay so exactly, that a botanist will tell the species of every stalk; one artist lived three months under canvas on a heath, so that he might thoroughly know heath. Many are excellent observers, especially of moral expression, and succeed very well in showing you the soul in the face; we are instructed by looking at them; we go through a course of psychology with them; they can illustrate a novel; you would be touched by the poetic and dreamy meaning of many of their landscapes. But in genuine painting, picturesque painting, they are revolting. I do not think there were ever laid upon canvas such crude colors, such stiff forms, stuffs so much like tin, such

glaring contrasts. Fancy an opera with nothing but false notes in it. You may see landscapes painted blood-red, trees which split the canvas, turf which looks like a pot of overturned green, Christs looking as if they were baked and preserved in oil, expressive stags, sentimental dogs, undressed women, to whom we should like forthwith to offer a garment. In music, they import the Italian opera; it is an orange tree kept up at a great cost in the midst of beetroots. The arts require idle, delicate minds, not stoics, especially not puritans, easily shocked by dissonance, inclined to sensuous pleasure, employing their long periods of leisure, their free reveries, in harmoniously arranging, and with no other object but enjoyment, forms, colors, and sounds. I need not say that here the bent of mind is quite opposite; and we see clearly enough why, amidst these combative politicians, these laborious toilers, these men of energetic action, art can but produce exotic or ill-shaped fruit.

Not so in science; but in science there are two divisions. It may be treated as a business, to glean and verify observations, to combine experiences, to arrange figures, to weigh probabilities, to discover facts, partial laws, to possess laboratories, libraries, societies charged with storing and increasing positive knowledge; in all this Englishmen excel. They have even Lyells, Darwins, Owens, able to embrace and renew a science; in the construction of the vast edifice, the industrious masons, masters of the second rank, are not lacking; it is the great architects — the thinkers, the genuine speculative minds, who fail them. Philosophy, especially metaphysics, is as little indigenous here as music and painting; they import it, and yet they leave the best part on the road. Carlyle was obliged to transform it into a mystical poetry, humorous and prophetic fancies; Hamilton touched upon it only, to declare it chimerical; Stuart Mill, Buckle, only seized the most palpable part,—a heavy residuum, positivism. It is not in metaphysics that the English mind can find its vent. It is on other objects that the spirit of liberal inquiry — the sublime instincts of the mind, the craving for the universal and the infinite, the desire of ideal and perfect things — will fall back. Let us take the day on which the hush of business leaves a free field for disinterested aspirations. There is no more striking spectacle for a foreigner than Sunday in London. The streets are empty, and the churches full. An Act of Parliament forbids any playing to-day, public or private; the public-houses are not allowed to harbor people during divine

service. Moreover, all respectable people are at worship; the seats are full; it is not as in France, where there are none but servants, old women, a few sleepy people, of private means, and a sprinkling of elegant ladies; but in England we see men well dressed, or at least decently clad, and as many gentlemen as ladies in church. Religion does not remain out of the pale, and below the standard of public culture; the young, the learned, the best of the nation, all the upper and middle classes, continue attached to it. The clergyman, even in a village, is not a peasant's son, with not much polish, fresh from college, shackled in a cloistral education, separated from society by celibacy, half-buried in mediævalism. He is a man of the times, often a man of the world, often of good family, with the interests, habits, liberties of other men; keeping sometimes a carriage, several servants, having elegant manners, generally well informed, who has read and still reads. On all these grounds he is able to be in his neighborhood the leader of ideas, as his neighbor the squire is the leader of business. If he does not walk in the same path as the free-thinkers, he is not more than a step or two behind them; a modern man, a Parisian, can talk with him on all lofty themes, and not perceive a gulf between his own mind and the clergyman's. Strictly speaking, he is a layman like you; the only difference is, that he is a superintendent of morality. Even in his externals, except for occasional bands and the perpetual white tie, he is like you; at first sight, you would take him for a professor, a magistrate, or a notary; and his sermons agree with his person. He does not anathematize the world; in this his doctrine is modern; he follows the broad path in which the Renaissance and the Reformation have impelled religion. When Christianity arose, eighteen centuries ago, it was in the East, in the land of the Essenes and Therapeutists, amid universal decay and despair, when the only deliverance seemed a renunciation of the world, an abandonment of civil life, destruction of the natural instincts, and a daily waiting for the kingdom of God. When it rose again, three centuries ago, it was in the West, amongst laborious and half-free peoples, amidst universal restoration and invention, when man, improving his condition, regained confidence in his worldly destiny, and widely expanded his faculties. No wonder if the new Protestantism differs from the ancient Christianity, if it enjoins action instead of preaching asceticism, if it authorizes comforts in place of prescribing mortification, if it honors

marriage, work, patriotism, inquiry, science, all natural affections and faculties, in place of praising celibacy, retreat, scorn of the age, ecstasy, captivity of mind, and mutilation of the heart. By this infusion of the modern spirit, Christianity has received new blood, and Protestantism now constitutes, with science, the two motive organs, and, as it were, the double heart, of European life. For, in accepting the rehabilitation of the world, it has not renounced the purification of man's heart; on the contrary, it is towards this that it has directed its whole effort. It has cut off from religion all the portions which are not this very purification, and, by reducing it, has strengthened it. An institution, like a machine, and like a man, is the more powerful for being more special: a work is done better because it is done singly, and because we concentrate ourselves upon it. By the suppression of legends and religious practices, human thought in its entirety has been concentrated on a single object — moral amelioration. It is of this men speak in the churches, gravely and coldly, with a succession of sensible and solid arguments; how a man ought to reflect on his duties, mark them one by one in his mind, make for himself principles, have a sort of inner code, freely accepted and firmly established, to which he may refer all his actions without bias or hesitation; how these principles may be rooted by practice; how unceasing examination, personal effort, the continual edification of himself by himself, ought slowly to confirm our resolution in uprightness. These are the questions which, with a multitude of examples, proofs, appeals to daily experience, are brought forward in all the pulpits to develop in man a voluntary reformation, a guard and empire over himself, the habit of self-restraint, and a kind of modern stoicism, almost as noble as the ancient. On all hands laymen help in this; and moral warning, given by literature as well as by theology, unites, in harmony, society and the clergy. Hardly ever does a book paint a man in a disinterested manner; critics, philosophers, historians, novelists, poets even, give a lesson, maintain a theory, unmask or punish a vice, represent a temptation overcome, relate the history of a character becoming formed. Their exact and minute description of sentiments ends always in approbation or blame; they are not artists, but moralists; it is only in a Protestant country that you will find a novel entirely occupied in describing the progress of moral sentiment in a child of twelve. All co-operate in this direction in religion, and even in the mystic part of it. Byzan-

tine distinctions and subtleties have been allowed to fall away; Germanic curiosities and speculations have not been introduced; the God of conscience reigns alone; feminine sweetness has been cut off; we do not fine the husband of souls, the lovable consoler, whom the "Imitation of Jesus Christ" follows even in his tender dreams; something manly breathes from religion in England; we find that the Old Testament, the severe Hebrew Psalms, have left their imprint here. It is no longer an intimate friend to whom a man confides his petty desires, his small troubles, a sort of affectionate and quite human priestly guide; it is no longer a king whose relations and courtiers he tries to gain over, and from whom he looks for favors or places; we see in him only a guardian of duty, and we speak to him of nothing else. What we ask of him is the strength to be virtuous, the inner renewal by which we become capable of always doing good; and such a prayer is in itself a sufficient lever to tear a man from his weaknesses. What we know of the Deity is that he is perfectly just; and such a reliance suffices to represent all the events of life as an approach to the reign of justice. Strictly speaking, justice alone exists; the world is a figure which conceals it, but heart and conscience sustain it, and there is nothing important or true in man but the embrace by which he holds it. So speak the old grave prayers, the severe hymns which are sung in the church, accompanied by the organ. Though a Frenchman, and brought up in a different religion, I heard them with sincere admiration and emotion. Serious and grand poems, which, opening a path to the infinite, let a ray of light into the limitless darkness, and satisfy the deep poetic instincts, the vague desire of sublimity and melancholy, which this race has manifested from its origin, and which it has preserved to the end.

TORQUATO TASSO.

TASSO, TORQUATO, a distinguished Italian poet; born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544; died at Rome, April 25, 1595. He studied in the best Italian schools, and at the age of seventeen received high honors from the University of Padua. He devoted himself wholly to letters, and at eighteen wrote the epic poem "Rinaldo," which won for him a high reputation. His epic "La Gerusalemme Liberata" ("Jerusalem Delivered") was completed in 1575, and Tasso was appointed historiographer of the ducal house of Ferrara. In 1577 Tasso fled from Ferrara. After a couple of years he returned, was arrested, and confined as a madman in the Hospital of Santa Anna for seven years. In 1586 he was released, and spent some years mainly at Naples and Rome. He went to Rome for the last time in the autumn of 1594. His health gave way, and he was taken to the Monastery of St. Onofrio, where he died April 25, 1595. The "Jerusalem Delivered" holds an acknowledged place among the great epics of the world. Among Tasso's other works are "Aminta," a pastoral drama (1581); "Rime insiemi con altro Conponimenti" (1581); "Dialoghi e Discorsi" (1586–87); and "Gerusalemme Conquistata" (1593).

THE CRUSADERS' FIRST SIGHT OF THE HOLY CITY.

(From "Jerusalem Delivered.")

THE purple morning left her crimson bed,
And donned her robe of pure vermilion hue;
Her amber locks she crowned with roses red,
In Eden's flowery gardens gathered new:
When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread;
Arm, arm! they cried; arm, arm! the trumpets blew
Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast:
So hum small bees, before their swarms they cast.

Their captain rules their courage, guides their heat,
Their forwardness he stays with gentle rein:
And yet more easy, haply, were the feat,
To stop the current near Charybdis's main,

Or calm the blustering winds on mountains great,
  Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain:
He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,
For well he knows disordered speed makes waste.

Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight;
  Swiftly they marched, yet were not tired thereby,
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light:
  But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight,
  Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts and acclamations sweet.

As when a troop of jolly sailors row,
  Some new-found land and country to descry;
Through dangerous seas and under stars unknown,
  Thrall to the faithless waves and trothless sky;
If once the wishèd shore begin to show,
  They all salute it with a joyful cry,
And each to other show the land in haste,
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

To that delight which their first sight did breed,
  That pleasèd so the secret of their thought,
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,
  That reverend fear and trembling with it brought.
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread
  Upon that town where Christ was sold and bought,
Where for our sins he, faultless, suffered pain,
There where he died, and where he lived again.

Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears,
  Rose from their breasts, with joy and pleasure mixt;
For thus fares he, the Lord aright that fears, —
  Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixt;
Such noise their passions make, as when one hears
  The hoarse sea-waves roar hollow rocks betwixt;
Or as the wind in hoults and shady greaves
A murmur makes among the boughs and leaves.

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
  Following th' ensample of their zealous guide;
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay,
  They quickly doft and willing laid aside:

Their molten hearts their wonted pride allay,
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide;
And then such secret speech as this they used,
While to himself each one himself accused: —

"Flower of goodness, root of lasting bliss,
Thou well of life, whose streams were purple blood
That flowèd here, to cleanse the foul amiss
Of sinful man, — behold this brinish flood,
That from my melting heart distillèd is;
Receive in gree these tears, O Lord so good:
For never wretch with sin so overgone
Had fitter time or greater cause to moan."

Description of the Sorceress Armida.

(From "Jerusalem Delivered.")

[Idriot, a magician, at the instigation of the powers of Hell sends hi[illegible] Armida, who is an enchantress, to the camp of the Crusaders to seduce the c[illegible]

Armida, in her youth and beauty's pride,
Assumed th' adventure; and at close of day,
Eve's vesper star her solitary guide,
Alone, untended, took her secret way.
In clustering locks and feminine array,
Armed with but loveliness and frolic youth,
She trusts to conquer mighty kings, and slay
Embattled hosts; meanwhile false rumors soothe
The light censorious crowd, sagacious of the truth.

Few days elapsed, ere to her wishful view
The white pavilions of the Latins rise;
The camp she reached: her wondrous beauty drew
The gaze and admiration of all eyes;
Not less than if some strange star in the skies,
Or blazing comet's more resplendent tire
Appeared: a murmur far below her flies,
And crowds press round, to listen or inquire
Who the fair pilgrim is, and soothe their eyes' desire.

Never did Greece or Italy behold
A form to fancy and to taste so dear!
At times the white veil dims her locks of gold,
At times in bright relief they reappear:

So when the stormy skies begin to clear,
Now through transparent clouds the sunshine gleams;
Now issuing from its shrine, the gorgeous sphere
Lights up the leaves, flowers, mountains, vales, and streams,
With a diviner day — the spirit of bright beams.

New ringlets form the flowing winds amid
The native curls of her resplendent hair;
Her eye is fixed in self-reserve, and hid
Are all love's treasures with a miser's care;
The rival roses, upon cheeks more fair
Than morning light, their mingling tints dispose;
But on her lips, from which the amorous air
Of Paradise exhales, the crimson rose
Its sole and simple bloom in modest beauty throws.

Crude as the grape unmellowed yet to wine,
Her bosom swells to sight: its virgin breasts,
Smooth, soft, and sweet, like alabaster shine,
Part bare, part hid, by her invidious vests;
Their jealous fringe the greedy eye arrests,
But leaves its fond imagination free
To sport, like doves, in those delicious nests,
And their most shadowed secrecies to see,
Peopling with blissful dreams the lively phantasy.

As through pure water or translucent glass
The sunbeam darts, yet leaves the crystal sound,
So through her folded robes unruffling pass
The thoughts, to wander on unforbidden ground:
There daring Fancy takes her fairy round,
Such wondrous beauties singly to admire;
Which, in a pleasing fit of transport bound,
She after paints and whispers to desire,
And with her charming tale foments th' excited fire.

Praised and admired, Armida passed amid
The wishful multitude, nor seemed to spy,
Though well she saw the interest raised, but hid
In her deep heart the smile that to her eye
Darted in prescience of the conquests nigh.
Whilst in the mute suspense of troubled pride
She sought, with look solicitous yet shy,
For her uncertain feet an ushering guide
To the famed captain's tent, young Eustace pressed her side.

The Crusaders go in Procession to Mass, Preparato to the Assault.

(From "Jerusalem Delivered.")

Next morn the bishops twain, the heremite,
And all the clerks and priests of less estate,
Did in the middest of the camp unite
Within a place for prayer consecrate:
Each priest adorned was in a surplice white,
The bishops donned their albes and copes of state;
Above their rochets buttoned fair before,
And mitres on their heads like crowns they wore.

Peter alone, before, spread to the wind
The glorious sign of our salvation great:
With easy pace the choir came all behind,
And hymns and psalms in order true repeat;
With sweet respondence in harmonious kind,
Their humble song the yielding air doth beat.
Lastly together went the reverend pair
Of prelates sage, William and Ademare.

The mighty duke came next, as princes do,
Without companion, marching all alone;
The lords and captains came by two and two;
The soldiers for their guard were armed each one.
With easy pace thus ordered, passing through
The trench and rampire, to the fields they gone;
No thundering drum, no trumpet shrill they hear, —
Their godly music psalms and prayers were.

To thee, O Father, Son, and sacred Spright,
One true, eternal, everlasting King,
To Christ's dear mother Mary, virgin bright,
Psalms of thanksgiving and of praise they sing;
To them that angels down from heaven, to fight
'Gainst the blasphemous beast and dragon, bring;
To him also that of our Saviour good
Washèd the sacred front in Jordan's flood;

Him likewise they invoke, callèd the rock
Whereon the Lord, they say, his Church did rear,
Whose true successors close or else unlock
The blessed gates of grace and mercy dear;

And all th' elected twelve, the chosen flock,
Of his triumphant death who witness bear;
And them by torment, slaughter, fire, and sword,
Who martyrs dièd to confirm his word;

And them also whose books and writings tell
What certain path to heavenly bliss us leads;
And hermits good and anch'resses, that dwell
Mewed up in walls, and mumble on their beads;
And virgin nuns in close and private cell,
Where (but shrift fathers) never mankind treads:
On these they callèd, and on all the rout
Of angels, martyrs, and of saints devout.

Singing and saying thus, the camp devout
Spread forth her zealous squadrons broad and wide;
Towards Mount Olivet went all this rout, —
So called of olive-trees the hill which hide;
A mountain known by fame the world throughout,
Which riseth on the city's eastern side,
From it divided by the valley green
Of Josaphat, that fills the space between.

Hither the armies went, and chaunted shrill,
That all the deep and hollow dales resound;
From hollow mounts and caves in every hill
A thousand echoes also sung around:
It seemed some choir that sung with art and skill
Dwelt in those savage dens and shady ground,
For oft resounded from the banks they hear
The name of Christ and of his mother dear.

Armida Ensnares Rinaldo.

Armida hunted him through wood and plain,
Till on Orontes's flowery bank he stayed;
There, where the stream did part and meet again,
And in the midst a gentle island made,
A pillar fair was pight beside the main,
Near which a little frigate floating laid;
The marble white the prince did long behold,
And this inscription read there writ in gold: —

"Whoso thou art whom will or chance doth bring
With happy steps to flood Orontes's sides,
Know that the world hath not so strange a thing
'Twixt east and west as this small island hides;

Then pass and see without more tarrying."
The hasty youth to pass the stream provides;
And, for the cog was narrow, small, and strait,
Alone he rowed, and bade his squires there wait.

Landed, he stalks about, yet naught he sees
But verdant groves, sweet shades, and mossy rocks,
With caves and fountains, flowers, herbs, and trees;
So that the words he read he takes for mocks:
But that green isle was sweet at all degrees,
Wherewith, enticed, down sits he and unlocks
His closèd helm, and bares his visage fair,
To take sweet breath from cool and gentle air.

A rumbling sound amid the waters deep
Meanwhile he heard, and thither turned his sight,
And tumbling in the troubled stream took keep
How the strong waves together rush and fight;
Whence first he saw, with golden tresses, peep
The rising visage of a virgin bright,
And then her neck, her breast, and all as low
As he for shame could see or she could show.

So in the twilight doth sometimes appear
A nymph, a goddess, or a fairy queen:
And though no syren but a sprite this were,
Yet by her beauty seemed it she had been
One of those sisters false which haunted near
The Tyrrhene shores, and kept those waters sheen;
Like theirs her face, her voice was, and her sound:
And thus she sung, and pleased both skies and ground.

"Ye happy youths, whom April fresh and May
Attire in flowering green of lusty age,
For glory vain or virtue's idle ray
Do not your tender limbs to toil engage:
In calm streams fishes, birds in sunshine play,
Who followeth pleasure he is only sage.
So nature saith, — yet 'gainst her sacred will
Why still rebel you, and why strive you still?

"O fools, who youth possess yet scorn the same,
A precious but a short-abiding treasure, —
Virtue itself is but an idle name,
Prized by the world 'bove reason all and mea

And honor, glory, praise, renown, and fame,
That men's proud hearts bewitch with tickling pleasure,
An echo is, a shade, a dream, a flower,
With each wind blasted, spoiled with every shower.

"But let your happy souls in joy possess
The ivory castles of your bodies fair;
Your passèd harms salve with forgetfulness;
Haste not your coming ills with thought and care;
Regard no blazing star with burning tress,
Nor storm, nor threatening sky, nor thundering air:
This wisdom is, good life, and worldly bliss;
Kind teacheth us, nature commands us this."

Thus sung the spirit false, and stealing sleep
(To which her tunes enticed his heavy eyes)
By step and step did on his senses creep,
Till every limb therein unmovèd lies;
Not thunders loud could from this slumber deep
(Of quiet death true image) make him rise;
Then from her ambush forth Armida start,
Swearing revenge, and threatening torments smart:

But when she lookèd on his face awhile,
And saw how sweet he breathed, how still he lay,
How his fair eyes though closèd seem to smile,
At first she stayed, astound with great dismay;
Then sat her down (so love can art beguile),
And as she sat and looked, fled fast away
Her wrath. Thus on his forehead gazed the maid,
As in his spring Narcissus tooting laid.

And with a veil she wipèd now and then
From his fair cheek the globes of silver sweat
And cool air gathered with a trembling fan
To mitigate the rage of melting heat:
Thus (who would think it?) his hot eye-glance can
Of that cold frost dissolve the hardness great
Which late congealed the heart of that fair dame,
Who, late a foe, a lover now became.

Of woodbines, lilies, and of roses sweet,
Which proudly flowered through that wanton plain,
All platted fast, well knit, and joinèd meet,
She framed a soft but surely holding chain,

Wherewith she bound his neck, his hands, and feet.
Thus bound, thus taken, did the prince remain,
And in a coach, which two old dragons drew,
She laid the sleeping knight, and thence she flew.

Nor turned she to Damascus's kingdom large,
Nor to the fort built in Asphalte's lake,
But jealous of her dear and precious charge,
And of her love ashamed, the way did take
To the wide ocean, whether skiff or barge
From us both seld or never voyage make,
And there, to frolic with her love awhile,
She chose a waste, a sole and desert isle;

An isle that with her fellows bears the name
Of Fortunate, for temperate air and mould:
There on a mountain high alight the dame,
A hill obscured with shades of forests old,
Upon whose sides the witch by art did frame
Continual snow, sharp frost, and winter cold;
But on the top, fresh, pleasant, sweet, and green,
Beside a lake a palace built this queen:

There in perpetual, sweet, and flowering spring,
She lives at ease, and 'joys her lord at will.

BARONESS TAUTPHOEUS.

TAUTPHOEUS, JEMIMA (MONTGOMERY), BARONESS VON, a British velist; born at Seaview, County Donegal, Ireland, October 23, 7; died at Munich, Bavaria, November 12, 1893. In 1838 was married to the Baron von Tautphoeus, royal chamber- n of Bavaria, and the remainder of her life was passed in Bavaria. er first novel, "The Initials" (1850), after the lapse of half a atury not only retains its early popularity, but the favor of com- tent critics as well. Her other novels are "Cyrilla" (1853); Quits" (1857); "At Odds" (1863).

A MODERN IDYL.

(From "Quits.")

IT is to be hoped that Nora, and even Torp, have excited ifficient interest to make the reader unwilling to leave them t the door of the fisherman's house in the state described by ob as "Wet by the showers of the mountains." Nora's clothes ere not only saturated with rain, but torn and soiled in a anner difficult to describe, and Torp had so recently emerged rom the lake, that the water still trickled unceasingly from oth his garments and hair.

The old fisherman, whose own curiosity had been in a great easure satisfied during his row across the lake, put an end to is wife's and daughter's questions, and exclamations, by push- ig them towards the staircase, and telling them to get dry othes for the young lady — to give her the best they had, and e choice of their Sunday suits. He made the same offer on e part of his son to Torp, and the whole party began to ount the narrow steep stairs together.

While the fisherman's wife unlocked the door of her state- oom, Nora turned to Torp, and, with unusual warmth of man- er, thanked him for having saved her from the calamity, if ot peril, of passing the night without shelter on the moun-

tains. "I am aware," she added, "that you put yourself into danger by coming to my rescue."

"Not so much as you suppose, Miss Nixon," said Torp, interrupting her, "my fishing and hunting expeditions have made me tolerably well acquainted with the country hereabouts. For you there was undoubtedly danger had you remained alone, but being together, there was none, excepting, perhaps, that of your not having strength to reach this place for the night."

Charmed at his so magnanimously making light of his services, and relieving her mind of a weight of care and annoyance thereby, Nora extended her hand with a smile, and said, "I have incurred a debt of gratitude nevertheless, which ——" here she paused a moment, for Torp, who had taken her proffered hand, let it fall with suddenness that surprised her, and he was already turning away, as she added, "which I can never in any way repay."

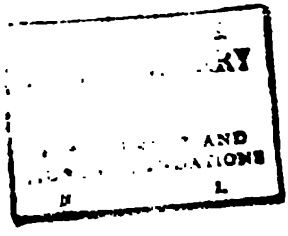
Though Torp's actions, and not his thoughts, have hitherto been chiefly deemed worthy of notice, the latter here deserve a place to explain an ungraciousness so strongly in contrast to all he had said and done during the previous five or six hours. Alas for the vanity of human nature — he had misunderstood the grateful glance of the dark eyes fixed on him so earnestly, and imagined nothing less than that he had found favor in them, and that after the manner of sentimental young ladies Nora might think it incumbent on her to bestow at least a portion of her heart on the man who had preserved her life! To put an end therefore to all such "stuff and nonsense," he scarcely looked at her while saying, "Really Miss Nixon, you attach too much importance to this little adventure; the small service rendered you this day, I should have considered it my duty as a Christian and a man to have offered to any one similarly situated."

"That ought not to lessen my sense of gratitude," rejoined Nora, in happy unconsciousness of the current of his thoughts, "and you must therefore allow me once more to thank you for having fulfilled the 'duties of a Christian and a man,' in a way so essentially serviceable to me."

"Pray say no more about it," cried Torp, with an impatient gesture. "You seem to have forgotten that you released me from a very unpleasant imprisonment this morning; if I have saved you from spending the night on the mountains, it is but

MUNICH

(Home of the Baroness Tautphoeus)



for a benefit received, and there is no occasion for
ı or thanks on either side."
k even more by the incivility of his manner than his
ſora turned abruptly to the attendant peasants, who
ıdering eyes, and half-open mouths, had been bewil-
teners of this dialogue, in a, to them, unknown tongue,
ng she should be much obliged for any clothes they
nd her, entered the low wooden-walled room with the
ı's two daughters, leaving Torp to make similar ar-
ıts with their brother.
ɔne less acquainted with the Bavarian highlands than
uld have had little hope of finding garments fit for
n the humble abode of an evidently very poor fisher-
he had observed that the house — low, and chiefly
wood — was very old, and the interior stained to the
ɔrown by age and smoke; that though the fisherman
wife wore stockings, the others had only shoes, and
:our little children had capered about on the wet grass
ə house perfectly barefooted; yet not for one moment
ıoubt that from the gayly-painted wardrobes in the
ı all her wants could be supplied, and she smiled and
l the admiration expected, when the eldest girl, with
ostentation, opened wide the doors of the linen-press
exhibit all its treasures, and then, by mistake as it
led out drawers containing green felt hats with gold
black bodices, and flaming colored neck-kerchiefs!
atience was however rewarded at last by a choice of
ıt white linen, blue and white stockings, and printed
ıd bright-colored stuff petticoats. From the elder girl
wed one of the latter, as it suited her in length, from
ger a slim maiden of thirteen, a black bodice and a
ıd green kerchief; a pair of well-knit stockings took
of her feet, but no shoes could be found in which she
lk, until, after having dried and freshly platted her
ccurred to the girls that "brother Hansl's new Sun-
would not be a bit too small for the young lady,"
ſunday boots of strong leather, double soled, well gar-
ith nails, and made to lace in front with thongs, were
produced. Fortunately they proved neither too long,
much too wide, and Nora, perfectly convinced of the
lity of ever again being able to make use of her own,
too glad to avoid the contingency of being boot or

shoeless the next day when the time came for her return to Almenau.

The passage outside the room was very dark, and as one of the girls remained behind to put everything in order again, and close the wardrobes, unceremoniously retaining the light for that purpose, Nora laid her hand on the arm of the other, and so groped her way to the staircase. At the foot of it, a red-flamed guttering candle in his hand, stood the fisherman's son, and near him Torp, completely equipped as a peasant, and looking remarkably well in a dress peculiarly calculated to show to advantage his well-proportioned muscular figure. With his arms folded, and head thrown back, he leaned against the open door of the kitchen, and Nora asked herself was it possible that the calm, indolently lounging personage before her could be the man whose unremitting energy and athletic strength she had during that day, so much against her inclination, been forced to admire. Greatly she rejoiced that he had spurned her thanks, and reminded her so opportunely that she had released him from imprisonment. And it was true, quite true, that she had been brought into an unpleasant predicament, and some danger, by her effort to relieve him from a situation just as unpleasant, and nearly as perilous, as her own had been subsequently. In short, as he had himself observed, she had been useful to him, and he to her, and now they were mutually free from all obligation.

"Anything you please," said Torp at that moment, as if in answer to some question on the part of the fisherman's wife; "give us anything you please, provided it be quickly. People who have not eaten for so many hours are not likely to be dainty, and a walk across the mountains from the Wild Alp in such weather would give any one an appetite."

The woman laughed, threw fresh wood on the hearth to hurry the process of cooking; and as the flickering flame lighted up Torp's features, he bore so strong a resemblance to his mother, especially as Nora remembered her, sitting by the fireplace at The Willows on the memorable last evening there, that all her bitter feelings towards his family, and personal dislike to himself, returned with double force, and she passed on in silence to the dwelling-room, thinking how much she could have enjoyed so pleasant a termination to her mountain adventure had any one but Torp been her companion.

The sitting-room at the fisherman's was like all such apart-

nents in peasant's cottages, but the ceiling, composed of beams of wood darkened by age, was lower, and the windows smaller than in any room Nora had yet seen; and through the latter the moonlight entered sparingly. As for convenience and warmth, the winter store of fuel-wood was piled against the walls of the house, merely leaving free the space occupied by the diminutive square window-frames. The fisherman and his younger children were seated on the wooden bench with which the sides of the great green tile stove were furnished. Above their heads, suspended on a rail, hung shirts both large and small, worsted stockings and leggings, airing in preparation for the pilgrimage to the distant church the ensuing morning.

The children moved near to their father when Nora entered, and whispered eagerly, "She 's got Ursi's best green gown and Lina's new black bodice; and oh, father! they 've been and given her Hans's spick and span new boots."

The last words attracted the attention of a bare-legged boy who, sitting astride on the bench at the table, was watching intently the flame of the candle, evidently prepared with a pair of old rusty iron snuffers to swoop down on the wick whenever it had attained a length that would enable him to do so without incurring a reprimand from his father. He turned round, slid nimbly from the bench, bent forward to ascertain the truth of what he had heard, and then, resting the forefinger of the left hand on his under teeth, sidled towards his father, all the while gazing at Nora from beneath his eyebrows, with a mixture of curiosity and dismay.

As she took the place he had vacated, and drew him towards her by his shirt-sleeve, for jacket he had none, Torp entered the room.

"Hans," cried the fisherman, "take your finger out of your mouth and tell the young lady she 's welcome to the loan of your boots."

"It will not be for long," said Nora, smiling, "and when I send them back to you, Hans, you will find something that you like packed up in the same paper with them. Can you guess what it will be?"

Hans eyed her keenly, placed his thumbs beneath the faded green braces of his tightly-fitting black leather shorts, yielded to the impulse given by her hand, and on finding himself standing close beside her, asked shyly, "Is it a harmonica?"

"I think it is," she answered, "but I don't exactly know of what kind."

"You put it in your mouth and blow music," he rejoined, more confidently; "there were hundreds of them at the fair in Tyrol, but — they cost twelve kreutzers."

"Ah, exactly," said Nora; "and if there be anything else you would like, I can send it by the same opportunity."

"A great, great, big, long, smoked sausage," said the boy, to Nora's infinite amusement; and evidently gaining courage as she nodded her head and told him to go on.

"And a — bouquetal of real flowers" (he meant a bouquet of artificial ones, but Nora understood him). "And a bouquetal of real flowers for my holiday hat! and a — a fishing-line — and — and hooks," he continued, eagerly placing his hand on her arm to secure her attention, for just at that moment his mother entered the room, carrying in her hand a steaming iron pan, fresh from the kitchen fire, and containing a quantity of the chopped omelette called "schmarn." She deposited it on a tripod, placed on the table for the purpose, motioned to Torp to advance, gave him and Nora each a horn spoon and an enormous slice of very dark-brown bread, and then, placing her hands on her hips, uttered a sort of satisfied sigh, as she wished them a good appetite, and hoped they would not disdain what her poor house had to offer on so short a notice.

Nora not only reassured her, but flattered her vanity by immediately commencing to eat and praise with such thorough good-will that the whole family began to gather round her, while Torp, silently helping himself to his share from the other side of the pan, glanced towards her occasionally with a sort of amazement that, unknown to himself, began to verge on admiration.

When the remains of their repast had been removed, and Nora turned from him to talk to the fisherman and his wife about their cattle and crops, and then to the latter of her home-spun linen and the children's school attendance; to the fisherman's son of the forest clearings in the neighborhood, and the occupation that the sledging of the wood and charcoal gave the peasants in winter, Torp placed both his elbows on the table and leaned forward, surprised alike at her knowledge of such matters and the fluent highland *patois* in which she discussed them. He found himself wondering where she could have acquired both, when the fisherman drew him into the conver-

station by referring to his fishery, and describing his winter occupations. This subject interested Nora also, and she moved nearer to listen, taking up at the same time the ponderous half of a colossal blue stocking, and beginning to knit with a rapidity that only a German education could give.

For some reason which she would have found it difficult to explain, even to herself, Nora did not choose Torp to know how completely she was fatigued, so she forced herself to knit, and listen, until the effort became downright painful to her. The stocking seemed to widen immeasurably, and rise to her very eyes; the voice of the speakers sank into an indistinct murmur, like the hum of distant bees: one hand sought her forehead, to rub away the unwelcome drowsiness, but remained to support her drooping head; while the other, round which the blue thread was twisted in a manner incomprehensible to the uninitiated, at length fell powerless among the knitting-needles. A few faint struggles she made to raise her heavy eyelids, to look around her, to move, — in vain; overcome by weariness, she first slumbered lightly, then, slept profoundly.

The younger children had been taken off by their mother in succession; the elder girls had followed, and might be heard at work in the adjacent kitchen; the ticking of the clock in the wall became audible at intervals, for the fisherman alone continued to talk, Torp having ceased for some time to answer, even in monosyllables. He was, however, not sleeping, or even sleepy — on the contrary, very wide awake, though he no longer heard the voice of the speaker, or took cognizance of anything in the room, save the slumberer opposite him. Perhaps he had been attracted by the white hand and arm, that appeared so strikingly inappropriate to the short, coarse linen sleeve; or the rounded figure, that gave so much grace to a rustic costume of most ordinary materials; or the fair face, in perfect repose; or the braids of shining black hair; or the long eyelashes, or — or — all together, perhaps. Certain it is, that he might have seen Nora in London at fifty balls, and as many *déjeunés*, in the most splendid dresses that can be imagined; or spent a fortnight under the same roof, in the most distinguished and popular of country-houses, without her having had the power to interest and fascinate him as she had done that day, during the storm on the mountain, and in the dwelling-room of the fisherman's lonely cottage.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

TAYLOR, BAYARD, a famous American poet, traveller, and novelist; born at Kennett Square, Chester County, Pa., January 11, 1825; died at Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878. He began to write verses at the age of seventeen. In 1844 he put forth "Ximena," a small volume of poems, and soon afterward, having secured an engagement as a newspaper correspondent, he set off for Europe. Upon his return, in 1846, he published his first book of travels, "Views Afoot." In 1847 he became connected with the New York "Tribune," and made numerous journeys to different parts of the world; these journeys furnished materials for the following books: "A Journey to Central Africa" (1854); "The Lands of the Saracen" (1855); and "A Visit to India, China, and Japan" (1855). In 1856–57 he visited Northern Europe, and wrote "Northern Travel: Summer Pictures of Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland" (1858). His books of travel comprise eleven volumes, the latest being "Colorado, a Summer Trip" (1867); "Byways of Europe" (1869); "Egypt in the Year 1874" (1874). In 1862 he was appointed Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. In 1878 he was sent as United States Minister to Germany, but died not long after reaching Berlin. He wrote the following novels: "Hannah Thurston" (1863); "John Godfrey's Fortunes" (1864); "The Story of Kenneth" (1866); "Joseph and His Friend" (1870). He published several volumes of poems: "Poems of the Orient" (1855); "Poems of Home and Travel" (1855); "The Poet's Journal" (1863); "The Picture of St. John" (1866); "The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln" (1869); "The Masque of the Gods" (1872); "Lars, A Pastoral of Norway" (1873); "The Prophet, a Tragedy" (1874); "Home Pastorals" (1875); "The National Ode" (1876); "Prince Deukalion," a lyrical drama (1878). For several years he was engaged upon the translation of Goethe's "Faust," which was published in 1871.

THE BURNS FESTIVAL.

(From "Views Afoot.")

WE passed a glorious summer morning on the bank of Loch Katrine. The air was pure, fresh, and balmy, and the warm

sunshine glowed upon forest and lake, upon dark crag and purple mountain-top. The lake was a scene in fairyland. Returning over the rugged battle-plain in the jaws of the Trosachs, we passed the wild, lonely valley of Glenfinlas and Lanric Mead, at the head of Loch Vennachar, rounding the foot of Ben Ledi to Coilantogle Ford. We saw the desolate hills of Uam-var over which the stag fled from his lair in Glenartney, and keeping on through Callander, stopped for the night at a little inn on the banks of the Teith. The next day we walked through Doune, over the lowlands to Stirling. Crossing Allan Water and the Forth, we climbed Stirling Castle and looked on the purple peaks of the Ochill Mountains, the far Grampians, and the battle-fields of Bannockburn and Sheriff Muir. Our German comrade, feeling little interest in the memory of the poet-ploughman, left in the steamboat for Edinburgh; we mounted an English coach and rode to Falkirk, where we took the cars for Glasgow in order to attend the Burns Festival, on the 6th of August.

This was a great day for Scotland — the assembling of all classes to do honor to the memory of her peasant-bard. And right fitting was it, too, that such a meeting should be held on the banks of the Doon, the stream of which he has sung so sweetly, within sight of the cot where he was born, the beautiful monument erected by his countrymen, and more than all, beside "Alloway's witch-haunted wall!" One would think old Albyn would rise up at the call, and that from the wild hunters of the northern hills to the shepherds of the Cheviots, half her honest yeomanry would be there, to render gratitude to the memory of the sweet bard who was one of them, and who gave their wants and their woes such eloquent utterance.

For months before had the proposition been made to hold a meeting on the Doon, similar to the Shakespeare Festival on the Avon, and the 10th of July was first appointed for the day, but owing to the necessity of further time for preparation, it was postponed until the 6th of August. The Earl of Eglintoun was chosen Chairman, and Professor Wilson Vice-Chairman; in addition to this, all the most eminent British authors were invited to attend. A pavilion, capable of containing two thousand persons, had been erected near the monument, in a large field, which was thrown open to the public. Other preparations were made and the meeting was expected to be of the most interesting character.

When we arose it was raining, and I feared that the weather might dampen somewhat the pleasures of the day, as it had done to the celebrated tournament at Eglintoun Castle. We reached the station in time for the first train, and sped in the face of the wind over the plains of Ayrshire, which, under such a gloomy sky, looked most desolate. We ran some distance along the coast, having a view of the Hills of Arran, and reached Ayr about nine o'clock. We came first to the New Bridge, which had a triumphal arch in the middle, and the lines, from the "Twa Brigs of Ayr:" —

> "Will your poor narrow foot-path of a street,
> Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
> Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
> Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time?"

While on the arch of the "old brig" was the reply: —

> "I 'll be a brig when ye 're a shapeless stane."

As we advanced into the town, the decorations became more frequent. The streets were crowded with people carrying banners and wreaths, many of the houses were adorned with green boughs and the vessels in the harbor hung out all their flags. We saw the Wallace tower, a high Gothic building, having in front a statue of Wallace leaning on his sword, by Thom, a native of Ayr, and on our way to the green, where the procession was to assemble, passed under the triumphal arch thrown across the street opposite the inn where Tam o' Shanter caroused so long with Souter Johnny. Leaving the companies to form on the long meadow bordering the shore, we set out for the Doon, three miles distant. Beggars were seated at regular distances along the road, uttering the most dolorous whinings. Both bridges were decorated in the same manner, with miserable looking objects, keeping up, during the whole day, a continual lamentation. Persons are prohibited from begging in England and Scotland, but I suppose, this being an extraordinary day, license was given them as a favor, to beg free. I noticed that the women, with their usual kindness of heart, bestowed nearly all the alms which these unfortunate objects received. The night before, as I was walking through the streets of Glasgow, a young man of the poorer class, very scantily dressed, stepped up to me and begged me to listen to him for a moment. He spoke hurriedly, and agitatedly beg-

ging me, in God's name, to give him something, however little. I gave him what few pence I had with me, when he grasped my hand with a quick motion, saying: "Sir, you little think how much you have done for me." I was about to inquire more particularly into his situation, but he had disappeared among the crowd.

We passed the "cairn where hunters found the murdered bairn," along a pleasant road to the Burns cottage, where it was spanned by a magnificent triumphal arch of evergreens and flowers. To the disgrace of Scotland, this neat little thatched cot, where Burns passed the first seven years of his life, is now occupied by somebody, who has stuck up a sign over the door, "Licensed to retail spirits, to be drunk on the premises;" and accordingly the rooms were crowded full of people, all drinking. There was a fine original portrait of Burns in one room, and in the old-fashioned kitchen we saw the recess where he was born. The hostess looked towards us as if to inquire what we would drink, and I hastened away — there was profanity in the thought. But by this time, the bell of Old Alloway, which still hangs in its accustomed place, though the walls only are left, began tolling, and we obeyed the call. The attachment of the people for this bell is so great, that a short time ago, when it was ordered to be removed, the inhabitants rose *en masse*, and prevented it. The ruin, which is close by the road, stands in the middle of the churchyard, and the first thing I saw, on going in the gate, was the tomb of the father of Burns. I looked in the old window, but the interior was filled with rank weeds, and overshadowed by a young tree, which had grown nearly to the eaves.

The crowd was now fast gathering in the large field, in the midst of which the pavilion was situated. We went down by the beautiful monument to Burns, to the "Auld Brig o' Doon," which was spanned by an arch of evergreens, containing a representation of Tam o' Shanter and his gray mare, pursued by the witches. It had been arranged that the procession was to pass over the old and new bridges, and from thence by a temporary bridge over the hedge into the field. At this latter place a stand was erected for the sons of Burns, the officers of the day, and distinguished guests. Here was a beautiful specimen of English exclusiveness. The space adjoining the pavilion was fenced around, and admittance denied at first to any, except those who had tickets for the dinner, which, the

price being fifteen shillings, entirely prevented the humble laborers, who, more than all, should participate on the occasion, from witnessing the review of the procession by the sons of Burns, and hearing the eloquent speeches of Professor Wilson and Lord Eglintoun. Thus, of the many thousands who were in the field, but a few hundred, who were crowded between the bridge and a railing around the pavilion, enjoyed the interesting spectacle. By good fortune, I obtained a stand, where I had an excellent view of the scene. The sons of Burns were in the middle of the platform, with Eglintoun on the right, and Wilson on their left. Mrs. Begg, sister of the Poet, with her daughters, stood by the Countess of Eglintoun. She was a plain, benevolent looking woman, dressed in black, and appearing still active and vigorous, though she is upwards of eighty years old. She bears some likeness, especially in the expression of her eye, to the Poet. Robert Burns, the oldest son, appeared to me to have a strong resemblance of his father, and it is said he is the only one who remembers his face. He has for a long time had an office under Government, in London. The others have but lately returned from a residence of twenty years in India. Professor Wilson appeared to enter into the spirit of the scene better than any of them. He shouted and waved his hat, and, with his fine, broad forehead, his long brown locks already mixed with gray streaming over his shoulders, and that eagle eye glancing over the vast assemblage, seemed a real Christopher North, yet full of the fire and vigor of youth — "a gray-haired, happy boy!"

About half of the procession consisted of lodges of masons, all of whom turned out on the occasion, as Burns was one of the fraternity. I was most interested in several companies of shepherds, from the hills, with their crooks and plaids; a body of archers in Lincoln green, with a handsome chief at their head, and some Highlanders in their most picturesque of costumes. As one of the companies, which carried a mammoth thistle in a box, came near the platform, Wilson snatched a branch, regardless of its pricks, and placed it on his coat. After this pageant, which could not have been much less than three miles long, had passed, a band was stationed on the platform in the centre of the field, around which it formed in a circle, and the whole company sang, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon." Just at this time, a person dressed to represent Tam o' Shanter, mounted on a gray mare, issued from a

field near the Burns Monument and rode along towards Alloway Kirk, from which, when he approached it, a whole legion of witches sallied out and commenced a hot pursuit. They turned back, however, at the keystone of the bridge, the witch with the "cutty sark" holding up in triumph the abstracted tail of Maggie. Soon after this the company entered the pavilion, and the thousands outside were entertained, as an especial favor, by the band of the 87th Regiment, while from the many liquor booths around the field they could enjoy themselves in another way.

We went up to the Monument, which was of more particular interest to us, from the relics within, but admission was denied to all. Many persons were collected around the gate, some of whom, having come from a great distance, were anxious to see it; but the keeper only said, such were the orders and he could not disobey them. Among the crowd, a grandson of the original Tam o' Shanter was shown to us. He was a raw-looking boy of nineteen or twenty, wearing a shepherd's cap and jacket, and muttered his disapprobation very decidedly, at not being able to visit the Monument.

There were one or two showers during the day, and the sky, all the time, was dark and lowering, which was unfavorable for the celebration; but all were glad enough that the rain kept aloof till the ceremonies were nearly over. The speeches delivered at the dinner, which appeared in the papers next morning, are undoubtedly very eloquent. I noticed in the remarks of Robert Burns, in reply to Professor Wilson, an acknowledgment which the other speakers forgot. He said, "The Sons of Burns have grateful hearts, and to the last hour of their existence they will remember the honor that has been paid them this day, by the noble, the lovely, and the talented of their native land — by men of genius and kindred spirit from our sister land — and lastly, they owe their thanks to the inhabitants of the far distant west, a country of a great, free, and kindred people! (loud cheers)." In connection with this subject, I saw an anecdote of the Poet, yesterday, which is not generally known. During his connection with the Excise, he was one day at a party, where the health of Pitt, then minister, was proposed, as "his master and theirs." He immediately turned down his glass and said, "I will give you the health of a far greater and better man — GEORGE WASHINGTON!"

We left the field early and went back through the muddy

streets of Ayr. The street before the railway office was crowded, and there was so dense a mass of people on the steps, that it seemed almost impossible to get near. Seeing no other chance, I managed to take my stand on the lowest steps, where the pressure of the crowd behind and the working of the throng on the steps, raised me off my feet, and in about a quarter of an hour carried me, compressed into the smallest possible space, up the steps to the door, where the crowd burst in by fits, like water rushing out of a bottle. We esteemed ourselves fortunate in getting room to stand in an open car, where, after a two hours' ride through the wind and pelting rain, we arrived at Glasgow.

A Pilgrimage to Vallombrosa.

(From "Views Afoot.")

A pilgrimage to Vallombrosa! — in sooth it has a romantic sound. The phrase calls up images of rosaries, and crosses, and shaven-headed friars. Had we lived in the olden days, such things might verily have accompanied our journey to that holy monastery. We might then have gone barefoot, saying prayers as we toiled along the banks of the Arno and up the steep Apennines, as did Benevenuto Cellini, before he poured the melted bronze into the mould of his immortal Perseus. But we are pilgrims to the shrines of Art and Genius; the dwelling-places of great minds are our sanctuaries. The mean dwelling, in which a poet has battled down poverty with the ecstasy of his mighty conceptions, and the dungeon in which a persecuted philosopher has languished, are to us sacred; we turn aside from the palaces of kings and the battle-fields of conquerors, to visit them. The famed miracles of San Giovanni Gaulberto added little, in our eyes, to the interest of Vallombrosa, but there were reverence and inspiration in the names of Dante, Milton, and Ariosto.

We left Florence early, taking the way that leads from the Porta della Croce, up the north bank of the Aron. It was a bright morning, but there was a shade of vapor on the hills, which a practised eye might have taken as a prognostic of the rain that too soon came on. Fiesole, with its tower and Acropolis, stood out brightly from the blue background, and the hill of San Miniato lay with its cypress groves in the softest morning light. The Contadini were driving into the city in their basket wagons, and there were some fair young faces among them,

that made us think Italian beauty was not altogether in the imagination.

After walking three or four miles, we entered the Apennines, keeping along the side of the Arno, whose bed is more than half dried up from the long summer heats. The mountain sides were covered with vineyards, glowing with their wealth of white and purple grapes, but the summits were naked and barren. We passed through the little town of Ponte Sieve, at the entrance of a romantic valley, where our view of the Arno was made more interesting by the lofty range of the Apennines, amid whose forests we could see the white front of the monastery of Vallombrosa. But the clouds sank low and hid it from sight, and the rain came on so hard that we were obliged to take shelter occasionally in the cottages by the wayside. In one of these we made a dinner of the hard, black bread of the country, rendered palatable by the addition of mountain cheese and some chips of an antique Bologna sausage. We were much amused in conversing with the simple hosts and their shy, gypsy-like children, one of whom, a dark-eyed, curly-haired boy, bore the name of Raphael. We also became acquainted with a shoemaker and his family, who owned a little olive orchard and vineyard, which they said produced enough to support them. Wishing to know how much a family of six consumed in a year, we inquired the yield of their property. They answered, twenty small barrels of wine, and ten of oil. It was nearly sunset when we reached Pellago, and the wet walk and coarse fare we were obliged to take on the road well qualified us to enjoy the excellent supper the pleasant landlady gave us.

This little town is among the Apennines, at the foot of the magnificent mountain of Vallombrosa. What a blessing it was for Milton that he saw its loveliness before his eyes closed on this beautiful earth, and gained from it another hue in which to dip his pencil, when he painted the bliss of Eden! I watched the hills all day as we approached them, and thought how often his eyes had rested on their outlines, and how he had carried their forms in his memory for many a sunless year. The banished Dante, too, had trodden them, flying from his ungrateful country; and many another, whose genius has made him a beacon in the dark sea of the world's history. It is one of those places where the enjoyment is all romance, and the blood thrills as we gaze upon it.

We started early next morning, crossed the ravine, and took

the well-paved way to the monastery along the mountain side. The stones are worn smooth by the sleds in which ladies and provisions are conveyed up, drawn by the beautiful white Tuscan oxen. The hills are covered with luxuriant chestnut and oak trees, of those picturesque forms which they only wear in Italy: one wild dell in particular is much resorted to by painters for the ready-made foregrounds it supplies. Further on we passed the *Paterno*, a rich farm belonging to the Monks. The vines which hung from tree to tree were almost breaking beneath clusters as heavy and rich as those which the children of Israel bore on staves from the Promised Land. Of their flavor, we can say, from experience, they were worthy to have grown in Paradise. We then entered a deep dell of the mountain, where little shepherd girls were sitting on the rocks tending their sheep and spinning with their fingers from a distaff, in the same manner, doubtless, as the Roman shepherdess two thousand years ago. Gnarled, gray olive trees, centuries old, grew upon the bare soil, and a little rill fell in a tiny cataract down the glen. By a mill, in one of the coolest and wildest nooks I ever saw, two of us acted the part of water spirits under one of these, to the great astonishment of four peasants, who watched us from a distance.

Beyond, our road led through forests of chestnut and oak, and a broad view of mountain and vale lay below us. We asked a peasant boy we met, how much land the Monks of Vallombrosa possessed. "*All that you see!*" was the reply. The dominion of the good fathers reached once even to the gates of Florence. At length, about noon, we emerged from the woods into a broad avenue leading across a lawn, at whose extremity stood the massive buildings of the monastery. On the rock that towered above it was the *Paradisino*, beyond which rose the mountain, covered with forests —

> "Shade above shade, a woody theatre,
> Of stateliest view" —

as Milton describes it. We were met at the entrance by a young monk in cowl and cassock, to whom we applied for permission to stay till the next day, which was immediately given. Brother Placido (for that was his name) then asked us if we would not have dinner. We replied
none the worse for climbing the mou
sat down to a dinner, the like of

father, that he forsook the world, wherein he had lived with great luxury and dissipation, and became monk. But, after a time, being young and tempted again by the pleasures he had renounced, he put off the sacred garments. The holy San Giovanni warned him of the terrible danger in which he stood, and at length the wicked young man returned. It was not a great while, however, before he became dissatisfied, and in spite all holy counsel, did the same thing again. But behold what happened! As he was walking along the peak where the chapel stands, thinking nothing of his great crime, the Devil sprang suddenly from behind a rock, and catching the young man in his arms, before he could escape, carried him with a dreadful noise and a great red flame and smoke over the precipice, so that he was never afterwards seen."

The church attached to the monastery is small, but very solemn and venerable. I went several times to muse in its still, gloomy aisle, and hear the murmuring chant of the monks, who went through their exercises in some of the chapels. At one time I saw them all, in long black cassocks, march in solemn order to the chapel of St. John Gualberto, where they sang a deep chant, which to me had something awful and sepulchral in it. Behind the high altar I saw their black, carved chairs of polished oak, with ponderous gilded foliants lying on the rails before them. The attendant opened one of these, that we might see the manuscript notes, three or four centuries old, from which they sung.

We were much amused in looking through two or three Italian books, which were lying in the traveller's room. One of these which our friend Mr. Tandy, of Kentucky, read, described the miracles of the patron saint with an air of the most ridiculous solemnity. The other was a description of the monastery, its foundation, history, etc. In mentioning its great and far-spread renown, the author stated that even an English poet, by the name of Milton, had mentioned it in the following lines, which I copied verbatim from the book: —

> "Thick as autumnal scaves that strow she brooks
> In vallombrosa, whereth Etrurian Jades
> Stigh over orch d'embrover!"

In looking over the stranger's book, I found among the names of my countrymen that of S. V. Clevenger, the talented and lamented sculptor, who died at sea on his passage home.

There were also the names of Mrs. Shelley and the Princess Potemkin, and I saw written on the wall the autograph of Jean Reboul, the celebrated modern French poet. We were so delighted with the place we would have stayed another day, but for fear of trespassing too much on the lavish and unceasing hospitality of the good fathers.

So in the afternoon we shook hands with Brother Placido, and turned our backs regretfully upon one of the loneliest and loveliest spots of which earth can boast. The sky became gradually clear as we descended, and the mist raised itself from the distant mountains. We ran down through the same chestnut groves, diverging a little to go through the village of Tosi, which is very picturesque when seen from a distance, but extremely dirty to one passing through. I stopped in the ravine below to take a sketch of the mill and bridge, and as we sat, the line of golden sunlight rose higher on the mountains above. On walking down the shady side of this glen we were enraptured with the scenery. A brilliant yet mellow glow lay over the whole opposing height, lighting up the houses of Tosi and the white cottages half seen among the olives, while the mountain of Vallombrosa stretched far heavenward like a sunny painting, with only a misty wreath floating and waving around its summit. The glossy foliage of the chestnuts was made still brighter by the warm light, and the old olives softened down into a silvery gray, whose contrast gave the landscape a character of the mellowest beauty. As we wound out of the deep glen, the broad valleys and ranges of the Apennines lay before us, forests, castles, and villages, steeped in the soft, vapory blue of the Italian atmosphere, and the current of the Arno flashing like a golden belt through the middle of the picture.

The sun was nearly down, and the mountains just below him were of a deep purple hue, while those that ran out to the eastward wore the most aerial shade of blue. A few scattered clouds, floating above, soon put on the sunset robe of orange, and a band of the same soft color encircled the western horizon. It did not reach half way to the zenith, however; the sky above was blue, of such a depth and transparency, that to gaze upward was like looking into eternity. Then how softly and soothingly the twilight came on! How deep a hush sank on the chestnut glades, broken only by the song of the cicada, chirping its "good-night carol!" The mountains, too, how majestic they stood in their deep purple outlines! Sweet,

sweet Italy! I can feel now how the soul may cling to thee, since thou canst thus gratify its insatiable thirst for the Beautiful. Even thy plainest scene is clothed in hues that seem borrowed of heaven! In the twilight, more radiant than light, and the stillness, more eloquent than music, which sink down over the sunny beauty of thy shores, there is a silent, intense poetry that stirs the soul through all its impassioned depths. With warm, blissful tears filling the eyes, and a heart overflowing with its own bright fancies, I wander in the solitude and calm of such a time, and love thee as if I were a child of thy soil!

Land and Sea.

(From "Views Afoot.")

There are springs that rise in the greenwood's heart
  Where its leafy glooms are cast,
And the branches droop in the solemn air,
  Unstirred by the sweeping blast,
There are hills that lie in the noontide calm,
  On the lap of the quiet earth;
And crowned with gold by the ripened grain,
  Surround my place of birth.

Dearer are these to my pining heart,
  Than the beauty of the deep,
When the moonlight falls in a belt of gold
  On the waves that heave in sleep.
The rustling talk of the clustered leaves
  That shade a well-known door,
Is sweeter far than the booming sound
  Of the breaking wave before.

When night on the ocean sinks calmly down,
  I climb the vessel's prow,
Where the foam-wreath glows with its phosphor light
  Like a crown on a sea-nymph's brow.
Above, through the lattice of rope and spar,
  The stars in their beauty burn;
And the spirit longs to ride their beams,
  And back to the loved return.

They say that the sunset is brighter far
  When it sinks behind the sea;
That the stars shine out with a softer fire—
  Not thus they seem to me.

Dearer the flush of the crimson west
Through trees that my childhood knew,
When the star of love, with its silver lamp,
Lights the homes of the tried and true!

HOMEWARD BOUND.

(From "Views Afoot.")

FAREWELL to Europe! Days have come and gone
Since misty England set behind the sea.
Our ship climbs onward o'er the lifted waves,
That gather up in ridges, mountain-high
And like a sea-god, conscious in his power,
Buffets the surges. Storm-arousing winds
That sweep, unchecked, from frozen Labrador,
Make wintry music through the creaking shrouds.
Th' horizon's ring, that clasps the dreary view,
Lays mistily upon the gray Atlantic's breast,
Shut out, at times, by bulk of sparry blue,
That, rolling near us, heaves the swaying prow
High on its shoulders, to descend again
Ploughing a thousand cascades, and around
Spreading the frothy foam. These watery gulfs,
With storm, and winds far-sweeping, hem us in,
Alone upon the waters!

Days must pass —
Many and weary — between sea and sky.
Our eyes, that long e'en now for the fresh green
Of sprouting forests, and the far blue stretch
Of regal mountains piled along the sky,
Must see, for many an eve, the level sun
Sheathe, with his latest gold, the heaving brine,
By thousand ripples shivered, or Night's pomp
Brooding in silence, ebon and profound,
Upon the murmuring darkness of the deep,
Broken by flashings, that the parted wave
Sends white and star-like through its bursting foam.
Yet not more dear the opening dawn of heaven
Poured on the earth in an Italian May,
When souls take wings upon the scented air
Of starry meadows, and the yearning heart
Pains with deep sweetness in the balmy time,
Than these gray morns, and days of misty blue,
d surges, never-ceasing; — for our prow

Points to the sunset like a morning ray,
And o'er the waves, and through the sweeping storms,
Through day and darkness, rushes ever on,
Westward and westward still! What joy can send
The spirit thrilling onward with the wind,
In untamed exultation, like the thought
That fills the Homeward Bound?

Country and home!
Ah! not the charm of silver-tongued romance,
Born of the feudal time, nor whatsoe'er
Of dying glory fills the golden realms
Of perished song, where heaven descended Art
Still boasts her later triumphs, can compare
With that one thought of liberty inherited —
Of free life giv'n by fathers who were free,
And to be left to children freer still!
That pride and consciousness of manhood, caught
From boyish musings on the holy graves
Of hero-martyrs, and from every form
Which virgin Nature, mighty and unchained,
Takes in an empire not less proudly so —
Inspired in mountain airs, untainted yet
By thousand generations' breathing — felt
Like a near presence in the awful depths
Of unhewn forests, and upon the steep
Where giant rivers take their maddening plunge —
Has grown impatient of the stifling damps
Which hover close on Europe's shackled soil.
Content to tread awhile the holy steps
Of Art and Genius, sacred through all time,
The spirit breathed that dull, oppressive air —
Which, freighted with its tyrant-clouds, o'erweighs
The upward throb of many a nation's soul —
Amid those olden memories, felt the thrall,
But kept the birth-right of its freer home.
Here, on the world's blue highway, comes again
The voice of Freedom, heard amid the roar
Of sundered billows, while above the wave
Rise visions of the forest and the stream.
Like trailing robes the morning mists uproll,
Torn by the mountain pines; the flashing rills
Shout downward through the hollows of the vales;
Down the great river's bosom shining sails
Glide with a gradual motion, while from all —

Hamlet, and bowered homestead, and proud town —
Voices of joy ring far up into heaven!

Yet louder, winds! Urge on our keel, ye waves,
Swift as the spirit's yearnings! We would ride
With a loud stormy motion o'er your crests,
With tempests shouting like a sudden joy —
Interpreting our triumph! 'T is your voice,
Ye unchained elements, alone can speak
The sympathetic feeling of the free —
The arrowy impulse of the Homeward Bound!

The "Eve" of Powers.

A faultless being from the marble sprung,
She stands in beauty there!
As when the grace of Eden 'round her clung —
Fairest where all was fair!
Pure, as when first from God's creating hand
She came, on man to shine;
So seems she now, in living stone to stand —
A mortal, yet divine!

The spark the Grecian from Olympus caught
Left not a loftier trace;
The daring of the sculptor's hand has wrought
A soul in that sweet face!
He won as well the sacred fire from heaven,
God-sent, not stolen down,
And no Promethean doom for him is given,
But ages of renown!

The soul of beauty breathes around that form
A more enchanting spell;
There blooms each virgin grace, ere yet the storm
On blighted Eden fell;
The first desire upon her lovely brow,
Raised by an evil power;
Doubt, longing, dread, are in her features now —
It is the trial-hour.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

TAYLOR, SIR HENRY, an English dramatic poet and essayist; born at Bishop-Middleham, October 18, 1800; died at Bournemouth, March 27, 1886. He was, during the greater part of his life (1824–72), connected with the British Colonial Office. His principal dramatic poems are: "Isaac Comnenus" (1827); "Philip Van Artevelde," by which he is best known (1834); "Edwin the Fair" (1842); "A Sicilian Summer" (1850); "St. Clement's Eve" (1862). Among his volumes of prose essays are: "The Statesman" (1836); "Notes from Life" (1847); "Notes from Books" (1849).

ARETINA'S SONG.

(From "A Sicilian Summer.")

I'M a bird that 's free
Of the land and sea;
I wander whither I will;
But oft on the wing
I falter and sing,
O fluttering heart, be still,
Be still,
O fluttering heart, be still!

I'm wild as the wind,
But soft and kind,
And wander whither I may;
The eyebright sighs,
And says with its eyes,
Thou wandering wind, oh stay,
Oh stay,
Thou wandering wind, oh stay!

THE FAMINE.

(From "Philip Van [illegible]

ARTEVELDE. Now rende [illegible]
Where thou hast been to-[illegible]

CLARA. It is but little.
I paid a visit first to Ukenheim,
The man who whilome saved our father's life
When certain Clementists and ribald folk
Assailed him at Malines. He came last night,
And said he knew not if we owed him aught;
But if we did, a peck of oatmeal now
Would pay the debt and save more lives than one.
I went. It seemed a wealthy man's abode:
The costly drapery and good house-gear
Had, in an ordinary time, made known
That with the occupant the world went well.
By a low couch, curtained with cloth of frieze,
Sat Ukenheim, a famine-stricken man,
With either bony fist upon his knees
And his long back upright. His eyes were fixed
And moved not, though some gentle words I spake:
Until a little urchin of a child,
That called him father, crept to where he sat
And plucked him by the sleeve, and with its small
And skinny finger pointed; then he rose
And with a low obeisance, and a smile
That looked like watery moonlight on his face,
So pale and weak a smile, he bade me welcome.
I told him that a lading of wheat-flour
Was on its way; whereat, to my surprise,
His countenance fell, and he had almost wept.
ARTEVELDE. Poor soul! and wherefore?
CLARA. That I saw too soon.
He plucked aside the curtain of the couch,
And there two children's bodies lay composed.
They seemed like twins of some ten years of age,
And they had died so nearly both at once
He scarce could say which first; and being dead,
He put them, for some fanciful affection,
Each with its arm about the other's neck,
So that a fairer sight I had not seen
Than those two children with their little faces
So thin and wan, so calm and sad and sweet.
I looked upon them long, and for a while
I wished myself their sister, and to lie
With them in death as with each other they;
I thought that there was nothing in the world
I could have loved so much; and then I wept:
And when he saw I wept, his own tears fell,

And he was sorely shaken and convulsed
Through weakness of his frame and his great grief.
ARTEVELDE. Much pity was it he so long deferred
To come to us for aid.
CLARA. It was indeed;
But whatsoe'er had been his former pride,
He seemed a humble and heart-broken man.
He thanked me much for what I said was sent,
But I knew well his thanks were for my tears.
He looked again upon the children's couch,
And said, low down, they wanted nothing now.
So, to turn off his eyes and change his mood,
I drew the small survivor of the three
Before him, and he snatched it up, and soon
Seemed lost and quite forgetful; and with that
I stole away.

VENGEANCE ON THE TRAITORS.

(From "Philip Van Artevelde.")

ARTEVELDE. I thank you, sirs; I knew it could not be
But men like you must listen to the truth.
Sirs, ye have heard these knights discourse to you
Of your ill fortunes, numbering in their glee
The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.
True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs,
And ill would it become us to make light
Of the great loss we suffer by their fall:
They died like heroes: for no recreant step
Had e'er dishonored them, — no stain of fear,
No base despair, no cowardly recoil;
They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
And the free blood that bounded in their veins
Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.
But had they guessed, or could they but have dreamed,
The great examples which they died to show
Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here,
That men should say, "For liberty these died,
Wherefore let us be slaves," — had they thought this,
Oh, then with what an agony of shame,
Their blushing faces buried in the dust,
Had their great spirits parted hen
What! shall we teach our chi
To write that in five bodies w

The sole brave hearts of Ghent! which five defunct,
The heartless town by brainless counsel led
Delivered up her keys, stript off her robes,
And so with all humility besought
Her haughty lord to scourge her lightly! No,
It shall not be — no, verily! for now,
Thus looking on you as ye gather round,
Mine eyes can single out full many a man
Who lacks but opportunity to shine
As great and glorious as the chiefs that fell.
But lo, the earl is mercifully moved!
And surely if we, rather than revenge
The slaughter of our bravest, cry them shame,
And fall upon our knees, and say we 've sinned,
Then will the earl take pity on his thralls
And pardon us our letch for liberty!
What pardon it shall be, if we know not,
Yet Ypres, Courtray, Grammont, Bruges, they know;
For never can those towns forget the day
When by the hangman's hands five hundred men,
The bravest of each guild, were done to death
In those base butcheries that he called pardons.
And did it seal their pardons, all this blood?
Had they the earl's good love from that time forth?
O sirs! look round you lest ye be deceived:
Forgiveness may be written with the pen,
But think not that the parchment-and-mouth pardon
Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.
There 's that betwixt you been, men ne'er forget
Till they forget themselves, till all 's forgot;
Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
From which no morrow's mischief knocks them up.
There 's that betwixt you been, which you yourselves,
Should ye forget, would then not be yourselves;
For must it not be thought some base men's souls
Have ta'en the seats of yours and turned you out,
If in the coldness of a craven heart
Ye should forgive this bloody-minded man
For all his black and murderous monstrous crimes?
[redacted] of your mariners, — three hundred men, —
long absence in the Indian seas,
ir peaceful homeward voyage bound,
angers conquered, as they thought,
up their native stream,
ren waiting them at home

In joy, with festal preparations made, —
Think of these mariners, their eyes torn out,
Their hands chopped off, turned staggering into Ghent
To meet the blasted eyesight of their friends!
And was not this the earl? 'T was none but he!
No Hauterive of them all had dared to do it
Save at the express instance of the earl.
And now what asks he? Pardon me, sir knights,
[*To Grutt and Bette.*
I had forgotten, looking back and back
From felony to felony foregoing,
This present civil message which ye bring:
Three hundred citizens to be surrendered
Up to that mercy which I tell you of, —
That mercy which your mariners proved, — which steeped
Courtray and Ypres, Grammont, Bruges, in blood!
Three hundred citizens — a secret list:
No man knows who; not one can say he 's safe;
Not one of you so humble but that still
The malice of some secret enemy
May whisper him to death; — and hark — look to it!
Have some of you seemed braver than their peers,
Their courage is their surest condemnation;
They are marked men — and not a man stands here
But may be so. — Your pardon, sirs, again!
[*To Grutt and Bette.*
You are the pickers and the choosers here,
And doubtless you 're all safe, ye think — ha! ha!
But we have picked and chosen, too, sir knights.
What was the law for, I made yesterday?
What! is it you that would deliver up
Three hundred citizens to certain death?
Ho! Van den Bosch! have at these traitors: there!
[*Stabs Grutt, who falls.*
VAN DEN BOSCH. Die, treasonable dog! is that enough?
Down, felon, and plot treacheries in hell.
[*Stabs Bette.*

JANE TAYLOR.

TAYLOR, JANE; born in London, September 23, 1783; died at Ongar, Essex, April 12, 1824, and her sister, ANN, born at Islington, London, January 30, 1782; died at Nottingham, December 20, 1866. English poets and juvenile writers, daughters of Isaac Taylor, of Ongar. The sisters were brought up at Lavenham in Suffolk, where their father, who was an accomplished engraver, had his residence. The daughters learned engraving, and early began to write poems designed for the young. Among their joint productions are: "Original Poems for Infant Minds" (1804); "Rhymes for the Nursery" (1806); "Hymns for Infant Minds" (1810); "Rural Scenes" and "City Scenes" (1810). Ann Taylor was married to Josiah Gilbert, a dissenting clergyman, who died in 1852, of whom she wrote a "Memoir." Her own "Memoirs" were written by her son, Josiah Gilbert. Besides the works produced in conjunction with her sister, Jane Taylor wrote "Display," a novel (1815); "Essays in Rhyme" (1816); and "Contributions of Q. Q." (1824).

THE SONG OF THE TEA-KETTLE.

SINCE first began my ominous song,
Slowly have passed the ages long. . . .
  Slow was the world my worth to glean,
My visible secret long unseen.
Surly, apart the nations dwelt,
Nor yet the magical impulse felt;
Nor deemed that charity, science, art,
All that doth honor or wealth impart,
Spell-bound till mind should set them free,
Slumbered, and sung in their sleep — in me!
At length the day in its glory rose,
And off on its spell the Engine goes!
On whom first fell the amazing dream?
Watt woke to fetter the giant Steam,

His fury to crush to mortal rule,
And wield Leviathan as his tool.
The monster, breathing disaster wild,
Is tamed and checked by a tutored child;
Ponderous and blind, of rudest force,
A pin or a whisper guides its course.
Around its sinews of iron play
The viewless bonds of a mental sway,
And triumphs the soul in the mighty dower:
To Knowledge the plighted boon is Power!
  Hark! 't is the din of a thousand wheels
At play with the fences of England's fields;
From its bed upraised, 't is the flood that pours
To fill little cisterns at cottage doors;
'T is the intricate, many-fingered bright Machine,
With its flowery film of lace, I ween!
And see where it rushes, with silvery wreath,
The span of yon arched cove beneath;
Stupendous, vital, fiery, bright,
Trailing its length in a country's sight;
Riven are the rocks, the hills give way,
The dim valley rises to unfelt day,
And Man, fitly crowned with brow sublime,
Conqueror of Distance reigns, and Time.
  Lone was the shore where the hero mused,
His soul through the unknown leagues transfused.
His perilous bark on the ocean strayed,
And moon after moon, since its anchor weighed,
On the solitude strange and drear did spin
The untracked ways of that restless brine,
Till at length his shattered sail was furled
'Mid the golden sands of a Western World.
Still centuries passed with their measured tread,
While, winged by the winds, the nations sped;
And still did the Moon, as she watched that deep,
Her triple task o'er the voyagers keep;
And sore farewells, as they hove from land,
Spake of absence long on a distant strand.
She starts: wild winds at her bosom rage;
She laughs in her speed at the war they wage;
In queenly pomp on the surf she treads,
Scarce waking the sea-things from their beds;
Fierce as the lightning tracks the cloud,
She glances on in her glory proud.
A few bright runs, and at rest she lies

Glittering to transatlantic skies. . . .
Simpleton man! Why, who would have thought
To this the song of a tea-kettle brought?
— ANN TAYLOR.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane;
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again;
The window's Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away!
How many a setting sun has made
That curious interwork of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
The cunning hand must be
That carved this fretted door, I ween —
Acorn and fleur-de-lis;
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore — that now we call —
When James the First was king,
The courtly knight from yonder Hall
His train did hither bring;
All seated round in order due,
With bordered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask-cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt;
Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,

Illumes the characters awhile
  Of their inscription stone;
And there, in marble, hard and cold
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together are expressed
  He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast,
  In attitude of prayer.
Long-visaged, clad in armor, he,
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order as they died,
  The numerous offspring bend;
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
  As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
  But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
  Have filled the stately pew;
And in the same procession go
To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished modern squire
  And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the Hall retire
  A season every year;
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 't was so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
  The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
  Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive to silent rest
Another and another guest —

The feathered hearse and sable train,
  In all its wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane,
  And stand before the gate —
Brought many a distant county through
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gayly o'er their heads;
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew.

—JANE TAYLOR

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with his stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
We know not; indeed, 't is no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 't was projected, but years stole away,
And ere 't was complete he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is secure, unless energy fails;
And at length he produced THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see.
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.
Oh, no; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant but in it must go:
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there.
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was pressed
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest:
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough;
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh — 't was THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof!
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

— JANE TAYLOR.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

TAYLOR, JEREMY, an English bishop and theologian; born at Cambridge (baptized August 15, 1613); died at Lisburn, Ireland, August 13, 1667. At thirteen he entered Caius College, Cambridge, as a "sizar." He attracted the notice of Archbishop Laud, who placed him at All Souls' College, Oxford, and subsequently nominated him to a Fellowship. In 1637 he was appointed to the rectory of Uppington. During the civil wars he took the Royalist side and his living was sequestered. Upon the restoration of Charles II. he was made Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland, where the remaining seven years of his life were passed in the exercise of his episcopal duties. The best edition of his "Works" is that edited by Rev. C. P. Eden (10 vols., 1851). His earliest work was "Episcopacy Asserted" (1642); those by which he is best known are the "Rules and Exercises of Holy Living" and "Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying" (1651).

THE TRUE PROSPERITY.

(From "Faith and Patience of the Saints.")

Is that man prosperous who hath stolen a rich robe, and is in fear to have his throat cut for it, and is fain to defend it with greatest difficulty and the greatest danger? Does not he drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel, than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armor, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety, but does greater wickedness only to escape awhile unpunished for his former crimes? "*Auro bibitur venenum.*" No man goes about to poison a poor man's pitcher, nor lays plots to forage his little garden, made for the hospital of two beehives and the feasting of a few Pythagorean herb-eaters. They that admire the happiness of a prosperous, prevailing tyrant know not the felicidwell in innocent hearts, and poor cottagers, and small

And so have I often seen young and unskilful persons sitting in a little boat, when every little wave sporting about the sides of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge, seemed a danger, and made them cling fast upon their fellows; and yet all the while they were as safe as if they sat under a tree, while a gentle wind shook the leaves into a refreshment and a cooling shade. And the unskilful, inexperienced Christian shrieks out whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like a rock: and yet all his danger is in himself, none at all from without; for he is indeed moving upon the waters, but fastened to a rock: faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbor, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country. And all the evils of poverty and affronts, of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sadder apprehensions, are but like the loud wind blowing from the right point, — they make a noise, and drive faster to the harbor; and if we do not leave the ship and leap into the sea, quit the interests of religion and run to the securities of the world, cut our cables and dissolve our hopes, grow impatient and hug a wave, and die in its embraces, — we are as safe at sea; safer in the storm which God sends us than in a calm wind when we are befriended by the world.

The Power of Endurance.

(From "Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying.")

If we consider how much men can suffer if they list, and how much they do suffer for great and little causes, and that no causes are greater than the proper causes of patience and sickness, — that is, necessity and religion, — we cannot, without huge shame to our nature, to our persons, and to our manners, complain of this tax and impost of nature. This experience added something to the old philosophy. When the gladiators were exposed naked to each other's short swords, and were to cut each other's souls away in portions of flesh, as if their forms had been as divisible as the life of worms, they did not sigh or groan: it was a shame to decline the blow but according to the just measures of art. The women that saw the wound shriek out, and he that receives it holds his peace. He did not only stand bravely, but would also fall so; and when he was down, scorned to shrink his head when the insolent conqueror came to

lift it from his shoulders: and yet this man in his first design only aimed at liberty, and the reputation of a good fencer; and when he sunk down, he saw he could only receive the honor of a bold man, the noise of which he shall never hear when his ashes are crammed in his narrow urn. And what can we complain of the weakness of our strengths, or the pressures of diseases, when we see a poor soldier stand in a breach almost starved with cold and hunger, and his cold apt to be relieved only by the heats of anger, a fever, or a fired musket, and his hunger slaked by a greater pain and a huge fear? This man shall stand in his arms and wounds, *patiens luminis atque solis*, pale and faint, weary and watchful; and at night shall have a bullet pulled out of his flesh, and shivers from his bones, and endure his mouth to be sewed up from a violent rent to its own dimensions: and all this for a man whom he never saw, or if he did was not noted by him, but one that shall condemn him to the gallows if he runs from all this misery. It is seldom that God sends such calamities upon men as men bring upon themselves, and suffer willingly. But that which is most considerable is, that any passion and violence upon the spirit of man makes him able to suffer huge calamities with a certain constancy and an unwearied patience. Scipio Africanus was wont to commend that saying in Xenophon, That the same labors of warfare were easier far to a general than to a common soldier; because he was supported by the huge appetites of honor, which made his hard marches nothing but stepping forward and reaching at a triumph.

On Husband and Wife.

(From Sermon: "The Marriage Ring.")

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation, — every little thing that can blast an infant blossom: and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage, — watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities

do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is a want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first, usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness. . . .

Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things, — as fast as they spring, they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversion. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if, in the daylight of his reason, he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family, a man's reason cannot always be awake; and when his discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion. It is certain that the man or woman are in a state of weakness and folly then, when they can be troubled with a trifling accident; and therefore it is not good to tempt their affections, when they are in that state of danger. In this case the caution is to subtract fuel from the sudden flame; for stubble, though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished, if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath or fed with new materials. Add no new provocations to the accident, and do not inflame this, and peace will soon return; and the discontent will pass away soon, as the sparks from the collision of a flint: ever remembering that discontent proceeding from little daily things do breed a secret undiscernible disease, which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a discerned notorious surfeit.

Let them be sure to abstain from all those things which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other. They that govern elephants never appear before them in white; and the masters of bulls keep from them all garments of blood and scarlet, as knowing that they will be impatient of civil usages and discipline, when their natures are provoked by their proper antipathies. ·ts in their marital hieroglyphics used to depict M· ·- signify that by fair language and sw· her should be united; and ousness of mann

TOM TAYLOR.

TAYLOR, TOM, an English dramatist, critic, and editor; born at Bishop-Wearmouth, Sunderland, Durham, October 19, 1817; died at Wandsworth, July 12, 1880. He was educated at Glasgow University and Trinity College, Cambridge, winning honors and a fellowship. For two years he was Professor of English Language and Literature in University College, London. He also held civil offices, such as the secretaryship of the Board of Health. He is chiefly known by his very successful plays, such as "Still Waters Run Deep" (1855); "The Fool's Revenge" (1869); "The Overland Route" (1860); "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" (1863); "'Twixt Axe and Crown" (1870); "Anne Boleyn" (1875); and numerous others. A few of these are collected in a volume, "Historical Dramas" (1877). Other volumes are: "Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape" (1862); "Ballads and Songs of Brittany" (1865); "Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds," begun by Leslie (1865); "Autobiographical Recollections" (1860); "Leicester Square: Its Associations" (1874). He edited autobiographies of the painters Haydon and Leslie. He contributed much to periodicals, and became editor of "Punch" in 1874.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.[1]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,

[1] ed in London "Punch," which up to the assassination of Lincoln had ...ed and ridiculed him.

Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work — such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand —
As one who knows, where there 's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the 'mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear —
Such were the deeds which helped his youth to train;
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years!
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame:
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst. Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown, crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

Tegnér, Esaias, a Swedish poet; born at Kyrkerud, Wermland, Sweden, November 13, 1782; died at Wexiö, November 2, 1846. His most celebrated work is the epic "Frithiof's Saga," (1825), a collection of ballads which has been translated into every European language. He also wrote a poem, "Svea," (1811), which was crowned by the Swedish Academy; "Nattvärdsbarned" (translated by Longfellow, under the title "The Children of the Lord's Supper"); "Axel," a poem of the time of Charles XII. (1821). ("Collected Works," Stockholm, 7 vols., 1847–51; additional 3 vols., 1873–74.)

Frithiof and Ingeborg.

(From "Frithiof's Saga.")

[Ingeborg, daughter of Bele, King of Sygna-fylke in Norway, having lost her mother, is brought up by her foster-father Hilding, who also rears Frithiof. Frithiof and Ingeborg become lovers; but her brothers refuse her to Frithiof, because they are jealous of his superior valor and fame.]

Two plants, in Hilding's garden fair,
Grew up beneath his fostering care;
Their match the North had never seen,
So nobly towered they in the green!

The one shot forth like some broad oak,
Its trunk a battle lance unbroke;
But helmet-like the top ascends,
As heaven's soft breeze its arched round bends.

Like some sweet rose, — bleak winter flown, —
That other fresh young plant y-shone;
From out this rose spring yet scarce gleameth,
Within the bud it lies and dreameth.

But cloud-sprung storm round th' earth shall go, —
That oak then wrestles with his foe;
Her heavenly path spring's sun shall tread, —
Then opes that rose her lips so red!

Thus sportful, glad, and green they sprung:
And Frithiof was that oak the young;
The rose so brightly blooming there,
She hight was Ingeborg the fair.

Saw'st thou the two by gold-beamed day,
To Freja's courts thy thoughts would stray;
Where, bright-haired and with rosy pinions,
Swings many a bride pair, Love's own minions.

But saw'st thou them, by moonlight's sheen,
Dance round beneath the leafy green,
Thou'dst say, In yon sweet garland grove
The king and queen of fairies move.

How precious was the prize he earned
When his first rune the youth had learned!
No king's could his bright glory reach, —
That letter would he Ing'borg teach.

How gladly at her side steered he
His barque across the dark blue sea!
When gayly tacking Frithiof stands,
How merrily clap her small white hands!

No birds' nests yet so lofty were,
That thither he not climbed for her;
E'en th' eagle, as he cloudward swung,
Was plundered both of eggs and young.

No streamlet's waters rushed so swift,
O'er which he would not Ing'borg lift;
So pleasant feels, when foam-rush 'larms,
The gentle cling of small white arms!

The first pale flower that spring had shed,
The strawberry sweet that first grew red,
The corn-ear first in ripe gold clad,
To her he offered, true and glad.

But childhood's days full quickly fly:
He stands a stripling now, with eye
Of haughty fire which hopes and prayeth;
And she, with budding breast, see! strayeth.

The chase young Frithiof ceaseless sought;
Nor oft would hunter so have fought:
For, swordless, spearless all, he'd dare
With naked strength the savage bear;

Then breast to breast they struggled grim; —
Though torn, the bold youth masters him!
With shaggy hide now see him laden:
Such spoils refuse, how can the maiden?

For man's brave deeds still women wile;
Strength well is worth young beauty's smile:
Each other suit they, fitly blending
Like helm o'er polished brows soft bending!

But read he, come cold winter's night
(The fire-hearth's flaming blaze his light)
A song of Valhall's brightnesses,
And all its gods and goddesses, —

He 'd think, "Yes! yellow 's Freja's hair,
A cornland sea, breeze-waved so fair;
Sure Ing'borg's, that like gold-net trembles
Round rose and lily, hers resembles!

"Rich, white, soft, clear is Idun's breast;
How it heaves beneath her silken vest!
A silk I know, whose heave discloses
Light-fairies two with budding roses.

"And blue are Frigga's eyes to see,
Blue as heaven's cloudless canopy!
But I know eyes, to whose bright beams
The light-blue spring day darksome seems.

"The bards praise Gerda's cheeks too high,
Fresh snows which playful north-lights dye!
I cheeks have seen whose day lights, clear,
Two dawnings blushing in one sphere.

"A heart like Nanna's own I 've found,
As tender — why not so renowned?
Ah! happy Balder: ilk breast swelleth
To share the death thy scald o'ertelleth.

"Yes! could my death like Balder's be, —
A faithful maid lamenting me, —
A maid like Nanna, tender, true, —
How glad I 'd stay with Hel the blue!"

But the king's child — all glad her love —
Sat murmuring hero-songs, and wove
Th' adventures that her chief had seen,
And billows blue, and groves of green;

Slow start from out the wool's snow-fields
Round, gold-embroidered, shining shields,
And battle's lances flying red,
And mail-coats stiff with silver thread:

But day by day her hero still
Grows Frithiof like, weave how she will;
And as his form 'mid th' armed host rushes, —
Though deep, yet joyful, are her blushes!

And Frithiof, where his wanderings be,
Carves I and F i' th' tall birch-tree;
The runes right gladly grow united,
Their young hearts like by one flame lighted.

Stands Day on heaven's arch, — throne so fair!
King of the world, with golden hair,
Waking the tread of life and men, —
Each thinks but of the other then!

Stands Night on heaven's arch, — throne so fair! —
World's mother with her dark-hued hair,
While stars tread soft, all hushed 'mong men, —
Each dreams but of the other then!

"Thou Earth! each spring through all thy bowers
Thy green locks jewelling thick with flowers, —
Thy choicest give! fair weaving them,
My Frithiof shall the garland gem."

"Thou Sea! in whose deep gloomy hall
Shine thousand pearls, — hear Love's loud call!
Thy fairest give me, to bedeck
That whiter pearl, my Ing'borg's neck!"

"O crown of Oden's royal throne,
Eye of the world, bright golden Sun!
Wert thou but mine, should Frithiof wield
Thy shining disk, his shining shield."

"O lamp of great All-Father's dome,
Thou Moon, whose beams so pale-clear roam!
Wert thou but mine, should Ing'borg wear
Thy crescent-orb among her hair."

Then Hilding spoke: — "From this love-play
Turn, foster-son, thy mind away:
Had wisdom ruled, thou ne'er hadst sought her, —
'The maid,' Fate cries, 'is Bele's daughter!'

"To Oden, in his starlit sky,
Ascends her titled ancestry;
But Thorsten's son art thou: give way!
For 'like thrives best with like,' they say."

But Frithiof smiling said: — "Down fly
To death's dark vale my ancestry:
Yon forest's king late slew I; pride
Of high birth heired I with his hide.

"The free-born man yields not; for still
His arm wins worlds where'er it will:
Fortune can mend as well as mar, —
Hope's ornaments right kingly are!

"What is high birth for force? Yes! Thor,
Its sire, in Thrudvang's fort gives law:
Not birth, but worth, he weighs above;
The sword pleads strongly for its love!

"Yes! I will fight for my young bride,
Though e'en the thundering god defied.
Rest thee, my lily, glad at heart;
Woe him whose rash hand would us part!"

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

TEMPLE, SIR WILLIAM, an English statesman and diplomat; born at London, 1628; died at Moor Park, Surrey, January 27, 1699. He studied at Cambridge; travelled for six years on the Continent; then went to Ireland, where his father, Sir John Temple, was Master of the Rolls. In 1665 he was sent to Germany on a diplomatic mission, and upon his return was made a baronet, and appointed English Resident at Brussels. In 1668 he negotiated the "Triple Alliance" between England, Holland, and Sweden, against Louis XIV. of France; and was made English Ambassador to Holland. He subsequently performed important diplomatic services, and in 1679 was urged by Charles II. to accept the position of Secretary of State. But he preferred to live in retirement at his seat of Moor Park. Temple's writings are of a miscellaneous character. The most important of them are "Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands," and "Essays on the Origin and Nature of Government." Among his essays are "On Ancient and Modern Learning;" "On Gardening;" "On Heroic Virtue;" "On Popular Discontents;" "On Health and Long Life."

ON GARDENING.

WHOEVER begins a garden ought, in the first place and above all, to consider the soil, upon which the taste not only of his fruits, but his legumes, and even herbs and salads, will wholly depend; and the default of soil is without remedy: for, although all borders of fruit may be made with what earth you please (if you will be at the charge), yet it must be renewed in two or three years, or it runs into the nature of the ground where it is brought. Old trees spread their roots farther than anybody's care extends, or the forms of the garden will allow; and, after all, where the soil about you is ill, the air is too in a degree, and has influence upon the taste of fruit. What so says of the productions of kitchen gardens, under the

name of *caulis*, is true of all the best sorts of fruits, and may determine the choice of soil for all gardens: — . . .

As to the size of a garden, which will, perhaps, in time, grow extravagant among us, I think from four or five to seven or eight acres is as much as any gentleman need design, and will furnish as much of all that is expected from it, as any nobleman will have occasion to use in his family. . . .

The best figure of a garden is either a square or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a descent; they have all their beauties, but the best I esteem an oblong upon a descent. The beauty, the air, the view, make amends for the expense, which is very great in finishing and supporting the terrace walks, in levelling the parterres, and in the stone stairs that are necessary from one to the other.

The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Doctor Donne, and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much cost; but greater sums may be thrown away without effect or honor, if there want sense in proportion to money, or if nature be not followed, which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in everything else, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments. And whether the greatest of mortal men should attempt the forcing of nature, may best be judged by observing how seldom God Almighty does it himself, by so few true and undisputed miracles as we see or hear of in the world. . . .

I may perhaps be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes.

For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavored to escape from them, into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may [illegible] his own pace in the common path

"But, above all, the learned read, and ask
By what means you may gently pass your age,
What lessens care, what makes thee thine own friend,
What truly calms the mind; honor, or wealth,
Or else a private path of stealing life."

These are questions that a man ought at least to ask himself, whether he asks others or no, and to choose his course of life rather by his own humor and temper than by common accidents or advice of friends; at least, if the Spanish proverb be true, that a fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in another's.

The measure of choosing well is, whether a man likes what he has chosen; which, I thank God, has befallen me; and though, among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own, yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humor to make so small a remove; for when I am in this corner, I can truly say, with Horace:—

"Me when the cold Digentian stream revives,
What does my friend believe I think or ask?
Let me yet less possess, so I may live,
Whate'er of life remains, unto myself.
May I have books enough, and one year's store,
Not to depend upon each doubtful hour;
This is enough of mighty Jove to pray,
Who, as he pleases, gives and takes away."

The Right of Private Judgment in Religion.

Whosoever designs the change of religion in a country or government by any other means than that of a general conversion of the people, or the greatest part of them, designs all the
of to a nation that use to usher in or attend the two
istempers of a state — civil war or tyranny; which
oppression, cruelty, rapine, intemperance, injus-

tice; and, in short, the miserable effusion of human blood, and the confusion of all laws, orders, and virtues among men. Such consequences as these, I doubt, are something more than the disputed opinions of any man, or any particular assembly of men, can be worth, since the great and general end of all religion — next to man's happiness hereafter — is their happiness here. . . .

Now the way to our future happiness has been perpetually disputed throughout the world, and must be left at last to the impressions made upon every man's belief and conscience, either by natural or supernatural means; which impression men may disguise or dissemble, but no man can resist. For belief is no more in a man's power than his stature or his feature; and he that tells me I must change my opinion for his, because 't is the truer and the better — without other arguments that have to me the force of conviction — may as well tell me I must change my gray eyes for others like his that are black, because these are lovelier or more in esteem. . . .

A man that tells me my opinions are absurd or ridiculous, impertinent or unreasonable, because they differ from his, seems to intend a quarrel instead of a dispute; and calls me fool or madman, with a little more circumstance, though perhaps I pass for one as well in my senses as he, as pertinent in talk, and as prudent in life. Yet these are the common civilities, in religious arguments, of sufficient and conceited men, who talk much of right reason and mean always their own, and make their private imagination the measure of general truth. But such language determines all between us, and the dispute comes to an end in these words at last, which it might as well have ended in at first — that he is in the right, and I am in the wrong.

The other end of religion — which is our happiness here — has been generally agreed upon by all mankind, as appears in the records of all their laws, as well as their religions, which come to be established by the concurrence of men's customs and opinions; though in the latter case that concurrence may have been produced by divine impressions or inspirations. For all agree in teaching and commanding, in planting and improving, not only those moral virtues which conduce to the felicity and tranquillity of every man's private life, but also those manners and dispositions that tend to the peace, order, and safety of al' [illegible] and governments among men.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON (became Baron Tennyson of Aldworth in 1883), Poet Laureate of England; born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth House, near Haslemere, Surrey, October 6, 1892. At seven Alfred was sent to the grammar school, at eight he wrote his first verses, modelled on Thomson's "Seasons," and he used most of his leisure time writing verse, producing, between the age of twelve and thirteen, an epic, on the Walter Scott model, and at fourteen a blank-verse drama. In March, 1827, "Poems by Two Brothers" appeared, confessedly written by Charles and Alfred. On February 28, 1828, Alfred and Charles matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge. On June 6, 1829, it was announced that Alfred had won the prize medal for his poem in blank verse, "Timbuctoo." Next year appeared his first serious volume, "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." It was favorably, but not enthusiastically, received. At the end of 1832 appeared the volume known as "The Poems of 1833." September 15, 1833, Hallam, Alfred's nearest friend, and betrothed to Emily, the poet's sister, died in Vienna. The severity of the blow to the poet was such that for a time he meditated suicide. A ten-years' silence was broken in 1842 by the publication of two volumes. With these came the assurance of his fame, for the literary world echoed with praise of them. In 1845, Sir Robert Peel was induced by Richard Monckton Milnes to read "Ulysses," and the result was a Government pension. From this time on, the poet's path was one of steadily growing fame, wealth, and honors. In 1847 appeared "The Princess." In June, 1850, appeared "In Memoriam," an elegy on Hallam. In November he was appointed Poet Laureate, through Prince Albert's admiration for "In Memoriam." He was offered a baronetcy by Gladstone in 1873, and again by Disraeli in 1874, which he declined. In 1883, however, he accepted the peerage offered him by the Queen, on the recommendation of Gladstone, and became Baron Tennyson d'Eyncourt. His death was painless, after a brief illness. He was buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer. His other principal poems were published in the following order: "Maud" (1855); "The Idyls of the King"

(1859–72); "Enoch Arden" (1864); "The Window" (1867); "Ballads and Other Poems" (1880); "Tiresias, and Other Poems" (1885); "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After" (1886); "Demeter, and Other Poems" (1889); "The Death of Œnone" (1892). He also wrote the following dramas: "Queen Mary" (1875); "Harold" (1877); "The Cup" (acted, 1881; published, 1884); "The Falcon" (acted, 1881; published, 1884); "The Promise of May" (acted, 1882; published, 1886); "Becket" (1884); "The Foresters" (1892).

The May Queen.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

There 's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There 's Margaret and Mary, there 's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say,
So I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,
But I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

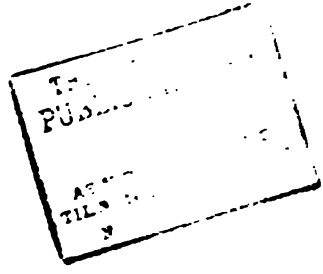
He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he 's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother — what is that to me?
There 's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

ALFRED TENNYSON

(Baron Tennyson of Aldworth)

From a Painting by Gustave Doré



Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you 'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

And the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

From "In Memoriam A. H. H."

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

I envy not in any mood
The captive void of
The linnet born with
That never knew the

I envy not the beast that takes
  His license in the field of time,
  Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
  The heart that never plighted troth
  But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
  I feel it, when I sorrow most;
  'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill,
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroy'd,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
  I can but trust that good shall fall
  At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
  An infant crying in the night:
  An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole
  No life may fail beyond the grave,
  Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law —
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed —

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
  The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
  Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Love is and was my Lord and King,
  And in his presence I attend
  To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
  And will be, tho' as yet I keep
  Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
  Who moves about from place to place,
  And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

O living will that shalt endure
  When all that seems shall suffer shock,
  Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
  A voice as unto him that hears,
  A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
  The truths that never can be proved
  Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

O true and tried, so well and long,
  Demand not thou a marriage lay;
  In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
  Since first he told me that he loved
  A daughter of our house; nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this;

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er
  Some thrice three years: they went and came,
  Remade the blood and changed the frame,
And yet is love not less, but more;

No longer caring to embalm
  In dying songs a dead regret,
  But like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more
  Than in the summers that are flown,
  For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before;

Which makes appear the songs I made
  As echoes out of weaker times,
  As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,
  That must be made a wife ere noon?
  She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower:

On me she bends her blissful eyes
  And then on thee; they meet thy look
  And brighten like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O when her life was yet in bud,
  He too foretold the perfect rose.
  For thee she grew, for thee she grows
For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy; full of power;
  As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
  Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out: the noon is near,
  And I must give away the bride;
  She fears not, or with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear

For I that danced her on my knee,
  That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,
  That shielded all her life from harm
At last must part with her to thee;

Now waiting to be made a wife,
  Her feet, my darling, on the dead;
  Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
  The "wilt thou" answer'd, and again
  The "wilt thou" ask'd, till out of twain
Her sweet "I will" has made you one.

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
  Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
  By village eyes as yet unborn;
The names are sign'd, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells
  The joy to every wandering breeze;
  The blind wall rocks, and on the trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours
  Await them. Many a merry face
  Salutes them — maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

O happy hour, behold the bride
  With him to whom her hand I gave.
  They leave the porch, they pass the grave
That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me,
  For them the light of life increased,
  Who stay to share the morning feast,
Who rest to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance
  To meet and greet a whiter sun;
  My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays,
And hearts are warm'd and faces bloom,
As drinking health to bride and groom
We wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on,
And those white-favor'd horses wait;
They rise, but linger; it is late;
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

A shade falls on us like the dark
From little cloudlets on the grass,
But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,
And talk of others that are wed,
And how she look'd, and what he said,
And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
The shade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit, the double health,
The crowning cup, the three-times-three,

And last the dance; — till I retire:
Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire:

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
Till over down and over dale
All night the shining vapor sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
And catch at every mountain head,
And o'er the friths that branch
Their sleeping silver thro' the

And touch with shade the bridal doors,
With tender gloom the roof, the wall;
And breaking let the splendor fall
To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
And, star and system rolling past,
A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
Result in man, be born and think,
And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half-akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

Locksley Hall.

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be. —

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young.
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs —
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known me — to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand —
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well — 't is well that I should bluster! — Hadst thou less unworthy proved —
Would to God — for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No — she never loved me truly; love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
'T is a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings — she herself was not exempt —
Truly, she herself had suffer'd" — Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But [illegible] hurt that Honor feels,
[illegible] each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain —
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd; —
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, a[illegible]ws of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight po

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time —

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

The Beggar Maid.

Her arms across her breast she laid;
  She was more fair than words can say:
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
  Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
  To meet and greet her on her way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
  "She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
  She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
  One her dark hair and lovesome mien.

So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been:
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke

Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Garden Song.

(From "Maud.")

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers [illegible] une;
Till a silence fell
And a hush w

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

The Farewell of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere

(From "Idyls of the King.")

But when the Queen immersed in such a trance,
And moving thro' the past unconsciously,
Came to that point where first she saw the King
Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd to find
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,
High, self-contain'd, and passionless, not like him,
"Not like my Lancelot" — while she brooded thus
And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
There rode an armed warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,
Then on a sudden a cry, "The King." She sat
Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet
Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovell'd with her face against the floor:
There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King:
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed, the King's:

"Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honor'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,

Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred and the Godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea;
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
And knowest thou now from whence I come — from him,
From waging bitter war with him: and he,
That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
He spared to lift his hand against the King
Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain;
And many more, and all his kith and kin
Clave to him, and abode in his own land.
And many more when Modred raised revolt,
Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave
To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.
And of this remnant will I leave a part,
True men who love me still, for whom I live,
To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
Lest but a hair of this low head be harm'd.
Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I the King should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
Bear with me for the last time while I show,
Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinn'd.
For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,

Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband — not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against the man they call
My sister's son — no kin of mine, who leagues
With lords of the White Horse, heathen, and knights,
Traitors — and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side; see thee no more —
Farewell!"

And while she grovell'd at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Crossing the Bar.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE, a celebrated English novelist, critic and satirist; born in Calcutta, July 18, 1811; died at London, December 24, 1863. He was educated at the Charterhouse School at London, whence, at about eighteen, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, however, he did not remain long enough to take his degree. He became a somewhat frequent contributor to "Fraser's Magazine," and in 1841 to "Punch," which had just been established. He wrote anonymously or under assumed signatures, such as "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," "George Fitz-Boodle," "Charles James Fitzroy Yellowplush." For ten years and more he wrote tales, burlesques, satires, descriptive sketches, critical essays and verses, some of which were clever hits at the follies and foibles of the time; but few of them gave promise that the author would ever take a permanent place as a writer of fiction, unless "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" may be reckoned an exception. "Vanity Fair," the first of his five great novels, was begun early in 1847. It was published in monthly parts, and long before its completion, in the summer of 1848, Thackeray's place as a novelist had come to be an assured one. He soon afterward began "Pendennis," also published serially, and running through the years 1849 and 1850. In 1851 Thackeray appeared as a lecturer, with his "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century." In 1852 appeared his novel "Henry Esmond," the only one of his important works which was not published serially. He himself regarded this as his best work. In 1854 he broke off his long connection with "Punch." In 1853–55 appeared "The Newcomes." The next year he made a second tour in the United States, where he delivered his lectures on "The Four Georges," afterward delivered and then published in Great Britain. In 1857–59 appeared his novel "The Virginians." In 1860 he became editor of the new "Cornhill Magazine," which he conducted for two years. For each number he furnished one of the "Roundabout Papers," touching upon a great variety of topics. In this magazine also appeared his novels, "Lovel the Widower," and "The Adventures of Philip on His Way Through the World," a kind of continuation of the "Shabby-Genteel Story," of which a few chapters had been written as early as 1840. After his retire-

ment from the editorship of the "Cornhill," Thackeray began in it the novel "Denis Duval," of which only four numbers had been written at the time of his sudden death, at the age of fifty-two. The minor works of Thackeray consist mainly of his contributions to "Fraser's" and the "Cornhill," several volumes of foreign sketches, small Christmas books, and a volume of clever "Ballads." Among these works are "The Book of Snobs;" "The Yellowplush Papers," "The Fitz-Boodle Papers;" "The Paris Sketch Book;" "The Irish Sketch Book;" "A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo;" "Cox's Diary;" "The Second Funeral of Napoleon;" "A Legend of the Rhine;" "The Kickleburys on the Rhine;" "Mrs. Perkins's Ball;" "Our Street;" "Dr. Birch and His Young Friends;" "The Rose and the Ring." In 1887 was published a "Collection of the Letters of Thackeray," written between 1847 and 1855.

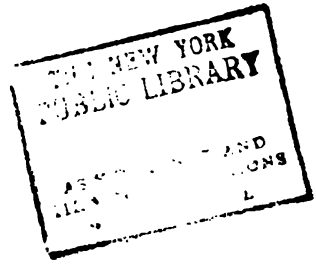
Becky Goes to Court.

(From "Vanity Fair.")

At last Becky's kindness and attention to the chief of her husband's family were destined to meet with an exceeding great reward; a reward which, though certainly somewhat unsubstantial, the little woman coveted with greater eagerness than more positive benefits. If she did not wish to lead a virtuous life, at least she desired to enjoy a character for virtue, and we know that no lady in the genteel world can possess this desideratum, until she has put on a train and feathers, and has been presented to her sovereign at court. From that august interview they come out stamped as honest women. The lord chamberlain gives them a certificate of virtue. And as dubious goods or letters are passed through an oven at quarantine, sprinkled with aromatic vinegar, and then pronounced clean — many a lady whose reputation would be doubtful otherwise, and liable to give infection, passes through the wholesome ordeal of the royal presence, and issues from it free from all taint.

It might be very well for my Lady Bareacres, my Lady Tufto, Mrs. Bute Crawley in the country, and other ladies who had come into contact with Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, to cry fie at the idea of the odious little adventuress [redacted] her courtesy before the sovereign; and to declare th[redacted] good Queen Charlotte had been alive, *she* never wo[redacted] itte[redacted] an extremely ill-regulated personage [redacted] room. But when we consider that it

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY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in Europe in whose high presence Mrs. Rawdon passed her examination, and, as it were, took her degree in reputation, it surely must be flat disloyalty to doubt any more about her virtue. I, for my part, look back with love and awe to that Great Character in history. Ah, what a high and noble appreciation of Gentlewomanhood there must have been in Vanity Fair, when that revered and august being was invested, by the universal acclaim of the refined and educated portion of this empire, with the title of Premier Gentilhomme of his Kingdom! Do you remember, dear M——, O friend of my youth, how one blissful night five-and-twenty years since, the "Hypocrite" being acted, Elliston being manager, Dowton and Liston performers, two boys had leave from their loyal masters to go out from Slaughter House School, where they were educated, and to appear on Drury Lane stage, amongst a crowd which assembled there to greet the king? THE KING! There he was. Beef-eaters were before the august box, the Marquis of Steyne (Lord of the Powder Closet), and other great officers of state were behind the chair on which he sat, *He* sat — florid of face, portly of person, covered with orders, and in a rich curling head of hair. How we sang God save him! How the house rocked and shouted with that magnificent music. How they cheered, and cried, and waved handkerchiefs. Ladies wept; mothers clasped their children: some fainted with emotion. People were suffocated in the pit, shrieks and groans rising up amidst the writhing and shouting mass there of his people who were, and indeed showed themselves almost to be, ready to die for him. Yes, we saw him. Fate cannot deprive us of *that*. Others have seen Napoleon. Some few still exist who have beheld Frederick the Great, Dr. Johnson, Marie Antoinette, etc. — be it our reasonable boast to our children, that we saw George the Good, the Magnificent, the Great.

Well, there came a happy day in Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's existence, when this angel was admitted into the paradise of a Court which she coveted; her sister-in-law acting as her godmother. On the appointed day, Sir Pitt and his lady, in their great family carriage (just newly built, and ready for the baronet's assumption of the office of High Sheriff of his county), drove up to the little house in Curzon Street; to the edification of Raggles, who was watching from his green-grocer's shop, and saw fine plumes within, and enormous bunches of flowers the breasts of the new livery-coats of the footmen.

Sir Pitt, in a glittering uniform, descended and went into Curzon Street, his sword between his legs. Little Rawdon stood with his face against the parlor window-panes, smiling and nodding with all his might to his aunt in the carriage within; and presently Sir Pitt issued forth from the house again, leading forth a lady with grand feathers, covered in a white shawl, and holding up daintily a train of magnificent brocade. She stepped into the vehicle as if she were a princess, and accustomed all her life to go to Court, smiling graciously on the footman at the door, and on Sir Pitt, who followed her into the carriage.

Then Rawdon followed in his old Guards uniform, which had grown woefully shabby, and was much too tight. He was to have followed the procession, and waited upon his sovereign in a cab, but that his good-natured sister-in-law insisted that they should be a family party. The coach was large, the ladies not very big — they would hold their trains in their laps. Finally, the four went fraternally together, and their carriage presently joined the line of loyal equipages which was making its way down Piccadilly and St. James's Street, toward the old brick palace, where the Star of Brunswick was in waiting to receive his nobles and gentlefolks.

Becky felt as if she could bless the people out of the carriage windows, so elated was she in spirit, and so strong a sense had she of the dignified position which she had at last attained in life. Even our Becky had her weaknesses, and as one often sees how men pride themselves upon excellences which others are slow to perceive: how, for instance, Comus firmly believes that he is the greatest tragic actor in England, how Brown, the famous novelist, longs to be considered, not a man of genius, but a man of fashion; while Robinson, the great lawyer, does not in the least care about his reputation in Westminster Hall, but believes himself incomparable across country, and at a five-barred gate — so to be, and to be thought, a respectable woman, was Becky's aim in life, and she got up the genteel with amazing assiduity, readiness and success. We have said, there were [illegible]s when she believed herself to be a fine lady, and forgot [illegible]ere was no money in the chest at home — duns round t[illegible]adesmen to coax an[illegible]heedle — no ground to walk [illegible] word. And as [illegible] to court in the carriage. [illegible]ly carriage, sh[illegible] a demeanor so grand, s[illegible], deliberate a[illegible]ng,

that it made even Lady Jane laugh. She walked into the royal apartments with a toss of the head which would have befitted an empress, and I have no doubt, had she been one, she would have become the character perfectly.

We are authorized to state that Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's *costume de cour* on the occasion of her presentation to the sovereign was of the most elegant and brilliant description. Some ladies we may have seen — we who wear stars and cordons, and attend the St. James's assemblies, or we who, in muddy boots, dawdle up and down Pall Mall, and peep into the coaches as they drive up with the great folks in their feathers — some ladies of fashion, I say, we may have seen, about two o'clock of the forenoon of a levee day, as the laced-jacketed band of the Life Guards are blowing triumphal marches seated on those prancing music-stools, their cream-colored chargers — who are by no means lovely and enticing objects at that early period of noon. A stout countess of sixty, *décolletée*, painted, wrinkled, with rouge up to her drooping eyelids, and diamonds twinkling in her wig, is a wholesome and edifying, but not a pleasant sight. She has the faded look of a St. James's Street illumination, as it may be seen of an early morning, when half the lamps are out, and the others are blinking wanly, as if they were about to vanish like ghosts before the dawn. Such charms as those of which we catch glimpses while her ladyship's carriage passes should appear abroad at night alone. If even Cynthia looks haggard of an afternoon, as we may see her sometimes in the present winter season, with Phœbus staring her out of countenance from the opposite side of the heavens, how much more can old Lady Castlemouldy keep her head up when the sun is shining full upon it through the chariot windows, and showing all the chinks and crannies with which time has marked her face? No. Drawing-rooms should be announced for November, or the first foggy day: or the elderly sultanas of our Vanity Fair should drive up in closed litters, descend in a covered way, and make their courtesy to the sovereign under the protection of lamplight.

Our beloved Rebecca had no need, however, of any such a friendly halo to set off her beauty. Her complexion could bear any sunshine as yet; and her dress, though, if you were to see it now, any present lady of Vanity Fair would pronounce it to be the most foolish and preposterous attire ever worn, was handsome in her eyes and those of the public, some five-

and-twenty years since, as the most brilliant costume of the most famous beauty of the present season. A score of years hence that, too, that milliner's wonder, will have passed into the domain of the absurd, along with all previous vanities. But we are wandering too much. Mrs. Rawdon's dress was pronounced to be *charmante* on the eventful day of her presentation. Even good little Lady Jane was forced to acknowledge this effect, as she looked at her kinswoman; and owned sorrowfully to herself that she was quite inferior in taste to Mrs. Becky.

She did not know how much care, thought, and genius Mrs. Rawdon had bestowed upon that garment. Rebecca had as good taste as any milliner in Europe, and such a clever way of doing things as Lady Jane little understood. The latter quickly spied out the magnificence of the brocade of Becky's train, and the splendor of the lace on her dress.

The brocade was an old remnant, Becky said; and as for the lace, it was a great bargain. She had had it these hundred years.

"My dear Mrs. Crawley, it must have cost a little fortune," Lady Jane said, looking down at her own lace, which was not nearly so good; and then, examining the quality of the ancient brocade which formed the material of Mrs. Rawdon's court dress, she felt inclined to say that she could not afford such fine clothing, but checked that speech, with an effort, as one uncharitable to her kinswoman.

And yet, if Lady Jane had known all, I think even her kindly temper would have failed her. The fact is, when she was putting Sir Pitt's house in order, Mrs. Rawdon had found the lace and the brocade in old wardrobes, the property of the former ladies of the house, and had quietly carried the goods home, and had suited them to her own little person. Briggs saw her take them, asked no questions, told no stories; but I believe quite sympathized with her on this matter, and so would many another honest woman.

And the diamonds — "Where the doose did you get the diamonds, Becky?" said her husband, admiring some jewels which he had never seen before, and which sparkled in her ears and on her neck with brilliance and profusion.

Becky blushed a little, and looked at him hard for a moment. Pitt Crawley blushed a little too, and looked out of the window. The fact is, he had given her a very small portion

of the brilliants; a pretty diamond clasp, which confined a pearl necklace which she wore, and the baronet had omitted to mention the circumstance to his lady.

Becky looked at her husband, and then at Sir Pitt, with an air of saucy triumph — as much as to say: "Shall I betray you?"

"Guess!" she said to her husband. "Why, you silly man," she continued, "where do you suppose I got them, — all except this little clasp, which a dear friend of mine gave me long ago. I hired them, to be sure. I hired them at Mr. Polonius's, in Coventry Street. You don't suppose that all the diamonds which go to court belong to the owners; like those beautiful stones which Lady Jane has, and which are much handsomer than any which I have, I am certain."

"They are family jewels," said Sir Pitt, again looking uneasy. And in this family conversation the carriage rolled down the street, until its cargo was finally discharged at the gates of the palace where the sovereign was sitting in state.

The diamonds, which had created Rawdon's admiration, never went back to Mr. Polonius, of Coventry Street, and that gentleman never applied for their restoration; but they retired into a little private repository, in an old desk, which Amelia Sedley had given her years and years ago, and in which Becky kept a number of useful and, perhaps, valuable things, about which her husband knew nothing. To know nothing, or little, is in the nature of some husbands. To hide is the nature of how many women? O ladies! how many of you have surreptitious milliners' bills? How many of you have gowns and bracelets, which you dare n't show, or which you wear trembling? — trembling, and coaxing with smiles the husband by your side, who does not know the new velvet gown from the old one, or the new bracelet from the last year's, or has any notion that the ragged-looking yellow lace scarf cost forty guineas, and that Madame Bobinot is writing dunning letters every week for the money!

Thus Rawdon knew nothing about the brilliant diamond earrings, or the superb brilliant ornament which decorated the fair bosom of his lady; but Lord Steyne, who was in his place at court, as Lord of the Powder Closet, and one of the great dignitaries and illustrious defences of the throne of England, and came up with all his stars, garters, collars, and cordons, and paid particular attention to the little woman, knew whence the jewels came, and who paid for them.

As he bowed over her he smiled, and quoted the hackneyed and beautiful lines from the "Rape of the Lock," about Belinda's diamonds, which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.

"But I hope your lordship is orthodox," said the little lady, with a toss of her head. And many ladies round about whispered and talked, and many gentlemen nodded and whispered, as they saw what marked attention the great nobleman was paying to the little adventuress.

What were the circumstances of the interview between Rebecca Crawley, née Sharp, and her Imperial Master, it does not become such a feeble and inexperienced pen as mine to attempt to relate. The dazzled eyes close before that Magnificent Idea. Loyal respect and decency tell even the imagination not to look too keenly and audaciously about the sacred audience-chamber, but to back away rapidly, silently, and respectfully, making profound bows out of the August Presence.

This may be said, that in all London there was no more loyal heart than Becky's after this interview. The name of her king was always on her lips, and he was proclaimed by her to be the most charming of men. She went to Colnaghi's and ordered the finest portrait of him that art had produced, and credit could supply. She chose that famous one in which the best of monarchs is represented in a frock-coat with a fur collar, and breeches and silk stockings, simpering on a sofa from under his curly brown wig. She had him painted in a brooch and wore it — indeed she amused and somewhat pestered her acquaintance with her perpetual talk about his urbanity and beauty. Who knows? Perhaps the little woman thought she might play the part of a Maintenon or a Pompadour.

But the finest sport of all after her presentation was to hear her talk virtuously. She had a few female acquaintances, not, it must be owned, of the very highest reputation in Vanity Fair. But being made an honest woman of, so to speak, Becky would not consort any longer with these dubious ones, and cut Lady Crackenbury when the latter nodded to her from her opera-box; and gave Mrs. Washington White [redacted] in the Ring. "One must, my dear, show one is [redacted] she said. "One must n't be seen with doubtful p[redacted] Lady Crackenbury from my heart: and Mrs. W[redacted] mar[redacted]h good-natured person. *You* m[redacted] like your rubber. But *I* must

the goodness to tell Smith to say I am not at home when either of them calls."

The particulars of Becky's costume were in the newspapers — feathers, lappets, superb diamonds, and all the rest. Mrs. Crackenbury read the paragraph in bitterness of spirit, and discoursed to her followers about the airs which that woman was giving herself. Mrs. Bute Crawley and her young ladies in the country had a copy of the "Morning Post" from town; and gave a vent to their honest indignation. "If you had been sandy-haired, green-eyed, and a French rope-dancer's daughter," Mrs. Bute said to her eldest girl (who, on the contrary, was a very swarthy, short, and snub-nosed young lady), "you might have had superb diamonds forsooth, and have been presented at court by your cousin, the Lady Jane. But you're only a gentlewoman, my poor dear child. You have only some of the best blood in England in your veins, and good principles and piety for your portion. I, myself, the wife of a baronet's younger brother, too, never thought of such a thing as going to court — nor would other people, if good Queen Charlotte had been alive." In this way the worthy rectoress consoled herself; and her daughters sighed, and sat over the "Peerage" all night.

A few days after the famous presentation, another great and exceeding honor was vouchsafed to the virtuous Becky. Lady Steyne's carriage drove up to Mr. Rawdon Crawley's door, and the footman, instead of driving down the front of the house, as by his tremendous knocking he appeared to be inclined to do, relented, and only delivered in a couple of cards on which were engraven the names of the Marchioness of Steyne and the Countess of Gaunt. If these bits of pasteboard had been beautiful pictures, or had had a hundred yards of Malines lace rolled round them, worth twice the number of guineas, Becky could not have regarded them with more pleasure. You may be sure they occupied a conspicuous place in the china bowl on the drawing-room table, where Becky kept the cards of her visitors. Lord! lord! how poor Mrs. Washington White's card and Lady Crackenbury's card, which our little friend had been glad enough to get a few months back, and of which the silly little creature was rather proud once — lord! lord! I say, how soon, at the appearance of these grand court cards, did those poor little neglected deuces sink down to the bottom of the pack. Steyne! Pareacres, Johnes of Helvellyn! and Caerlyon of Camelot! we be sure that Becky and Briggs looked out those august

names in the "Peerage," and followed the noble races up through all the ramifications of the family tree.

My Lord Steyne coming to call a couple of hours afterward, and looking about him, and observing everything as was his wont, found his lady's cards already ranged as the trumps of Becky's hand, and grinned, as this old cynic always did at any naïve display of human weakness. Becky came down to him presently; whenever the dear girl expected his lordship, her toilet was prepared, her hair in perfect order, her mouchoirs, aprons, scarfs, little morocco slippers, and other female gimcracks arranged, and she seated in some artless and agreeable posture ready to receive him — whenever she was surprised. Of course she had to fly to her apartment to take a rapid survey of matters in the glass, and to trip down again to wait upon the great peer.

She found him grinning over the bowl. She was discovered, and she blushed a little. "Thank you, monsigneur," she said. "You see your ladies have been here. How good of you! I could n't come before — I was in the kitchen making a pudding."

"I know you were, I saw you through the area-railings as I drove up," replied the old gentleman.

"You see everything," she replied.

"A few things, but not that, my pretty lady," he said good-naturedly. "You silly little fibster! I heard you in the room overhead, where I have no doubt you were putting a little rouge on; you must give some of yours to my Lady Gaunt, whose complexion is quite preposterous; and I heard the bedroom door open, and then you came downstairs."

"Is it a crime to try and look my best when *you* come here?" answered Mrs. Rawdon plaintively, and she rubbed her cheek with her handkerchief as if to show there was no rouge at all, only genuine blushes and modesty in her case. About this who could tell? I know there is some rouge that won't come off on a pocket-handkerchief, and some so good that even tears will not disturb it.

"Well," said the old gentleman, twiddling round his wife's card, "you are bent on becoming a fine lady. You pester my poor old life out to get you into the world. You won't be able to hold your own there, you silly little fool. You've got no money."

"You will get us a pla[illegible]ecky, as quick as possible.

"You 've got no money, and you want to compete with those who have. You poor little earthenware pipkin, you want to swim down the stream along with the great copper kettles. All women are alike. Everybody is striving for what is not worth the having! Gad! I dined with the king yesterday, and we had neck of mutton and turnips. A dinner of herbs is better than a stalled ox very often. You will go to Gaunt House. You give an old fellow no rest until you get there. It 's not half so nice as here. You 'll be bored there. I am. My wife is as gay as Lady Macbeth, and my daughters as cheerful as Regan and Goneril. I dare n't sleep in what they call my bedroom. The bed is like the baldaquin of St. Peter's and the pictures frighten me. I have a little brass bed in a dressing-room, and a little hair mattress like an anchorite. I am an anchorite. Ho, ho! You 'll be asked to dinner next week. And *gare aux femmes*, look out and hold your own! How the women will bully you!" This was a very long speech for a man of few words like my Lord Steyne; nor was it the first which he uttered for Becky's benefit on that day.

Briggs looked up from the work at which she was seated in the further room, and gave a deep sigh as she heard the great marquis speak so lightly of her sex.

"If you don't turn off that abominable sheep-dog," said Lord Steyne, with a savage look over his shoulder at her, "I will have her poisoned."

"I always give my dog dinner from my own plate," said Rebecca, laughing mischievously; and having enjoyed for some time the discomfiture of my lord, who hated poor Briggs for interrupting his *tête-à-tête* with the fair colonel's wife, Mrs. Rawdon at length had pity upon her admirer, and calling to Briggs, praised the fineness of the weather to her, and bade her to take out the child for a walk.

"I can't send her away," Becky said presently, after a pause, and in a very sad voice. Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke, and she turned away her head.

"You owe her her wages, I suppose?" said the peer.

"Worse than that," said Becky, still casting down her eyes. "I have ruined her!"

"Ruined her? — then why don't you turn her out?" the man asked.

do that," Becky answered, bitterly. "Women are not ou. Last year, when we were reduced to our last

his boots off with due subordination: and as the Major abused him from above, kept up a growl of maledictions below at his feet. Thus, when Pendennis was crying "Confound you, sir, mind that strap — curse you, don't wrench my foot off," Morgan *sotto voce* below was expressing a wish to strangle him, drown him, and punch his head off.

The boots removed, it became necessary to divest Mr. Pendennis of his coat: and for this purpose the valet had necessarily to approach very near to his employer; so near that Pendennis could not but perceive what Mr. Morgan's late occupation had been; to which he adverted in that simple and forcible phraseology which men are sometimes in the habit of using to their domestics; informing Morgan that he was a drunken beast, and that he smelt of brandy.

At this the man broke out, losing patience, and flinging up all subordination, "I 'm drunk, am I? I 'm a beast, am I? I 'm d—d, am I? you infernal old miscreant. Shall I wring your old head off, and drownd yer in that pail of water? Do you think I 'm a-goin' to bear your confounded old harrogance, you old Wigsby? Chatter your old hivories at me, do you, you grinning old baboon! Come on, if you are a man, and can stand to a man. Ha! you coward, knives, knives!"

"If you advance a step I 'll send it into you," said the Major, seizing up a knife that was on the table near him. "Go down stairs, you drunken brute, and leave the house; send for your book and your wages in the morning, and never let me see your insolent face again. This d—d impertinence of yours has been growing for some months past. You have been growing too rich. You are not fit for service. Get out of it, and out of the house."

"And where would you wish me to go, pray, out of the 'ouse?" asked the man, "and won't it be equal convenient tomorrow mornin'? — *tootyfay mame shose, sivvaplay, munseer?*"

"Silence, you beast, and go!" cried out the Major.

Morgan began to laugh, with rather a sinister laugh. "Look yere, Pendennis," he said, seating himself; "since I 've been in this room, you 've called me beast, brute, dog: and d—d me, have n't you? How do you suppose one man likes that sort of talk from another? How many years have I waited on you, and how many damns and cusses have you given me, along with my wages? Do you think a man 's a dog, that you can talk to him in this way? If I choose to

drink a little, why should n't I? I've seen many a gentleman drunk form'ly, and per'aps have the 'abit from them. I ain't a-goin' to leave this house, old feller, and shall I tell you why? The house is my house, every stick of furnitur' in it is mine, excep' *your* old traps, and your shower-bath, and your wig-box. I've bought the place, I tell you, with my own industry and perseverance. I can show a hundred pound, where you can show a fifty, or your damned supersellious nephew either. I've served you honorable, done everything for you these dozen years, and I'm a dog, am I? I'm a beast, am I? That 's the language for gentlemen, not for our rank. But I'll bear it no more. I throw up your service; I'm tired on it; I've combed your old wig and buckled your old girths and waistbands long enough, I tell you. Don't look savage at me, I'm sitting in my own chair, in my own room, a-telling the truth to you. I'll be your beast, and your brute, and your dog no more, Major Pendennis 'Alf Pay."

The fury of the old gentleman, met by the servant's abrupt revolt, had been shocked and cooled by the concussion, as much as if a sudden shower-bath or a pail of cold water had been flung upon him. That effect produced, and his anger calmed, Morgan's speech had interested him, and he rather respected his adversary, and his courage in facing him, as of old days, in the fencing-room, he would have admired the opponent who hit him.

"You are no longer my servant," the Major said: "and the house may be yours; but the lodgings are mine, and you will have the goodness to leave them. To-morrow morning, when we have settled our accounts, I shall remove into other quarters. In the meantime, I desire to go to bed, and have not the slightest wish for your farther company."

"*We 'll* have a settlement, don't you be afraid," Morgan said, getting up from his chair. "I ain't done with you yet; nor with your family, nor with the Clavering family, Major Pendennis; and that you shall know."

"Have the goodness to leave the room, sir;—I'm tired," said the Major.

"Hah! you 'll be more tired of me afore you 've done," answered the man, with a sneer, and walked out of the room; leaving the Major to compose himself, as best he might, after the agitation of this extraordinary scene.

He sat and mused by his fireside over the past events, and

the confounded impudence and ingratitude of servants; and thought how he should get a new man: how devilish unpleasant it was for a man of his age, and with his habits, to part with a fellow to whom he had been accustomed: how Morgan had a receipt for boot-varnish, which was incomparably better and more comfortable to the feet than any he had ever tried: how very well he made mutton-broth, and tended him when he was unwell. "Gad, it's a hard thing to lose a fellow of that sort: but he must go," thought the Major. "He has grown rich, and impudent since he has grown rich. He was horribly tipsy and abusive to-night. We must part, and I must go out of the lodgings. Dammy, I like the lodgings; I 'm used to 'em. It 's very unpleasant, at my time of life, to change my quarters." And so on, mused the old gentleman. The shower-bath had done him good: the testiness was gone: the loss of the umbrella, the smell of paint at the Club, were forgotten under the superior excitement. "Confound the insolent villain!" thought the old gentleman. "He understood my wants to a nicety; he was the best servant in England." He thought about his servant as a man thinks of a horse that has carried him long and well, and that has come down with him, and is safe no longer. How the deuce to replace him? Where can he get such another animal?

In these melancholy cogitations the Major, who had donned his own dressing-gown and replaced his head of hair (a little gray had been introduced into the *coiffure* of late by Mr. Truefitt, which had given the Major's head the most artless and respectable appearance); in these cogitations, we say, the Major, who had taken off his wig and put on his night-handkerchief, sat absorbed by the fireside, when a feeble knock came at his door, which was presently opened by the landlady of the lodgings.

"God bless my soul, Mrs. Brixham!" cried out the Major, startled that a lady should behold him in the *simple appareil* of his night-toilette. "It — it 's very late, Mrs. Brixham."

"I wish I might speak to you, sir," said the landlady, very piteously.

"About Morgan, I suppose? He has cooled himself at the pump. Can't take him back, Mrs. Brixham. Impossible. I 'd determined to part with him before, when I heard of his dealings in the discount business — I suppose you 've heard of them, Mrs. Brixham? My servant 's a capitalist, begad."

MAJOR PENDENNIS

From a Drawing by Bernard

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Brixham, "I know it to my cost. I borrowed from him a little money five years ago; and though I have paid him many times over, I am entirely in his power. I am ruined by him, sir. Everything I had is his. He 's a dreadful man."

"Eh, Mrs. Brixham? *tant pis* — dev'lish sorry for you, and that I must quit your house after lodging here so long: there 's no help for it. I must go."

"He says we must all go, sir," sobbed out the luckless widow. "He came downstairs from you just now — he had been drinking, and it always makes him very wicked — and he said that you had insulted him, sir, and treated him like a dog, and spoken to him unkindly; and he swore he would be revenged, and — and I owe him a hundred and twenty pounds, sir, — and he has a bill of sale of all my furniture — and says he will turn me out of my house, and send my poor George to prison. He has been the ruin of my family, that man."

"Dev'lish sorry, Mrs. Brixham; pray take a chair. What can I do?"

"Could you not intercede with him for us? George will give half his allowance: my daughter can send something. If you will but stay on, sir, and pay a quarter's rent in advance — "

"My good madam, I would as soon give you a quarter in advance as not, if I were going to stay in the lodgings. But I can't; and I can't afford to fling away twenty pounds, my good madam. I 'm a poor half-pay officer, and want every shilling I have, begad. As far as a few pounds goes — say five pounds — I don't say — and shall be most happy, and that sort of thing: and I 'll give it to you in the morning with pleasure: but — but it 's getting late, and I have made a railroad journey."

"God's will be done, sir," said the poor woman, drying her tears. "I must bear my fate."

"And a dev'lish hard one it is, and most sincerely I pity you, Mrs. Brixham. I — I 'll say ten pounds, if you will permit me. Good-night."

"Mr. Morgan, sir, when he came downstairs, and when — when I besought him to have pity on me, and told him he had been the ruin of my family, said something which I did not well understand — that he would ruin every family in the house — that he knew something would bring you down too — and that you should pay him for your — your insolence to him.

"I must own to you, that I went down on my knees to him,

sir; and he said, with a dreadful oath against you, that he would have you on your knees."

"Me? — by Gad, that is too pleasant! Where is the confounded fellow?"

"He went away, sir. He said he should see you in the morning. Oh, pray try and pacify him, and save me and my poor boy." And the widow went away with this prayer, to pass her night as she might, and look for the dreadful morrow.

The last words about himself excited Major Pendennis so much, that his compassion for Mrs. Brixham's misfortunes was quite forgotten in the consideration of his own case.

"Me on my knees?" thought he, as he got into bed: "confound his impudence. Who ever saw me on my knees? What the devil does the fellow know? Gad, I 've not had an affair these twenty years. I defy him." And the old campaigner turned round and slept pretty sound, being rather excited and amused by the events of the day — the last day in Bury Street, he was determined it should be. "For it 's impossible to stay on with a valet over me and a bankrupt landlady. What good can I do this poor devil of a woman? I 'll give her twenty pound — there 's Warrington's twenty pound, which he has just paid — but what 's the use? She 'll want more, and more, and more, and that cormorant Morgan will swallow all. No, dammy, I can't afford to know poor people; and to-morrow I 'll say good-by — to Mrs. Brixham and Mr. Morgan."

Early next morning Pendennis's shutters were opened by Morgan, who appeared as usual, with a face perfectly grave and respectful, bearing with him the old gentleman's clothes, cans of water, and elaborate toilette requisites.

"It 's you, is it?" said the old fellow from his bed. "I sha'n't take you back again, you understand."

"I 'ave not the least wish to be took back agin, Major Pendennis," Mr. Morgan said, with grave dignity, "nor to serve you nor hany man. But as I wish you to be comf'table as long as you stay in my house, I came up to do what 's ne'ssary." And once more, and for the last time, Mr. James Morgan laid out the silver dressing-case, and strapped the shining razor.

These offices concluded, he addressed himself to the Major with an indescribable solemnity, and said: "Thinkin' that you would most likely be in want of a respectable pusson, until you suited yourself, I spoke to a young m' 'ght, who is 'ere."

"Indeed," said the warrior in t

"He 'ave lived in the fust fam'lies, and I can vouch for his respectability."

"You are monstrous polite," grinned the old Major. And the truth is, that after the occurrences of the previous evening, Morgan had gone out to his own Club at the "Wheel of Fortune," and there finding Frosch, a courier and valet just returned from a foreign tour with young Lord Cubley, and for the present disposable, had represented to Mr. Frosch, that he, Morgan, had had "a devil of a blow hup with his own Gov'nor, and was goin' to retire from the business haltogether, and that if Frosch wanted a tempo'ry job, he might prob'bly have it by applying in Bury Street."

"You are very polite," said the Major, "and your recommendation, I am sure, will have every weight."

Morgan blushed; he felt his master was "a-chaffin' of him."

"The man have awaited on you before, sir," he said with great dignity. "Lord De la Pole, sir, gave him to his nephew, young Lord Cubley, and he have been with him on his foring tour, and not wishing to go to Fitzurse Castle, which Frosch's chest is delicate, and he cannot bear the cold in Scotland, he is free to serve you or not, as you choose."

"I repeat, sir, that you are exceedingly polite," said the Major. "Come in, Frosch — you will do very well — Mr. Morgan, will you have the great kindness to — "

"I shall show him what is ne'ssary, sir, and what is custom'ry for you to wish to 'ave done. Will you please to take breakfast 'ere or at the Club, Major Pendennis?"

"With your kind permission, I will breakfast here, and afterwards we will make our little arrangements."

"If you please, sir."

"Will you now oblige me by leaving the room?"

Morgan withdrew; the excessive politeness of his ex-employer made him almost as angry as the Major's bitterest words. And whilst the old gentleman is making his mysterious toilet, we will also modestly retire.

After breakfast, Major Pendennis and his new aide-de-camp occupied themselves in preparing for their departure. The establishment of the old bachelor was not very complicated. He encumbered himself with no useless wardrobe. A Bible (his mother's), a road-book, Pen's novel (calf elegant), and the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, with a few prints, maps, and portraits of that illustrious general, and of various sover-

eigns and consorts of this country, and of the General under whom Major Pendennis had served in India, formed his literary and artistical collection: he was always ready to march at a few hours' notice, and the cases in which he had brought his property into his lodgings, some fifteen years before, were still in the lofts amply sufficient to receive all his goods. These, the young woman who did the work of the house, and who was known by the name of Betty to her mistress, and of Slavey to Mr. Morgan, brought down from their resting-place, and obediently dusted and cleaned under the eyes of the terrible Morgan. His demeanor was guarded and solemn; he had spoken no word as yet to Mrs. Brixham respecting his threats of the past night, but he looked as if he would execute them, and the poor widow tremblingly awaited her fate.

Old Pendennis, armed with his cane, superintended the package of his goods and chattels, under the hands of Mr. Frosch, and the Slavey burned such of his papers as he did not care to keep: flung open doors and closets until they were all empty; and now all boxes and chests were closed, except his desk, which was ready to receive the final accounts of Mr. Morgan.

That individual now made his appearance, and brought his books. "As I wish to speak to you in privick, per'aps you will 'ave the kindness to request Frosch to step downstairs," he said, on entering.

"Bring a couple of cabs, Frosch, if you please — and wait downstairs until I ring for you," said the Major. Morgan saw Frosch downstairs, watched him go along the street upon his errand, and produced his books and accounts, which were simple and very easily settled.

"And now, sir," said he, having pocketed the check which his ex-employer gave him, and signed his name to his book with a flourish, "and now that accounts is closed between us, sir," he said, "I porpose to speak to you as one man to another" (Morgan liked the sound of his own voice; and, as an individual, indulged in public speaking whenever he could get an opportunity, at the Club, or the housekeeper's room), "and I must tell you, that I'm in *possession of certing infamation.*"

"And may I inquire of what nature, pray?" asked the Major.

"It 's valuble information, Major Pendennis, as you know very well. I know of a marriage as is no marriage — of a hon-

orable Baronet as is no more married than I am; and which his wife is married to somebody else, as you know too, sir."

Pendennis at once understood all. "Ha! this accounts for your behavior. You have been listening at the door, sir, I suppose," said the Major, looking very haughty; "I forgot to look at the key-hole when I went to that public-house, or I might have suspected what sort of a person was behind it."

"I may have my schemes as you may have yours, I suppose," answered Morgan. "I may get my information, and I may act on that information, and I may find that information valuble as anybody else may. A poor servant may have a bit of luck as well as a gentleman, may n't he? Don't you be putting on your 'aughty looks, sir, and comin' the aristocrat over me. That 's all gammon with me. I 'm an Englishman, I am, and as good as you."

"To what the devil does this tend, sir? and how does the secret which you have surprised concern me, I should like to know?" asked Major Pendennis, with great majesty.

"How does it concern me, indeed? how grand we are! How does it concern my nephew, I wonder? How does it concern my nephew's seat in Parlyment: and to subornation of bigamy? How does it concern that? What, are you to be the only man to have a secret, and to trade on it? Why should n't I go halves, Major Pendennis! I've found it out, too. Look here! I ain't goin' to be unreasonable with you. Make it worth my while, and I 'll keep the thing close. Let Mr. Arthur take his seat, and his rich wife, if you like; I don't want to marry her. But I will have my share, as sure as my name 's James Morgan. And if I don't —"

"And if you don't, sir — what?" Pendennis asked.

"If I don't, I split, and tell all. I smash Clavering, and have him and his wife up for bigamy — so help me, I will! I smash young Hopeful's marriage, and I show up you and him as makin' use of this secret, in order to squeeze a seat in Parlyment out of Sir Francis, and a fortune out of his wife."

"Mr. Pendennis knows no more of this business than the babe unborn, sir," cried the Major, aghast. "No more than Lady Clavering, than Miss Amory does."

"Tell that to the marines, Major," replied the valet; "that cock won't fight with me."

"Do you doubt my word, you villain?"

"No bad language. I don't care one twopence'a'p'ny

whether your word 's true or not. I tell you, I intend this to be a nice little annuity to me, Major: for I have every one of you; and I ain't such a fool as to let you go. I should say that you might make it five hundred a year to me among you, easy. Pay me down the first quarter now, and I'm as mum as a mouse. Just give me a note for one twenty-five. There 's your cheque-book on your desk."

"And there 's this too, you villain," cried the old gentleman. In the desk to which the valet pointed was a little double-barrelled pistol, which had belonged to Pendennis's old patron, the Indian commander-in-chief, and which had accompanied him in many a campaign. "One more word, you scoundrel, and I'll shoot you, like a mad dog. Stop — by Jove, I'll do it now. You 'll assault me, will you? You 'll strike at an old man, will you, you lying coward? Kneel down and say your prayers, sir, for by the Lord you shall die."

The Major's face glared with rage at his adversary, who looked terrified before him for a moment, and at the next, with a shriek of "Murder!" sprang towards the open window, under which a policeman happened to be on his beat. "Murder! Police!" bellowed Mr. Morgan.

To his surprise, Major Pendennis wheeled away the table and walked to the other window, which was also open. He beckoned the policeman. "Come up here, policeman," he said, and then went and placed himself against the door.

"You miserable sneak," he said to Morgan; "the pistol has n't been loaded these fifteen years, as you would have known very well, if you had not been such a coward. That policeman is coming, and I will have him up, and have your trunks searched; I have reason to believe that you are a thief, sir. I know you are. I 'll swear to the things."

"You gave 'em to me — you gave 'em to me!" cried Morgan.

The Major laughed. "We 'll see," he said; and the guilty valet remembered some fine lawn-fronted shirts — a certain gold-headed cane — an opera-glass, which he had forgotten to bring down, and of which he had assumed the use along with certain articles of his master's clothes, which the old dandy neither wore nor asked for.

Policeman X entered; followed by the scared Mrs. Brixham and her maid-of-all-work, who had been at the door and found some difficulty in closing it against the street amateurs, who wished to see the row. The Major began instantly to speak.

"I have had occasion to discharge this drunken scoundrel," he said. "Both last night and this morning he insulted and assaulted me. I am an old man and took up a pistol. You see it is not loaded, and this coward cried out before he was hurt. I am glad you are come. I was charging him with taking my property, and desired to examine his trunks and his room."

"The velvet cloak you ain't worn these three years, nor the weskits, and I thought I might take the shirts, and I — I take my hoath I intended to put back the hopera-glass," roared Morgan, writhing with rage and terror.

"The man acknowledges that he is a thief," the Major said, calmly. "He has been in my service for years, and I have treated him with every kindness and confidence. We will go upstairs and examine his trunks."

In those trunks Mr. Morgan had things which he would fain keep from public eyes. Mr. Morgan, the bill-discounter, gave goods as well as money to his customers. He provided young spendthrifts with snuff-boxes and pins and jewels and pictures and cigars, and of a very doubtful quality those cigars and jewels and pictures were. Their display at a police office, the discovery of his occult profession, and the exposure of the Major's property, which he had appropriated, indeed, rather than stolen, — would not have added to the reputation of Mr. Morgan. He looked a piteous image of terror and discomfiture.

"He 'll smash me, will he?" thought the Major. "I 'll crush him now, and finish with him."

But he paused. He looked at poor Mrs. Brixham's scared face; and he thought for a moment to himself that the man brought to bay and in prison might make disclosures which had best be kept secret, and that it was best not to deal too fiercely with a desperate man.

"Stop," he said, "policeman. I 'll speak with this man by himself."

"Do you give Mr. Morgan in charge?" said the policeman.

"I have brought no charge as yet," the Major said, with a significant look at his man.

"Thank you, sir," whispered Morgan, very low.

"Go outside the door, and wait there, policeman, if you please. — Now, Morgan, you have played one game with me, and you have not had the best of it, my good man. No, begad, you 've not had the best of it, though you had the best hand; and you 've got to pay, too, now, you scoundrel."

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"I've only found out, within the last week, the game which you have been driving, you villian. Young De Boots, of the Blues, recognized you as the man who came to barracks, and did business one-third in money, one-third in eau-de-Cologne, and one-third in French prints, you confounded demure old sinner! I did n't miss anything, or care a straw what you 'd taken, you booby; but I took the shot, and it hit — hit the bull's-eye, begad. Dammy, sir, I 'm an old campaigner."

"What do you want with me, sir?"

"I 'll tell you. Your bills, I suppose, you keep about you in that dem 'd great leather pocket-book, don't you? You 'll burn Mrs. Brixham's bill?"

"Sir, I ain't a-goin' to part with my property," growled the man.

"You lent her sixty pounds five years ago. She and that poor devil of an insurance-clerk, her son, have paid you fifty pounds a year ever since; and you have got a bill of sale of her furniture, and her note of hand for a hundred and fifty pounds. She told me so last night. By Jove, sir, you 've bled that poor woman enough."

"I won't give it up," said Morgan. "If I do I 'm —"

"Policeman!" cried the Major.

"You shall have the bill," said Morgan. "You 're not going to take money of me, and you a gentleman?"

"I shall want you directly," said the Major to X, who here entered, and who again withdrew.

"No, my good sir," the old gentleman continued; "I have not any desire to have farther pecuniary transactions with you; but we will draw out a little paper, which you will have the kindness to sign. No, stop! — you shall write it: you have improved immensely in writing of late, and have now a very good hand. You shall sit down and write, if you please — there, at that table — so — let me see — we may as well have the date. Write 'Bury Street, St. James's, October 21, 18 —.'"

And Morgan wrote as he was instructed, and as the pitiless old Major continued: —

"I, James Morgan, having come in extreme poverty into the service of Arthur Pendennis, Esquire, of Bury Street, St. James's, a Major in her Majesty's service, acknowledge that I received liberal wages and board wages from my employer, during fifteen years. — You can't object to that, I am sure," said the Major.

"During fifteen years," wrote Morgan.

"In which time, by my own care and prudence," the dictator resumed, "I have managed to amass sufficient money to purchase the house in which my master resides, and besides to effect other savings. Amongst other persons from whom I have had money, I may mention my present tenant, Mrs. Brixham, who in consideration of sixty pounds advanced by me five years since, has paid back to me the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds sterling, besides giving me a note of hand for one hundred and twenty pounds, which I restore to her at the desire of my late master, Major Arthur Pendennis, and therewith free her furniture, of which I had a bill of sale. — Have you written?"

"I think if this pistol was loaded, I'd blow your brains out," said Morgan.

"No, you would n't. You have too great a respect for your valuable life, my good man," the Major answered. "Let us go on and begin a new sentence."

"And having, in return for my master's kindness, stolen his property from him, which I acknowledge to be now upstairs in my trunks; and having uttered falsehoods regarding his and other honorable families, I do hereby, in consideration of his clemency to me, express my regret for uttering these falsehoods, and for stealing his property; and I declare that I am not worthy of belief, and that I hope — yes, begad, — that I hope to amend for the future. Signed, James Morgan."

"I'm d—d if I sign it," said Morgan."

"My good man, it will happen to you, whether you sign or no, begad," said the old fellow, chuckling at his own wit. "There, I shall not use this, you understand, unless — unless I am compelled to do so. Mrs. Brixham, and our friend the policeman, will witness it, I dare say, without reading it; and I will give the old lady back her note of hand, and say, which you will confirm, that she and you are quits. I see there is Frosch come back with the cab for my trunks; I shall go to an hotel. — You may come in now, policeman; Mr. Morgan and I have arranged our little dispute. If Mrs. Brixham will sign this paper, and you, policeman, will do so, I shall be very much obliged to you both. Mrs. Brixham, you and your worthy landlord, Mr. Morgan, are quits. I wish you joy of him. Let Frosch come and pack the rest of the things."

Frosch, aided by the Slavey, under the calm superintendence of Mr. Morgan, carried Major Pendennis's boxes to the cab in

waiting; and Mrs. Brixham, when her persecutor was not by, came and asked a Heaven's blessing upon the Major, her preserver, and the best and quietest and kindest of lodgers. And having given her finger to shake, which the humble lady received with a curtsy, and over which she was ready to make a speech full of tears, the Major cut short that valedictory oration, and walked out of the house to the hotel in Jermyn Street, which was not many steps from Morgan's door.

That individual, looking forth from the parlor-window, discharged anything but blessings at his parting guest; but the stout old boy could afford not to be frightened at Mr. Morgan, and flung him a look of great contempt and humor as he strutted away with his cane.

BEATRIX ESMOND.

(From "The History of Henry Esmond.")

As they came up to the house at Walcote, the windows from within were lighted up with friendly welcome; the supper-table was spread in the oak parlor; it seemed as if forgiveness and love were awaiting the returning prodigal. Two or three familiar faces of domestics were on the lookout at the porch — the old housekeeper was there, and young Lockwood from Castlewood in my lord's livery of tawny and blue. His dear mistress pressed his arm as they passed into the hall. Her eyes beamed out on him with affection indescribable. "Welcome," was all she said, as she looked up, putting back her fair curls and black hood. A sweet rosy smile blushed on her face; Harry thought he had never seen her look so charming. Her face was lighted with a joy that was brighter than beauty — she took a hand of her son who was in the hall waiting his mother — she did not quit Esmond's arm.

"Welcome, Harry!" my young lord echoed after her. "Here we are all come to say so. Here's old Pincot, has n't she grown handsome?" and Pincot, who was older and no handsomer than usual, made a courtesy to the Captain, as she called Esmond, and told my lord to "Have done now."

"And here's Jack I [illegible] He 'll make a famous grena-
dier, Jack; and so sh [illegible] both 'list under you, cousin.
As soon as I am sever [illegible] y gentleman
goes to the army. [illegible] !" he be-
into a laugh. "'T[illegible]

she would put one on as soon as she heard a Captain was coming to supper."

This laughing colloquy took place in the hall of Walcote House, in the midst of which is a staircase that leads from an open gallery where are the doors of the sleeping-chambers; and from one of these a wax candle in her hand, and illuminating her, came Mistress Beatrix — the light falling indeed upon the scarlet ribbon which she wore, and upon the most brilliant white neck in the world.

Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height, and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible; and that night the great Duke was at the playhouse after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty — that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark; her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders. But her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine; except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot, as it planted itself on the ground, was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace — agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen — now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic — there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

So she came, holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stairs to greet Esmond.

"She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes," says my lord, still laughing. "Oh, my fine mistress! is this the way you set your cap at the Captain?" She approached, shin-
smiles upon Esmond, who could look at nothing but her eyes.
anced, holding forward her head, as if she would have
as he used to do when she was a child.

"Stop," she said. "I am grown too big! Welcome, cousin Harry!" and she made him an arch courtesy, sweeping down to the ground almost, with the most gracious bend, looking up the while with the brightest eyes and sweetest smile. Love seemed to radiate from her. Harry eyed her with such a rapture as the first lover is described as having by Milton.

"N'est ce pas?" says my lady, in a low, sweet voice, still hanging on his arm.

Esmond turned round with a start and a blush, as he met his mistress's clear eyes. He had forgotten her, wrapped in admiration of the *filia pulcrior*.

"Right foot forward, toe turned out, so; now drop the courtesy, and show the red stockings, 'Trix. They've silver clocks, Harry. The Dowager sent 'em. She went to put 'em on," cries my lord.

"Hush, you stupid child!" says Miss, smothering her brother with kisses; and then she must come and kiss her mamma looking all the while at Harry, over his mistress's shoulder. And if she did not kiss him, she gave him both her hands, and then took one of his in both hands, and said, "Oh, Harry, we're *so* glad you're come!"

"There are woodcocks for supper," says my lord. — Huzza! It was such a hungry sermon.

"And it is the 29th of December, and our Harry has come home."

"Huzza, old Pincot!" again says my lord; and my dear lady's lips looked as if they were trembling with a prayer. She would have Harry lead in Beatrix to the supper-room, going herself with my young Lord Viscount; and to this party came Tom Tusher directly, whom four at least out of the company of five wished away. Away he went, however, as soon as the sweetmeats were put down; and then, by the great crackling fire, his mistress or Beatrix, with her blushing graces, filling his glass for him, Harry told the story of his campaign, and passed the most delightful night his life had ever known. The sun was up long ere he was, so deep, sweet, and refreshing was his slumber. He woke as if angels had been watching at his bed all night, I dare say one that was as pure and loving as an angel had blessed his sleep with her prayers.

Next morning the chaplain read prayers to the little [illegible] hold at Walcote, as the custom was; Esmond thought Beatrix did not listen to Tusher's exhortation

were wandering everywhere during the service, at least whenever he looked up he met them. Perhaps he also was not very attentive to his reverence the chaplain. "This might have been my life," he was thinking; "this might have been my duty from now till old age. Well, were it not a pleasant one to be with these dear friends and part from 'em no more? Until — the destined lover comes and takes away pretty Beatrix" — and the best part of Tom Tusher's exposition, which may have been very learned and eloquent, was quite lost to poor Harry by this vision of the destined lover, who put the preacher out.

All the while of the prayers, Beatrix knelt a little way before Harry Esmond. The red stockings were changed for a pair of gray, and black shoes, in which her feet looked to the full as pretty. All the roses of spring could not vie with the brightness of her complexion; Esmond thought he had never seen anything like the sunny lustre of her eyes. My Lady Viscountess looked fatigued, as if with watching, and her face was pale.

Miss Beatrix remarked these signs of indisposition in her mother, and deplored them. "I am an old woman," says my lady, with a kind smile; "I cannot hope to look as young as you do, my dear."

"She'll never look as good as you do if she lives till she's a hundred," says my lord, taking his mother by the waist, and kissing her hand.

"Do I look very wicked, cousin?" says Beatrix, turning full round on Esmond, with her pretty face so close under his chin that the soft perfumed hair touched it. She laid her finger-tips on his sleeve as she spoke; and he put his other hand over hers.

"I'm like your looking-glass," says he, "and that can't flatter you."

"He means that you are always looking at him, my dear," says her mother, archly. Beatrix ran away from Esmond at this, and flew to her mamma, whom she kissed, stopping my lady's mouth with her pretty hand.

"And Harry is very good to look at," says my lady, with her fond eyes regarding the young man.

"If 't is good to see a happy face," says he, "you see that." My lady said "Amen," with a sigh; and Henry thought the memory of her dead lord rose up and rebuked her back again [illegible]: for her face lost the smile, and resumed its look

look in our scarlet and silver,

and our black periwig," cries my lord. "Mother, I am tired of my own hair. When shall I have a peruke? Where did you get your steenkirk, Harry?"

"It 's some of my Lady Dowager's lace," says Harry: "she gave me this and a number of other fine things."

"My Lady Dowager is n't such a bad woman," my lord continued.

"She 's not so — so red as she is painted," says Miss Beatrix.

Her brother broke into a laugh. "I 'll tell her you said so; by the Lord, 'Trix, I will," he cries out.

"She 'll know that you had n't the wit to say it, my lord," says Miss Beatrix.

"We won't quarrel the first day Harry 's here, will we, mother?" said the young lord. "We 'll see if we can get on to the new year without a fight. Have some of this Christmas pie? and here comes the tankard; no, it 's Pincot, with the tea."

"Will the Captain choose a dish?" asked Mistress Beatrix.

"I say, Harry," my lord goes on, "I 'll show thee my horses after breakfast; and we 'll go a-bird-netting to-night; and on Monday there 's a cock-match at Winchester — do you love cock-fighting, Harry? — between the gentlemen of Sussex and the gentlemen of Hampshire, at ten pounds the battle, and fifty pounds the odd battle, to show one-and-twenty cocks."

"And what will you do, Beatrix, to amuse our kinsman?" asks my lady.

"I 'll listen to him," says Beatrix; "I am sure he has a hundred things to tell us. And I 'm jealous already of the Spanish ladies. Was that a beautiful nun at Cadiz, that you rescued from the soldiers? Your man talked of it last night in the kitchen, and Mrs. Betty told me this morning as she combed my hair. And he says you must be in love; for you sat on deck all night, and scribbled verses all day in your table-book." Harry thought if he had wanted a subject for verses yesterday, to-day he had found one; and not all the Lindamiras and Ardelias of the poets were half so beautiful as this young creature, but he did not say so, though some one did for him.

This was his dear lady, who, after the meal was over, and the young people were gone, began talking of her children with Mr. Esmond, and of the characters of one and the other, and of her hopes and fears for both of them. "'T is not while they are at home," she said, "and in their mother's nest I fear for them

BEATRIX ESMOND

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L

— 't is when they are gone into the world, whither I shall not e able to follow them. Beatrix will begin her service next ear. You may have heard a rumor about — about my Lord landford. They were both children; and it is but idle talk. know my kinswoman would never let him make such a poor arriage as our Beatrix would be. There 's scarce a princess n Europe that she thinks is good enough for him or his mbition."

"There 's not a princess in Europe to compare with her," ays Esmond.

"In beauty? No, perhaps not," answered my lady. "She s most beautiful, is n't she? 'T is not a mother's partiality at deceives me. I marked you yesterday when she came own the stair; and read it in your face. We look when you on't fancy us looking, and see better than you think, dear [arry; and just now when they spoke about your poems — you rote pretty lines when you were but a boy — you thought eatrix was a pretty subject for verse, did not you, Harry?" The gentleman could only blush for a reply.) "And so she s; now are you the first that her pretty face has captivated. T is quickly done. Such a pair of bright eyes as hers learn eir power very soon, and use it very early." And looking t him keenly with hers, the fair widow left him.

And so it is — a pair of bright eyes with a dozen glances ffice to subdue a man; to enslave him and inflame him; to ake him even forget; they dazzle him so that the past be- omes straightway dim to him; and he so prizes them that he ould give all his life to possess them. What is the fond love f dearest friends compared to this treasure? Is memory as rong as expectancy? fruition, as hunger? gratitude, as esire? I have looked at royal diamonds in the jewel-rooms Europe, and thought how wars had been made about them. [ogul sovereigns deposed and strangled for them, or ransomed ith them; millions expended to buy them; and daring lives st in digging out the little shining toys that I value no more an the button in my hat. And so there are other glittering aubles, of rare water, too, for which men have been set to kill nd quarrel ever since mankind began; and which last but for score of years, when their sparkle is over. Where are those wels now that beamed under Cleopatra's forehead, or shone the sockets of Helen?

" nd's coming to Walcote, Tom

Tusher had leave to take a holiday, and went off in his very best gown and bands, to court the young woman whom his reverence desired to marry, and who was not a viscount's widow, as it turned out, but a brewer's relict, at Southampton, with a couple of thousand pounds to her fortune; for honest Tom's heart was under such excellent control that Venus herself, without a portion, would never have caused it to flutter. So he rode away on his heavy-paced gelding to pursue his jog-trot loves, leaving Esmond to the society of his dear mistress and her daughter, and with his young lord for a companion, who was charmed not only to see an old friend, but to have the tutor and his Latin books put out of the way.

The boy talked of things and people, and not a little about himself, in his frank, artless way. 'T was easy to see that he and his sister had the better of their fond mother, for the first place in whose affections, though they fought constantly, and though the kind lady persisted that she loved both equally, 't was not difficult to understand that Frank was his mother's darling and favorite. He ruled the whole household, always excepting rebellious Beatrix, not less now than when he was a child, marshalling the village boys in playing at soldiers, and caning them lustily, too, like the sturdiest corporal. As for Tom Tusher, his Reverence treated the young lord with that politeness and deference which he always showed for a great man, whatever his age or stature was. Indeed, with respect to this young one, it was impossible not to love him, so frank and winning were his manners, his beauty, his gayety, the ring of his laughter, and the delighted tone of his voice. Wherever he went he charmed and domineered. I think his old grandfather, the Dean, and the grim old housekeeper, Mrs. Pincot, were as much his slaves as his mother was; and as for Esmond, he found himself presently submitting to a certain fascination the boy had, and slaving it like the rest of the family. The pleasure which he had in Frank's mere company and converse exceeded that which he ever enjoyed in the society of any other man, however delightful in talk or famous for wit. His presence brought sunshine into a room, his laugh, his prattle, his noble beauty and brightness of look cheered and charmed indescribably. At the least tale of sorrow, his hands were in his purse, and he was eager with sympathy and bounty. The way in which women loved and petted him, when, a year or two afterward, he came upo world, yet a mere boy, and the follies which they did f

indeed he for them), recalled the career of Rochester, and outdid the successes of Grammont. His very creditors loved him; and the hardest usurers, and some of the rigid prudes of the other sex, too, could deny him nothing. He was no more witty than another man, but what he said, he said and looked as no man else could say or look it. I have seen the women at the comedy at Bruxelles crowd round him in the lobby: and as he sat on the stage, more people looked at him than at the actors, and watched him; and I remember at Ramillies, when he was hit and fell, a great big red-haired Scotch sergeant flung his halberd down, burst out a-crying like a woman, seizing him up as if he had been an infant, and carrying him out of the fire. This brother and sister were the most beautiful couple ever seen; though after he winged away from the maternal nest, this pair were seldom together.

Sitting at dinner two days after Esmond's arrival (it was the last day of the year), and so happy a one to Harry Esmond that to enjoy it was quite worth all the previous pain which he had endured and forgot, my young lord filling a bumper, and bidding Harry take another, drank to his sister, saluting her under the title of "Marchioness."

"Marchioness," says Harry, not without a pang of wonder, for he was curious and jealous already.

"Nonsense, my lord," says Beatrix, with a toss of her head. My Lady Viscountess looked up for a moment at Esmond, and cast her eyes down.

"The Marchioness of Blandford," says Frank. "Don't you know — hath not Rouge Dragon told you?" (My lord used to call the Dowager at Chelsea by this and other names.) "Blandford has a lock of her hair: the Duchess found him on his knees to Mistress Beatrix, and boxed his ears, and said Dr. Hare should whip him."

"I wish Mr. Tusher would whip you too," says Beatrix.

My lady only said: "I hope you will tell none of these silly stories elsewhere than at home, Francis."

"'T is true, on my word," continues Frank: "look at Harry scowling, mother, and see how Beatrix blushes as red as the silver-clocked stockings."

"I think we had best leave the gentlemen to their wine and
Mistress Beatrix, rising up with the air of a
her rustling, flowing draperies about her,
lowed her mother.

Lady Castlewood again looked at Esmond, as she stooped down and kissed Frank. "Do not tell those silly stories, child," she said: "do not drink much wine, sir; Harry never loved to drink wine." And she went away, too, in her black robes, looking back on the young man with her fond, fair face.

"Egad! it's true," says Frank, sipping his wine, with the air of a lord. "What think you of this Lisbon — real Collares? 'Tis better than your heady port; we got it out of one of the Spanish ships that came from Vigo last year; my mother bought it at Southampton, as the ship was lying there — the 'Rose,' Captain Hawkins."

"Why, I came home in that ship," says Harry.

"And it brought home a good fellow and good wine," says my lord. "I say, Harry, I wish thou hadst not that cursed bar sinister."

"And why not the bar sinister?" asks the other.

"Suppose I go to the army and am killed — every gentleman goes to the army — who is to take care of the women? 'Trix will never stop at home; mother's in love with you — yes, I think mother 's in love with you. She was always praising you, and always talking about you; and when she went to Southampton to see the ship, I found her out. But you see it is impossible; we are of the oldest blood in England; we came in with the Conqueror; we were only baronets — but what then? we were forced into that. James the First forced our great-grandfather. We are above titles; we old English gentry don't want 'em. The Queen can make a duke any day. Look at Blandford's father, Duke Churchill, and Duchess Jennings, what were they, Harry? D—— it, sir, what are they, to turn up their noses at us? Where were they when our ancestors rode with King Henry at Agincourt, and filled up the French king's cup after Poictiers? 'Fore George, sir, why should n't Blandford marry Beatrix? By G ——! he *shall* marry Beatrix, or tell me the reason why. We 'll marry with the best blood of England, and none but the best blood of England. You are an Esmond, and can't help your birth, my boy. Let's have another bottle. What! no more? I 've drunk three parts of this myself. I had many a night with my father. You stood to him like a man, Harry. You backed your blood; you can't help your misfortune, you know — no man can help that."

The elder said he would go into his mistress's
The young lad, with a heightened color and

ing a snatch of a song, and marched out of the room. Esmond heard him presently calling his dogs about him, and cheering and talking to them; and by a hundred of his looks and gestures, tricks of voice and gait, was reminded of the dead lord, Frank's father.

And so, the sylvester night passed away: the family parted long before midnight, Lady Castlewood remembering, no doubt, former New Years' eves, when healths were drunk, and laughter went round in the company of him, to whom years, past, present, and future, were to be as one; and so cared not to sit with her children and hear the Cathedral bells ringing the birth of the year 1703. Esmond heard the chimes as he sat in his own chamber, ruminating by the blazing fire there, and listened to the last notes of them, looking out from his window toward the city, and the great gray towers of the Cathedral lying under the frosty sky, with the keen stars shining above.

Little Billee.

Air — "Il y avait un petit navire."

There were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They 'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We 've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we should n't agree!
There 's little Bill, he 's young and tender —
We 're old and tough, so let 's eat he.

"O Billy! we 're going to kill and eat you,
he button of your chemie."
ved this information
et-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant-mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There 's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee;
There 's the British flag a-riding at anchor
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill he made him
The captain of a seventy-three.

At the Church Gate.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover:
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out,
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming:
They 've hushed the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell:
She 's coming, she 's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes — she 's here — she 's past —
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint

Meekly and duly:
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

The Mahogany-tree.

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill, —
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without, —
Shelter about
The Mahogany-tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plumes
Sang, in its bloom:
Night-birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short;
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
We miss,
To see.

Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we 'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup —
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet:
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite:
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

The End of the Play.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he 's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that 's anything but gay.

One word ere yet the evenir
Let 's close it with a par
And pledge a hand to all v
As fits the merry Chris

Who bade the mud from Dives's wheel
  To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we 'll kneel,
  Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
  Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
  And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
  Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
  And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
  Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
  And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize. —
  Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
  Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
  (Bear kindly with my humble lays)
The sacred chorus first was sung
  Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead —
  The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
  And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
  I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
  As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
  Be this, good friends, our carol still, —
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
  To men of gentle will.

"Oh, happier he who gains not
The love some seem to gain;
The joy that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The love that ne'er can wane.

"In dreams she grows not older,
The land of dreams among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung;
In dreams doth he behold her,
Still fair and kind and young."

The gentle strain of melancholy and baffled desire faded into silence, but the young man's thoughts pursued it. A memory of his own that sometimes stung him, sometimes plaintively caressed him, stirred in his heart. "I am afraid you hit it, Andy," he muttered, "and I should have found it only a dream had I won."

At thirty Somers fancied himself mighty cynical. He consorted with daring critics, and believed the worst both of art and of letters. He was making campaign cartoons for a daily journal instead of painting the picture of the future; the panic of '93 had stripped him of his little fortune, and his sweetheart had refused to marry him. Therefore he said, incessantly, in the language of Job, "I do well to be angry." The rubber tires revolved more slowly as his eye turned from the wayside to the smiling hills. The corn ears were sheathed in silvery yellow, but the afternoon sun jewelled the green pastures, fresh as in May (for rain had fallen in the morning), and maples, oaks, and elms blended exquisite gradations of color and shade here and there among the open fields. Long rows of poplars recalled France to Somers, and he sighed. "These houses are all comfortable and all ugly," thought the artist. "I never saw anything less picturesque. The life has n't even the dismal interest of poverty and revolt, for they are all beastly prosperous; and one of the farmers has offered me a hundred dollars and my expenses to come here and make a pastel of his wife. And I have taken the offer, because I want to pay my board bill and buy a second-hand bicycle. The cha
after something like a colored photogra
and smooth, and every hair painted

have to have the money; and I won't sign the cursed thing! What does he want it for, though? I wonder, did *he* ever know love's young dream? Dream? It's all a dream — a mirage of the senses or the fancy. Confound it! why need I be harking back to it? I must be near his house. House near the corner, they said, where the roads cross — maybe this is it. Ugh! how it jumps at the eyes!"

The house before him was yellow, with pea green blinds; the great barns were Indian red; and a white fence glittered in front of an old-fashioned garden a-riot with scarlet salvias and crimson coxcomb. Two men were talking, hidden to the waist by a thicket of marigolds, out of which the sun struck orange spangles. One of the men smote the palm of his left hand with his right fist as he talked — not vehemently, but with a dogged air. His checked shirt and brown overalls were as coarse and soiled as the other man's, yet even a stranger could perceive that he was the master. There was a composure about the rugged gray face, a look of control and care, that belongs to the ruler, whether of large affairs or small.

He made an end of the talk by turning on his heel, whereupon the other flung an ugly word after the sturdy old back, and slunk off. At the gate he was joined by a companion. They passed Somers, who caught a single sentence: "Nit. I told you he would n't give no more. He 's close as the bark of a tree."

Somers wheeled by, up to the gate and the old man, who was now leaning on the fence. He asked where Mr. Gates lived.

"Here," said the old man, not removing his elbows from the fence bar.

"And may I ask, are you Mr. Gates?" said Somers, bringing his wheel to a halt, with one foot on the curbstone.

"Yes, sir. But if you 're the young man was round selling 'Mother, Home, and Heaven,' and going to call again to see if we liked it, we don't want it; you need n't git off. My wife can't read, and I 'm taking a Chicago paper now, and ain't got any time."

Somers smiled and dismounted. "I 'm not selling any- [redacted] pictures," said he, "and I believe you want me to [redacted] you."

[redacted] rs? F. J. S.?" cried the farmer, his [redacted] manner. "Well, I 'm glad to [redacted] me this afternoon, and I

would n't believe her; I 'm always caught when I don't believe my wife. Come right in. Oh, got your tools with you?"

Somers having released his hand from a mighty grasp, was unstrapping a package on the under side of his saddle.

"I see. Handy little fixing. Ever in Ioway before?"

"Never," said Somers.

"Finest corn state in the Union; and second in production of flax. And lowest percentage of illiteracy. Hope they treated you well in town."

"Very well indeed, thank you."

"Generally do treat strangers well. We try to, anyhow. What do you think of our city?"

"Very pretty town."

"I 'm glad you like it. Say, can't you stay over night here and let me drive you round a little? We 've got some of the prettiest brick pavements in the country, and our system of water works can't be beat; and the largest arsenal in the world is on the island — "

"You are awfully good," protested Somers, deceitfully, "but I must leave for Chicago to-night; I 'm not a free man, you know. The paper — "

"Say! that paper is smart enough. I like it. I took it jest to please my wife, so 's to have something to read her in the evenings, and now I 'd be lost without it. The man that writes them editorials, I tell you he 's sound on the money question; he rakes them well. But I don't know but the best thing yet is your picters. You know that 'Columbia?'"

Somers nodded, and put the released portfolio under his arm, awaiting his host's pleasure.

"Well, the minnit I saw that drawing — the first one — I said, 'Mother, if that feller had you to set to him, he would n't have made it much more like.' About the same height, too, only fatter; but so like the way she looked when we was courting, it give me a start. I've been seeking somebody to paint a picter for me of her for a long spell. The minnit I seen that, I says, 'There 's my man.' I drawed the money out of bank this morning; it 's all ready. Guess you best take your bike along. Come right in and set down, and I 'll git you a glass of buttermilk off the ice. We churned to-day. Paper says that you wheelmen are great on b

He guided Somers into the house, and i
that he stumbled.

"There 's the sofy; set down," said Gates, who seemed full of hospitable cheer. "I 'll git a blind open. Girl 's gone to the fair, and mother 's setting out on the back piazza, listening to the noises on the road. She 's all ready. Make yourself to home. Pastel like them picters on the wall 's what I want. My daughter done them." His tone changed on the last sentence, but Somers did not notice it; he was drinking in the details of the room to describe them afterward to his sympathizing friends in Chicago. He smiled vaguely; he said, "Yes, certainly;" and his host went away, well content.

"What a chamber of horrors!" he thought; "and one can see he is proud of it." The carpet was soft to the foot, covered with a jungle of flowers and green leaves — the pattern of carpet which fashion leaves behind for disappointed salesmen to mark lower and lower, until it shall be pushed into the ranks of shop-worn bargains. The cheap paper on the wall was delicately tinted, but this boon plainly came from the designers, and not the taste of the buyer, since there was a simply terrible chair that swayed by machinery, and had four brilliant hues of plush to vex the eye, besides a paroxysm of embroidery and lace, to which was still attached the red badge of courage of the county fair. More embroidery figured on the cabinet organ and two tables, and another red ticket peeped coyly from under the ornate frame of a pastel landscape displaying every natural beauty — forest, mountain, sunlit lake, and meadow — at their bluest and greenest. There were three other pictures in the room — two very large colored photographs, one of a lad of twelve, the other of a pretty girl who might be sixteen, in a white gown, with a roll of parchment in her hand tied with a blue ribbon; and the photograph of a cross of flowers.

The girl's dark, wistful, timid eyes seemed to follow the young artist as he walked about the room. They appealed to him. "Poor little girl," he thought, "to have to live here!" Then he heard a dragging footfall, and there entered the mistress of the house. She was a tall woman who stooped. Her hair was gray and scanty, and so ill arranged on the top of her head that the mournful tonsure of age showed under the false gray braid. She was thin with the gaunt thinness of years and toil, not the poetic, appealing slenderness of youth. She had attired herself for the picture in a black silken gown, sparkling with jet that tinkled as she moved; the harsh, black, [illegible] at the neck defined her withered throat brutally.

Yet Somers's sneer was transient. He was struck by two things — the woman was blind; and she had once worn a face like that of the pretty girl — not her face, but a face like it. With a sensation of pity, he recalled Andrew Lang's verses; inaudibly, while she greeted him, he was repeating: —

"Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that still enchains her,
Whose grace hath passed away."

Her eyes were closed, but she came straight toward him, holding out her hand. It was her left hand that was extended; her right closed over the top of a cane, and this added to the impression of decrepitude conveyed by her whole presence. She spoke in a gentle, monotonous, pleasant voice. "I guess this is Mr. Somers, the artist. I feel — we feel very glad to have the honor of meeting you, sir."

No one had ever felt honored to meet Somers before. He thought how much refinement and sadness were in a blind woman's face. In his most deferential manner he proffered her a chair. "I presume I am to paint you, madam," he said.

She blushed faintly. "Ain't it rediculous?" she apologized. "But Mr. Gates will have it. He has been at me to have somebody paint a picture of me ever since I had my photograph taken. It was a big picture, and most folks said it was real good, though not flattering; but he would n't hang it. He took it off, and I don't know what he did do to it. 'I want a real artist to paint you, mother,' he said. I guess if Kitty had lived she 'd have suited him, though she was all for landscape; never did much figures. You noticed her work in this room, ain't you? — on the table and chair and organ — art needle-work. Kitty could do anything. She took six prizes at the county fair; two of 'em come in after she was in her last sickness. She was so pleased she had the picture — that 's the picture right above the sofy; it 's a pastel — and the tidy — I mean the art needle-work — put on her bed, and she looked at them the longest while. Her pa would never let the tickets be took off." She reached forth her hand to the chair near her and felt the ticket, stroking it absently a little, while her lips smiled. "Mr. said, "that maybe you 'd paint a h

landscape — that 's why he likes pastel so. And he was thinking if — if maybe — my eyes was jest like Kitty's when we were married — if you would put in eyes, he would be awful much obliged, and be willing to pay extra, if necessary. Would it be hard?"

Somers dissembled a great dismay. "Certainly not," said he, rather dryly; and he was ashamed of himself, at the sensitive flutter in the old features.

"Of course I know," she said, in a different tone than she had used before — "I understand how comical it must seem to a young man to have to draw an old woman's picture; but it ain't comical to my husband. He wants it very much. He 's the kindest man that ever lived, to me, caring for me all the time. He got me that organ — me that can't play a note, and never could — just because I love to hear music, and sometimes, if we have an instrument, the neighbors will come in, especially Hattie Knight, who used to know Kitty, and is a splendid performer; she comes and plays and sings. It is a comfort to me. And though I guess you young folks can't understand it, it will be a comfort to him to have a picture of me. I mistrusted you 'd be thinking it comical, and I hurried to come in and speak to you, lest, not meaning anything, you might, jest by chance, let fall something might hurt his feelings — like you thought it queer, or some sech thing. And he thinks so much of you, and having you here, that I could n't bear there 'd be any mistake."

"Surely it is the most natural thing in the world he should want a portrait of you," interrupted Somers, hastily.

"Yes, it is," she answered, in her mild, even tones, "but it might n't seem so to young folks. Young folks think they know all there is about loving. And it is very sweet and nice to enjoy things together; and you don't hardly seem to be in the world at all when you 're courting, your feet and your heart feel so light. But they don't know what it is to need each other. It 's when folks suffer together that they find out what loving is. I never knew what I felt toward my husband till I lost my first baby; and I 'd wake up in the night and there 'd be no cradle to rock — and he 'd comfort me. Do you see that picture under the photograph of the cross?"

said Somers.

nded in the river. A lot of boys

t too far, and Eddy, he swum

out to help him. And he clumb up on Eddy, and the man on shore did n't git there in time. He was a real good boy, and liked to play home with me 'most as well as with the boys; and he 'd tell me the things he was going to get me. He was the greatest hand to make up stories of what he would do. But only in fun; he never told us a lie in his life — and it come hard sometimes for him to own up, for he was mis*chievo*us. Father was proud as he could be of him, though he would n't let on. He was real bright, too; second in his class. I always felt he ought to have been head, but teacher said behavior counted, too, and Eddy *was* mis*chievo*us. That cross was what his schoolmates sent; and teacher she cried when she told me how hard Eddy was trying to remember and mind and win the prize, to please his pa. Father and I went through that together. And we had to change all the things we used to talk of together, because Eddy was always in them; and we had to try not to let each other see how our hearts were breaking, and not shadder Kitty's life by letting her see how we missed him. Only once father broke down; it was when he give Kitty Eddy's colt." She stopped, for she could not go on.

"Don't — don't distress yourself," Somers begged, lamely. His cheeks were hot.

"It don't distress me," she answered, "only jest for the minnit; I 'm always thinking of Eddy, and of Kitty, too. Sometimes I think it was harder for father when his girl went than anything else. And then my blindness and my rheumatism come; and it seemed like he was trying to make up to me for the daughter and the son I 'd lost, and be all to once to me. He has been, too. And do you think that two old people that have grown old together, like us, and have been through losses like that — do you think they ain't drawed closer and kinder and tenderer to each other, like the Lord to His Church? Why, I 'm plain and old and blind and crooked — but *he don't know it.* Now, do you understand?"

"Yes," said Somers, "I understand."

"And you 'll please excuse me for speaking so free; it was only so father's feelings should n't git hurt by noticing maybe a look like you wanted to laugh."

"God knows I don't want to laugh," Somers burst in. "But I 'm glad you s[illegible] ter picture. Now may I ask y[illegible] d- s you — I mean p[illegible]

and then I want to make two sketches of you — one, as Mr. Gates wishes, the head alone; the other, of you sitting in the rustic chair outside."

"But" — she looked troubled — "it will be so expensive; and *I* know it will be foolish. If you 'd jest the same — "

"But I should n't; I want to do it. And it will not cost you anything. A hundred dollars will repay me well enough. I wish — I truly wish I could afford to do it all for nothing."

She gasped. "A hundred dollars! Oh, it ain't right! That was why he would n't buy the new buggy. And jest for a picture of me." But suddenly she flushed like a girl, and smiled.

At this instant the old man, immaculate in his heavy black suit and glossy white shirt, appeared in the doorway, bearing a tray.

"Father," said she, "do you mean to tell me you are going to pay a hundred dollars jest for a picture of *me?*"

"Well, mother, you know there 's no fool like an old fool," he replied, jocosely; but when the old wife turned her sightless face toward the old husband's voice, and he looked at her, Somers bowed his head.

He spent the afternoon over his sketches. Riding away in the twilight, he knew that he had done better work than he had ever done in his life, slight as its form might be; nevertheless, he was not thinking of his work, he was not thinking of himself at all. He was trying to shape his own vague perception that the show of dainty thinking and the pomp of refinement are in truth amiable and lovely things, yet are they no more than the husks of life; not only under them, but under ungracious and sordid conditions, may be the human semblance of that "beauty most ancient, beauty most new," that the old saint found too late. He felt the elusive presence of something in love higher than his youthful dream; stronger than passion, fairer than delight. To this commonplace man and woman had come the deepest gift of life.

"A dream?" he murmured; "yes, perhaps; but he has captured it." And he sang: —

"In dreams she grows not older,
The land of dreams among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung;
In dreams shall he behold her,
Still fair and kind and young."

CELIA (LAIGHTON) THAXTER.

THAXTER, CELIA (LAIGHTON), an American poet; born at Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1835; died at the Isles of Shoals, August 26, 1894. When she was five years of age her father removed to one of the Isles of Shoals, nine miles from the nearest coast, to be keeper of the light-house. Her poems are full of the shimmer and dash of the sea — many of them exquisite marine paintings. Her works are: "Poems" (1872); "Among the Isles of Shoals" (1873), a series of charming prose sketches; "Poems" (1874); "Drift-Weed" (1879); "Poems for Children" (1884); "The Cruise of the 'Mystery,'" etc. (1886); "Idyls and Pastorals" (1886); "The Yule Log" (1889); "An Island Garden" (1894); "Letters" (1895); "Stories and Poems for Children" (1895).

SEAWARD.

To ——.

How long it seems since that mild April night,
When, leaning from the window, you and I
Heard, clearly ringing from the shadowy light,
The loon's unearthly cry!

Southwest the wind blew, million little waves
Ran rippling round the point in mellow tune;
But mournful, like the voice of one who raves,
That laughter of the loon!

We called to him, while blindly through the haze
Uprose the meagre moon behind us, slow, —
So dim the fleet of boats we scarce could trace,
Moored lightly just below.

We called, and lo, he answered! Half in fear
We sent the note back. Echoing rock and bay
Made melancholy music far and near,
Sadly it died away.

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That schooner, you remember? Flying ghost!
Her canvas catching every wandering beam,
Aerial, noiseless, past the glimmering coast
She glided like a dream.

Would we were leaning from your window now,
Together calling to the eerie loon,
The fresh wind blowing care from either brow,
This sumptuous night of June!

So many sighs load this sweet inland air,
'T is hard to breathe, nor can we find relief:
However lightly touched, we all must share
This nobleness of grief.

But sighs are spent before they reach your ear;
Vaguely they mingle with the water's rune.
No sadder sound salutes you than the clear,
Wild laughter of the loon.

Sorrow.

Upon my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the West Wind loose his cloudlets white
In flocks, careering through the April sky;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away;
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars:
She broke my quiet dream, — I heard her say,
"Behold your prison bars!

"Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul;
This beauty of the world in which you live,
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole, —
That, I alone can give."

In Autumn.

The aster by the brook is dead,
And quenched the golden-rod's brief fire;
The maple's last red leaf is shed,
And dumb the birds' sweet choir.

'T is life's November, too. How swift
The narrowing days speed, one by one!
How pale the waning sunbeams sift
Through clouds of gray and dun!

And as we lose our wistful hold
On warmth and loveliness and youth,
And shudder at the dark and cold,
Our souls cry out for Truth.

No more mirage, O Heavenly Powers,
To mock our sight with shows so fair!
We question of the solemn hours
That lead us swiftly — "Where?"

We hunger for our lost — in vain!
We lift our close-clasped hands above,
And pray God's pity on our pain,
And trust the Eternal Love.

THEOCRITUS.

THEOCRITUS, the greatest Greek bucolic poet; born at Syracuse, near the middle of the third century B. C. The details of his personal history are very meagre. About 270 B. C. he was drawn to Alexandria, in Egypt, where he rose into favor with King Ptolemy Philadelphus, the founder of the famous Alexandrian Library, whom he has extolled in one of his best poems. Subsequently he returned to his native island, where he is supposed to have passed the remainder of his life. Theocritus was the creator of what is styled "idyllic" poetry. The extant works of Theocritus consist of thirty idyls and twenty-two epigrams.

THE DEATH OF DAPHNIS.

(Translated by Charles Stuart Calverley.)

THYRSIS.

SWEET are the whispers of yon pine that makes
Low music o'er the spring, and, Goatherd, sweet
Thy piping; second thou to Pan alone.
Is his the hornèd ram? then thine the goat.
Is his the goat? to thee shall fall the kid;
And toothsome is the flesh of unmilked kids.

GOATHERD.

Shepherd, thy lay is as the noise of streams
Falling and falling aye from yon tall crag.
If for their meed the Muses claim the ewe,
Be thine the stall-fed lamb; or if they choose
The lamb, take thou the scarce less-valued ewe.

THYRSIS.

Pray, by the Nymphs, pray, Goatherd, seat thee here
'gainst this hill-slope in the tamarisk shade,
ne me somewhat, while I guard thy goats.

GOATHERD.

I durst not, Shepherd, O I durst not pipe
At noontide; fearing Pan, who at that hour
Rests from the toils of hunting. Harsh is he;
Wrath at his nostrils aye sits sentinel.
But, Thyrsis, thou canst sing of Daphnis' woes;
High is thy name for woodland minstrelsy:
Then rest we in the shadow of the elm
Fronting Priapus and the Fountain-nymphs.
There, where the oaks are and the Shepherd's seat,
Sing as thou sang'st erewhile, when matched with him
Of Libya, Chromis; and I 'll give thee, first,
To milk, ay thrice, a goat — she suckles twins,
Yet ne'ertheless can fill two milkpails full; —
Next, a deep drinking-cup, with sweet wax scoured,
Two-handled, newly-carven, smacking yet
O' the chisel. Ivy reaches up and climbs
About its lip, gilt here and there with sprays
Of woodbine, that enwreathed about it flaunts
Her saffron fruitage. Framed therein appears
A damsel ('t is a miracle of art)
In robe and snood: and suitors at her side
With locks fair-flowing, on her right and left,
Battle with words, that fail to reach her heart.
She, laughing, glances now on this, flings now
Her chance regards on that: they, all for love
Wearied and eye-swoln, find their labor lost.
Carven elsewhere an ancient fisher stands
On the rough rocks: thereto the old man with pains
Drags his great casting-net, as one that toils
Full stoutly: every fibre of his frame
Seems fishing; so about the gray-beard's neck
(In might a youngster yet) the sinews swell.
Hard by that wave-beat sire a vineyard bends
Beneath its graceful load of burnished grapes;
A boy sits on the rude fence watching them.
Near him two foxes: down the rows of grapes
One ranging steals the ripest; one assails
With wiles the poor lad's scrip, to leave him soon
Stranded and supperless. He plaits meanwhile
With ears of corn a right fine cricket-trap,
And fits it on a rush: for vines, for scrip,
Little he cares, enamoured of his toy.
The cup is hung all round with lissom briar,

Triumph of Æolian art, a wondrous sight.
It was a ferryman's of Calydon:
A goat it cost me, and a great white cheese.
Ne'er yet my lips came near it, virgin still
It stands. And welcome to such boon art thou,
If for my sake thou 'lt sing that lay of lays.
I jest not: up, lad, sing: no songs thou 'lt own
In the dim land where all things are forgot.

THYRSIS [*sings*].

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
The voice of Thyrsis. Ætna's Thyrsis I.
Where were ye, Nymphs, oh where, while Daphnis pined?
In fair Penëus' or in Pindus' glens?
For great Anapus' stream was not your haunt,
Nor Ætna's cliff, nor Acis' sacred rill.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
O'er him the wolves, the jackals howled o'er him;
The lion in the oak-copse mourned his death.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
The kine and oxen stood around his feet,
The heifers and the calves wailed all for him.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
First from the mountain Hermes came, and said,
"Daphnis, who frets thee? Lad, whom lov'st thou so?"
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
Came herdsmen, shepherds came, and goatherds came;
All asked what ailed the lad. Priapus came
And said, "Why pine, poor Daphnis? while the maid
Foots it round every pool and every grove,
(*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*)
"O lack-love and perverse, in quest of thee;
Herdsman in name, but goatherd rightlier called.
With eyes that yearn the goatherd marks his kids
Run riot, for he fain would frisk as they:
(*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*):
"With eyes that yearn dost thou too mark the laugh
Of maidens, for thou may'st not share their glee."
Still naught the herdsman said: he drained alone
His bitter portion, till the fatal end.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
Came Aphroditè, smiles on her sweet face,
False smiles, for heavy was her heart, and spake:
"So, Daphnis, thou must try a fall with Love!
But stalwart Love hath won the fall of thee."

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
Then "Ruthless Aphroditè," Daphnis said,
"Accursed Aphroditè, foe to man!
Say'st thou mine hour is come, my sun hath set?
Dead as alive, shall Daphnis work Love woe."
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Fly to Mount Ida, where the swain (men say)
And Aphroditè — to Anchises fly:
There are oak-forests; here but galingale,
And bees that make a music round the hives.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Adonis owed his bloom to tending flocks,
And smiting hares, and bringing wild beasts down.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Face once more Diomed: tell him 'I have slain
The herdsman Daphnis; now I challenge thee.'
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Farewell, wolf, jackal, mountain-prisoned bear!
Ye 'll see no more by grove or glade or glen
Your herdsman Daphnis! Arethuse, farewell,
And the bright streams that pour down Thymbris' side.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"I am that Daphnis, who lead here my kine,
Bring here to drink my oxen and my calves.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Pan, Pan, oh whether great Lyceum's crags
Thou haunt'st to-day, or mightier Mænalus,
Come to the Sicel isle! Abandon now
Rhium and Helicè, and the mountain-cairn
(That e'en gods cherish) of Lycaon's son!
Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song.
"Come, king of song, o'er this my pipe, compact
With wax and honey-breathing, arch thy lip:
For surely I am torn from life by Love.
Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song.
"From thicket now and thorn let violets spring,
Now let white lilies drape the juniper,
And pines grow figs, and nature all go wrong:
For Daphnis dies. Let deer pursue the hounds,
And mountain-owls outsing the nightingale.
Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song."

So spake he, and he never spake again.
Fain Aphroditè would have raised his head;
But all his thread was spun. So down the stream

Went Daphnis: closed the waters o'er a head
Dear to the Nine, of nymphs not unbeloved.
Now give me goat and cup; that I may milk
The one, and pour the other to the Muse.
Fare ye well, Muses, o'er and o'er farewell!
I'll sing strains lovelier yet in days to be.

GOATHERD.

Thyrsis, let honey and the honeycomb
Fill thy sweet mouth, and figs of Ægilus:
For ne'er cicala trilled so sweet a song.
Here is the cup: mark, friend, how sweet it smells:
The Hours, thou 'lt say, have washed it in their well.
Hither, Cissætha! Thou, go milk her! Kids,
Be steady, or your pranks will rouse the ram.

ANDRÉ THEURIET.

THEURIET, ANDRÉ, a French novelist and poet; born at Marly-le-Roi, October 8, 1833. Descended of a family of Lorraine, he was educated at the College of Bar-le-Duc, studied law, and received his licentiate at Paris in 1857. About this time he entered the office of the Minister of Finance; but turning to literature, he published in the same year (1857), in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," a poem entitled "In Memoriam." To the same review, and to the "Revue de Paris," he contributed numerous little poems, which were issued in 1867 under the collective title "Chemin des Bois." This collection established his reputation as a poet, and was crowned by the Academy in 1868. Ten years later Theuriet received the decoration of the Legion of Honor. His later poetical works include "Les Paysans de l'Argonne" (1871); "Le Bleu et le Noir" (1873); "Les Nids" (1879); "Le Livre de la Payse" (1882); "Nos Oiseaux" (1885); "La Ronde des Saisons et des Mois" (1891). His novels are numerous; the first being "Nouvelles Intimes," published in 1870. Among these may be included his "Sous Bois," and his "Le Journal de Tristan" (1883). "La Chanoinesse" was published in 1893.

AN EASTER STORY.

(From "Stories of Every-Day Life.")

THERE was at Seville, in the faubourg of Triana, a boy of fifteen years named Juanito el Morenito. He was an orphan; had grown by good luck, like a weed, on the pavement of Triana: sleeping now out of doors, now in the stable of a lodging-house; living on a handful of sweet acorns, or a fried fish, bought at a discount, and earning his living in a hundred little occupations, of which the most lucrative was selling programmes at the doors of the theatres. In spite of his rags he was a pretty boy; with luminous eyes, smiling mouth, and curly hair, and so deeply tanned that [illegible] surnamed Morenito. He had, moreover, a little [illegible] veins; and like the

gypsies, he was of an independent disposition, loving vagrancy, and passionately fond of bull-fights.

Upon Good Friday he awoke in a morose spirit. Throughout Holy Week the theatres had been closed; and not having been able to pursue his business of selling programmes, he had not a *cuarto* in his pocket. His poverty was the more irksome that upon Easter Day there was to be a magnificent bull-baiting, with Mazzantini and Frascuelo as *spadas*, and that his empty purse would deprive him of his favorite spectacle.

Nevertheless he resolved to go and seek his luck in the streets of Seville; and after addressing a prayer to the Virgin de la Esperanza, to whom he was very devoted, he shook off the bits of straw which clung to his hair, and hurried out of the stable where he had slept.

The morning was magnificent. The slender rose-tower of the Giralda stood out clearly against the deep-blue sky. The streets were already full of people from the country, who had come to Seville to see the processions of the Confradias. In passing before the Plaza de Toros, Morenito saw a long line of eager people already besieging the ticket-office; and this augmented the bitterness of his regrets. For four hours he rambled about Rue Sierpes, sniffing the fried fish and the cinnamon cakes browning in boiling oil, and following the toreadors as they strutted slowly before the cafés in their short coats and narrow breeches. He racked his brain for an honest means of gaining a few pesetas. He attempted in vain to join those who were crying programmes of the procession with the names of the different fraternities: all the places were taken, and he was repulsed on all sides. At last, having tried everything he could think of, — his stomach empty, and his back baked by the sun, — he came out on the Plaza de la Constitucion, where the processions must stop; and finding a shady corner under one of the portals of the Audiencia, he decided to rest there while waiting for the Confradias to pass.

"Who sleeps, dines;" and in place of a breakfast, Morenito gave himself a good slice of slumber. He soon slept profoundly; and upon my word he looked very handsome, stretched his full length upon the white pavement, one arm folded under his curly black head, — his eyelids shut tight with their long lashes, and his red lips half open in a vague smile which partly uncovered his little white teeth.

While he was slumbering, a couple of tourists passed; young

people, husband and wife probably, certainly a pair of lovers, as was evident by the way they held each other's arms.

"See what a pretty fellow he is," said the young man, stopping to contemplate the sleeper; "and what a charming picture that would make! What a delightful attitude! It's all there; even the significant gesture of this open hand, which looks as if it were expecting some windfall to drop into it during sleep."

"Do you know," answered the young wife, "how to give this sleeper a fine surprise? Put a piece of silver in his hand for him to find when he wakes!"

Lovers are generous. The young man took a five-franc piece from his purse, and placed it gently on the open hand; which by a mechanical movement half closed at the cool contact of the metal. Then the couple went away laughing.

Morenito continued to sleep; and while sleeping, he dreamed. He dreamed that the pure Virgin of the Esperanza was descending to him on a ladder the color of a rainbow. She had a crown of lilies in her hair, and was carrying white roses in her hands. And she said to him in a voice sweet as honey: "Juanito, thou hast never forgotten to pray to me morning and evening. In honor of the resurrection of my son, I wish to recompense thee. Thou shalt go to see the bulls on Sunday!" At the same time, the Virgin shook the petals from her white roses into Morenito's hand; and in falling, each rose leaf changed into a piece of silver: and Morenito experienced such joy that it awoke him. He stretched himself, and from one of his hands — oh, miracle! — a white coin slipped and fell with a silvery sound upon the flagging. He could not believe either his eyes or his ears. He picked up the coin. It was a beautiful bright piece of five pesetas. The Virgin had not mocked him, and he could go to the bull-fight! With a bound he was on his feet, and running toward the Plaza de Toros.

As he was turning the corner of the Calle San Pablo, he almost rushed against a slip of a girl of the faubourg of Triana, whom he had known since childhood, and who was named Chata. She was very pale, and her great black eyes were full of tears.

"What is the matter, Chata?" he asked her.

"My mother is sick," she answered, "and I have not been to bed for two nights. The doctor came this morning and ordered remedies. I went to the druggist's, but he would not give me anything on credit. What shall I do? If the bells toll for her, they will toll for me too: I will not outlive her!"

Morenito remained thoughtful a moment, his gaze plunged into Chata's tearful black eyes; then suddenly, taking the miraculous coin, he put it into the hand of his little friend.

"Here, *nina mia*," he said, "take this money: it came from the Virgin of the Esperanza, and the *bonita Madre* will not be vexed if I use it to cure your mother."

Chata was so excited that she did not take time even to thank him, but ran to the druggist's without once looking back.

It was written that Morenito was surely not to go to the prime bull-fight. But as there are compensations in the world, he passed a gay Sunday nevertheless. That day Chata's mother was better, and the little girl came to the lodging-house court to thank Juanito. She had made something of a toilet; and with the remainder of Morenito's money she had bought two red roses, which she had thrust into her black hair. The two went for a walk along the Guadalquivir, under the orange-trees in blossom.

The springtide had kindled an indescribable light in Chata's eyes, and perhaps a more tender sentiment contributed to this illumination. When they found themselves in a corner shaded by high bushes of myrtle, she suddenly threw her two arms around Morenito's neck, and said without the least false shame, "Te quiero, companero!" (I love you, comrade!) And while the bells rang for the Easter festival, these two children tasted their first kiss of love.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

THIERS, LOUIS ADOLPHE, a distinguished French statesman and historian; born at Marseilles, April 15, 1797; died in St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, September 3, 1877. He studied law at Aix, where he practised from 1818 to 1821, when he went to Paris, and soon entered upon political journalism. In 1832 he was made Minister of the Interior; in 1834 he became head of the Ministry. He was elected a member of the French Academy in 1836. At the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon at the close of 1852, Thiers was arrested and banished from France, but was soon permitted to return to Paris. After the overthrow of Napoleon III., Thiers was placed at the head of affairs, under the title of "Chief of the Executive Power." Thiers was in 1871 made President of the French Republic, but resigned his position in 1873. Thiers wrote much upon the various literary and political topics; but his permanent place in literature rests upon his two great historical works, the "History of the French Revolution" (10 vols., 1822–27), and the "History of the Consulate and of the Empire" (20 vols., 1845–63).

THE HEIGHT OF THE "TERROR."

(From the "History of the French Revolution.")

NEVER had the terror been greater, not only in the Convention, but in the prisons and throughout France.

The cruel agents of Robespierre, Fouquier-Tinville the accuser and Dumas the president, had taken up the law of the 22d of Prairial, and were preparing to avail themselves of it for the purpose of committing fresh atrocities in the prisons. "Very soon," said Fouquier, "there shall be put up on their doors bills of 'This house to let.'" The plan was to get rid of the greater part of the suspected persons. People had accustomed themselves to consider these latter as irreconcilable enemies, whom it was necessary to destroy for the welfare of the republic. To sacrifice thousands of individuals, whose only fault was to think in a certain manner, — nay, whose opinions were often precisely the

same as those of their persecutors, — to sacrifice them seemed a perfectly natural thing, from the habit which people had acquired of destroying one another. The facility with which they put others to death, or encountered death themselves, had become extraordinary. In the field of battle, on the scaffold, thousands perished daily, and nobody was any longer shocked at it. The first murders committed in 1793 proceeded from a real irritation caused by danger. Such perils had now ceased; the republic was victorious: people now slaughtered not from indignation, but from the atrocious habit which they had contracted. That formidable machine which they had been obliged to construct, in order to withstand enemies of all kinds, began to be no longer necessary; but once set going, they knew not how to stop it. Every government must have its climax, and does not perish till it has attained that climax. The Revolutionary government was not destined to end on the same day that all the enemies of the republic should be sufficiently terrified; it was destined to go beyond that point, and to exercise itself till it had become generally disgusting by its very atrocity. Such is the invariable course of human affairs. Why had atrocious circumstances compelled the creation of a government of blood, which was to reign and vanquish solely by inflicting death?

A still more frightful circumstance is, that when the signal is given, when the idea is established that lives must be sacrificed, all dispose themselves for this horrid purpose with an extraordinary facility. Every one acts without remorse, without repugnance. People accustom themselves to this, like the judge who condemns criminals to death, like the surgeon who sees beings writhing under his instrument, like the general who orders the sacrifice of twenty thousand soldiers. They frame a horrid language according to their new operations; they contrive even to render it gay; they invent striking words to express sanguinary ideas. Every one, stunned and hurried along, keeps pace with the mass; and men who were yesterday engaged in the peaceful occupations of the arts and commerce are to-day seen applying themselves with the same facility to the work of death and destruction.

The Committee had given the signal by the law of the 22d. Dumas and Fouquier had but too well understood it. It was necessary, however, to find pretexts for immolating so many victims. What crime could be imputed to them, when most of them were peaceful, unknown citizens, who had never given any sign

of life to the State? It was conceived that being confined in the prisons, they would think how to get out of them; that their number was likely to inspire them with a feeling of their strength, and to suggest to them the idea of exerting it for their escape. The pretended conspiracy of Dillon was the germ of this idea, which was developed in an atrocious manner. Some wretches among the prisoners consented to act the infamous part of informers. They pointed out in the Luxembourg one hundred and sixty prisoners who, they said, had been concerned in Dillon's plot. Some of these list-makers were procured in all the other places of confinement; and they denounced, in each, one or two hundred persons as accomplices in the "conspiracy of the prisons." An attempt at escape made at La Force served but to authorize this unworthy fable; and hundreds of unfortunate creatures began immediately to be sent to the Revolutionary tribunal. They were transferred from the various prisons to the Conciergerie, to be thence taken to the tribunal and to the scaffold. In the night between the 18th and 19th of Messidor (June 6th), the one hundred and sixty persons denounced at the Luxembourg were transferred. They trembled on hearing themselves called: they knew not what was laid to their charge, but they regarded it as most probable that death was reserved for them. The odious Fouquier, since he had been furnished with the law of the 22d, had made great changes in the hall of the tribunal. Instead of the seats for the advocates and the bench, which would hold eighteen or twenty persons and had been appropriated to the accused, an amphitheatre for the accused was constructed by his order, with a capacity of one hundred or one hundred and fifty at a time. This he called his "little seats." Carrying his atrocious activity still further, he had even caused a scaffold to be erected in the very hall of the tribunal; and he proposed to have the hundred and sixty accused in the Luxembourg tried at one and the same sitting.

The Committee of Public Welfare, when informed of the kind of mania which had seized its public accuser, sent for him, ordered him to remove the scaffold from the hall in which it was set up, and forbade him to bring sixty persons to trial at once. "What!" said Collot-d'Herbois in a transport of indignation: "wouldst thou then demoralize death itself?" It should however be remarked that Fouquier asserted the contrary, and maintained that it was he who demanded the trial of the one hundred and sixty in three divisions. Everything proves, on the

contrary, that it was the Committee which was less extravagant than their minister, and checked his mad proceedings. They were obliged to repeat the order to Fouquier-Tinville to remove the guillotine from the hall of the tribunal.

The one hundred and sixty were divided into three companies, tried and executed in three days. The proceedings were as expeditious and as frightful as those adopted in the Abbaye on the nights of the 2d and 3d of September. Carts ordered for every day were waiting from the morning in the court of the Palace of Justice, and the accused could see them as they went upstairs to the tribunal. Dumas the president, holding sessions like a maniac, had a pair of pistols on the table before him. He merely asked the accused their names, and added some very general question. In the examination of the one hundred and sixty, the president said to one of them, Dorival, "Do you know anything of the conspiracy?" — "No." — "I expected that you would give that answer; but it shall not avail you. Another." He addressed a person named Champigny, "Are you not an ex-noble?" — "Yes." — "Another." To Gudreville, "Are you a priest?" — "Yes — but I have taken the oath." — "You have no right to speak. Another." To a man named Menil, "Were you not servant to the ex-constituent Menou?" — "Yes." — "Another." To Vely, "Were you not architect to Madame?" — "Yes; but I was dismissed in 1788." — "Another." To Gondrecourt, "Had you not your father-in-law at the Luxembourg?" — "Yes." — "Another." To Durfort, "Were you not in the life-guard?" — "Yes; but I was disbanded in 1789." — "Another."

Such was the summary mode of proceeding with these unfortunate persons. According to the law, the testimony of witnesses was to be dispensed with only when there existed material or moral proofs; nevertheless no witnesses were called, as it was alleged that proofs of this kind existed in every case. The jurors did not take the trouble to retire to the consultation room. They gave their opinions before the audience, and sentence was immediately pronounced. The accused had scarcely time to rise and to mention their names. One day there was a prisoner whose name was not upon the list of the accused, and who said to the Court, "I am not accused. my name is not on your list." "What signifies that?" said Fouquier, "give it quick!" He gave it, and was sent to the scaffold like the others. The utmost negligence ailed in this kind of barbarous administration. Sometimes,

owing to the extreme precipitation, the acts of accusation were not delivered to the accused till they were before the tribunal. The most extraordinary blunders were committed. A worthy old man, Loizerolles, heard along with his own surname the Christian names of his son called over: he forebore to remonstrate, and was sent to the scaffold. Some time afterward the son was brought to trial; it was found that he ought not to be alive, since a person answering to all his names had been executed: it was his father. He was nevertheless put to death. More than once victims were called long after they had perished. There were hundreds of acts of accusation quite ready, to which there was nothing to add but the designation of the individuals.

The trials were conducted in like manner. The printing-office was contiguous to the hall of the tribunal: the forms were kept standing, the title, the motives, were ready composed; there was nothing but the names to be added. These were handed through a small loophole to the overseer. Thousands of copies were immediately printed, and plunged families into mourning and struck terror into the prisons. The hawkers came to sell the bulletin of the tribunal under the prisoners' windows, crying, "Here are the names of those who have gained prizes in the lottery of St. Guillotine." The accused were executed on the breaking-up of the court; or at latest on the morrow, if the day was too far advanced.

THOMAS OF CELANO.

ıes Iræ, a famous mediæval Latin hymn, usually cited by wo opening words, although the proper title is "De Novissimo ıio" ("On the Last Judgment"). There has been some question the authorship of this hymn; but there can be little doubt it was composed by Thomas of Celano, an Italian monk of the ɔiscan Order, who died in 1255. The hymn has been many ı translated and paraphrased. In the following version an ıpt has been made not only to give the meaning, but to repro- the form, of the original.

Dies Iræ.

(Translation of Alfred Guernsey.)

I.

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sibyllâ.
Day of wrath! ah me that day!
Earth to ashes melts away,
David and the Sibyl say.

II.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta strictè discussurus.
Ah, what trembling and affright,
When the Judge shall come in sight,
All to search in strictest right.

III.

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.
Sends the trump its wondrous tone
Through the graves of every zone,
Bidding all before the throne.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.
Nature, with death
When all created
Before the Judge

V.

Liber scr—iptus profe
In quo to—tum contin
De quo m—undus jud
For—th is broug
Wh—ereby, if f
Ju—dgèd shall

Judex e—rgo, quum
Quidqu—id latet, app
Nil inul—tam remane
See the Judge
Hidden things
Nothing shall e

VII.

Quod sum miser tunc
Quem patronum rog
Quum vix justus est
Wretched me,
Unto what pro
When the just

Re— tremendæ m
Qu— salvandos s
*Sa—*ve me, fons
O King o
Who to
Save me

—Recordare.
Quod sum
Ne me per
Gentl
I am
Let m

XVI.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.
When the cursèd are confounded,
And by fiercest flames surrounded,
Unto me be mercy sounded.

XVII.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritam quasi cinis;
Gere curam mei finis.
Heart crushed to ashes, I am bending,
Unto thee petition sending,
Give to me care at my ending.

XVIII.

Lachrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favillâ,
Judicantis homo reus;
Huic ergo parce, Deus.
Full of tears will be that day
When man to judgment springs from clay,
Guilty man for sentence there —
Spare him, O God, in mercy spare.

DANIEL PIERCE THOMPSON.

THOMPSON, DANIEL PIERCE, an American novelist; born in Charlestown, Massachusetts; died in Montpelier, Vermont, June 6, 1868. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1820 and three years later was admitted to the bar. From 1837 to 1840 he was a judge of probate; was Secretary of State 1853–55, and also held other offices in his native State. He was long prominent in local politics and was a popular lecturer as well. His novels and short stories, mainly concerned with phases of Vermont life, comprise "The Adventures of Timothy Peacock" (1835); "May Martin" (1835); "The Green Mountains Boys," still a popular tale (1840); "Locke Amsden" (1845); "Lucy Hosmer" (1848); "The Rangers" (1851); "Tales of the Green Mountains" (1852); "Gaut Gurley" (1857); "The Doomed Chief" (1860); "Centeola, and Other Tales" (1864). He also wrote a "History of Montpelier" (1860).

A NARROW ESCAPE.

(From "The Rangers.")

AMONG the many wild and imposing exhibitions of nature, peculiar to the mountainous regions of our northern clime, there is no one, perhaps, of more fearful magnificence than that which is sometimes presented in the breaking-up of one of our large rivers by a winter flood; when the ice, in its full strength, enormous thickness, and rock-like solidity, is rent asunder, with loud, crashing explosions, and hurled up into ragged mountains, and borne onward before the raging torrent with inconceivable force and frightful velocity, spreading devastation along the banks in its course, and sweeping away the strongest fabrics of human power which stand opposed to its progress, like the feeble weeds that disappear from the path of a tornado.

Such a spectacle, as they reached their proposed stand, now [illegible] on the view of the astonished travellers. As far as the [illegible] reach upwards along the windings of the stream, the

whole channel was filled with the mighty mass of ice, driving down towards them with fearful rapidity, and tumbling, crashing, grinding, and forcing its way, as it came, with collisions that shook the surrounding forest, and with the din and tumult of an army of chariots rushing together in battle. Here, tall trees on the bank were beaten down and overwhelmed, or, wrenched off at the roots and thrown upwards, were whirled along on the top of the rushing volume, like feathers on the tossing wave. There, the changing mass was seen swelling up into mountain-like elevations, to roll onward a while, and, then gradually sinking away, be succeeded by another in another form; while, with resistless front, the whole immense moving body drove steadily on, ploughing and rending its way into the unbroken sheet of ice before it, which burst, divided, and was borne down beneath the boiling flood, or hurled upwards into the air, with a noise sometimes resembling the sounds of exploding muskets, and sometimes the crash of falling towers.

But the noise of another and similar commotion in an opposite direction, now attracted their attention. They turned, and their eyes were greeted with a scene, which, though less startling from its distance, yet even surpassed, in picturesque grandeur, the one they had just been witnessing. Through the whole visible reach of the Connecticut, a long, white, glittering column of ice, with its ridgy and bristling top towering high above the adjacent banks, was sweeping by and onward, like the serried lines of an army advancing to the charge; while the broad valley around, even back to the summits of the far-off hills, was resounding with the deafening din that rose from the extended line of the booming avalanche, with the deep rumblings of an earthquake mingled with the tumultuous roar of an approaching tempest.

The attention of the company, however, was now drawn from this magnificent display of the power of the elements by an object of more immediate interest to their feelings. This was an open double sleigh, approaching on the opposite side of the river, towards the place at which they had just crossed over, in the manner we have described. The mountain mass of ice that was still forcing its way down the river before them, with increasing impetus, was now within three hundred yards of the pass, to which those in the sleigh were hast[illegible]th the evident design of crossing. And though the latte[illegible]oods th intervened at a bend in the stre[illegible]

not see the coming ice, yet they seemed aware of its dangerous proximity; for, as they now drove down to the edge of the water, they paused, and a large man, who appeared to have control of the team, rose to his feet, and with words that could not be distinguished in the roar of the wind and the noise from the scene above, made an appealing gesture, which was readily understood by our foot travellers as an inquiry whether the team would have time to cross before the ice reached the spot.

"It is Colonel Carpenter and his company," said Woodburn. "He will have no time to spare, but enough, I think, if he instantly improves it, to get safely over. He has smart horses, and is anxious to be on this side of the river. Let him come."

Accordingly, they returned him encouraging gestures, which being seen and understood by him, he instantly whipped up his horses, and, forcing them on the ice, soon effected his passage in safety, and drove rapidly down the road leading along the northern bank of the stream to Connecticut, the object of his speed being obviously to keep forward of the icy flood, by which his progress might otherwise be soon obstructed.

"There," resumed Woodburn, breaking the silence with which he and his companions had been witnessing the rather hazardous passage of their friends, — "there, the colonel is well over; but this is the last sleigh to cross this year, unless it be drawn by winged horses."

"Well, winged, or not winged, there is another, it seems, about to make the attempt," said one of the company, pointing across the river, where a covered double sleigh, with showy equipage, was dashing at full speed down the road towards the stream.

"It is a hostile craft!" "Peters and his gang!" "We owe them no favors!" "Let the enemy take care of themselves!" were the exclamations which burst from the recently-incensed group, as all eyes were now turned to the spot.

"O, no! no!" exclaimed Woodburn, with looks of the most lively concern. "Be they foes or friends, they must not be suffered to enter upon that river. Why, the breaking ice has already nearly reached the bend, and unless it stops there, that path across the stream, within five minutes, will be as traceless as the ocean! Run down to the bank, and hail them!" he continued, turning to those around him. "I fear they would not listen to me. Will no one go to warn them against an attempt which [illegible] prove their destruction?" he added, reproachfully glancing [illegible]im.

"Shall we interfere unasked?" said one, who was smarting under a sense of former injuries; "ay, and interfere, too, to save such a man as Peters, that he may go on robbing us of our farms?"

"And save such a man as Sheriff Patterson, also, that he may hang the innocent and pious Herriot?" said another, bitterly.

"And save them all, that they may keep up the court which will soon hang or rob the whole of us?" added a third, in the same spirit.

"O, wrong — wickedly wrong! and, if no one will go, I must," cried Woodburn, turning hastily from the spot, and making his way down the hill towards the river with all the speed he was master of.

A few seconds sufficed to bring him to the edge of the stream, when, in a voice that rose above the roar of the wind and waters around, he called on Peters, who was already urging his reluctant and snorting horses down the opposite bank into the water, warned him of the situation of the ice, and begged him, as he valued the lives of his friends, to desist from his perilous attempt.

"Do you think to frighten me?" shouted Peters, who, perceiving the speaker to be his despised opponent, became suspicious, as the latter had feared, that the warning was but a *ruse* to prevent him from going on that night, — "do you think to frighten me back, liar, when a heavy team has just passed safely over before my eyes?"

And, in defiance of the timely caution he had received, and the warning sounds, of which his senses might have apprised him, had he paused a moment to listen, he furiously applied the whip and plunged madly through the water towards the middle ice. But as rapidly as he drove, the team had not passed over more than one third of the distance across, before he and all with him became fully aware of the fearful peril they had so recklessly incurred; for, at this critical moment, with awful brunt, the mountain wave of icy ruins came rolling round the screening point into full view, and not fifty yards above them. A cry of alarm at once burst from every occupant of the menaced vehicle, and Peters, no less frightened than the rest, suddenly checked the horses, with the half-formed design of turning and attempting to regain the shore he had just left. But on glancing round he beheld, to his dismay, the ice burst upward from its winter moorings along the shore, leaving between them and the bank a wide chasm of whirling waters, over which it were madness to

of repassing. At that instant, with a deep and startling report, the broad sheet of ice confining the agitated river burst asunder, parted, and was afloat in a hundred pieces around them. Another piercing cry of terror and distress issued from the devoted sleigh, and Miss Haviland, with an involuntary impulse at the fearful shock, leaped out on to the large cake of ice on which the sleigh and horses were resting. She seemed instantly to perceive her error; but before she could regain the sleigh, or even be caught by the extended hands of her friends, the frightened horses made a sudden and desperate lunge forward, and, with a speed that could neither be checked nor controlled, dashed onward over the dissevering mass, leaping from piece to piece of their sinking support, and each in turn falling in, to be drawn out by his mate, till they reached the shore, and rushed furiously up the bank, beyond the sweep of the dreadful torrent from which they had so miraculously escaped.

"O God of heaven, have mercy on my daughter!" exclaimed Haviland, in a piteous burst of anguish, as he sprang out of the sleigh among the company, who, with horror-stricken looks, stood on the bank mutely gazing on the fast receding form of the luckless maiden, thus left behind, to be borne away, in all human probability, to speedy destruction.

For a moment no one stirred or spoke, all standing amazed, and seemingly paralyzed at the thought of her awful situation, having no hope of her rescue, and expecting every instant to see her crushed, or ingulfed among the ice that was wildly heaving and tumbling on every side around her. But fortunately for her, the broad, solid block, on which she had alighted, and on which she continued still to retain her stand, was, by the submerged and rising masses beneath, gradually and evenly forced upwards to the top of the column, with which it was moving swiftly down the current. And there she stood, like a marble statue on its pedestal, sculptured for some image of woe, her bonnet thrown back from her blanched features, and her loosened hair streaming wildly in the wind; while one hand was extended doubtfully towards the shore, and the other lifted imploringly to heaven, as if in supplication for that aid from above, which she now scarcely hoped to receive from her friends below.

"O Sabrey, Sabrey! must you indeed perish?" at length burst convulsively from Miss McRea, in the most touching accents of distress.

"Is there no help? Can no one save her?" added the
d father.

"Yes, save her — save her!" exclaimed Peters, now eagerly addressing the men he affected so to despise. "Can't some of you get on to the ice there, and bring her off? Five guineas to the man who will do it; yes, ten. Quick! run, run, or you'll be too late," he added, turning from one to another, without offering to start himself.

Throwing a look of silent scorn on his contemptible foe, Woodburn, having been anxiously casting about him in thought for some means of rescuing the ill-fated girl from her impending doom, now, with the air of one acting only on his own responsibility, hastily called on his companions to follow him, and led the way, with rapid strides, down along the banks of the stream, as near the main channel as the water and ice, already bursting over the banks into the road, would permit. But although he could easily keep abreast of the fair object of his anxiety, of whom he occasionally obtained such glimpses through the brushwood here lining the banks as to show him that she still retained her footing on the same block of ice, which still continued to be borne on with the surrounding mass, yet he could perceive no way of reaching her — no earthly means by which she could be snatched from the terrible doom that seemed so certainly to await her; for along the whole extent of the moving ice, and even many rods in advance of it, the water, dammed up, and forced from the choked channel, was gushing over the banks, and sweeping down by their sides in a stream that nothing could withstand. And, to add to the almost utter hopelessness with which he was compelled to view her situation, he now soon began to be admonished that she was immediately threatened by a danger from which she had thus far been so providentially preserved — that of being crushed or swallowed up at once in the broken ice. He could preceive, from the increasing commotion of the ice around her, that her hitherto level and unbroken support was growing every moment more insecure and uncertain. And as it rose and fell, or was pitched forward and thrown up aslant, in the changing volume, he could plainly hear her piteous shrieks, and see her flying from side to side of the plunging body, to avoid being hurled into the frightful chasms which were continually yawning to receive her.

"Lost! lost!" he uttered with a sigh; "no earthly aid can now avail her. But stay! stay!" he continued, as his eye fell on the two or three remai[illegible] ams or string-pieces of the old bridge still extended a[illegible]ver a short d[illegible]low.

"If she reaches that place alive, and I can but gain the spot in time, I may yet save her. O Heaven, help me to the speed and the means of rescuing her from this dreadful death!"

And calling loudly to his companions, whom he had already outstripped, to come on, he now set forward, with all possible speed, for the place which afforded the last chance for the poor girl's rescue. The banks of the river, at the point which it was now his object to gain, were so much more elevated than those above, that he had little fear of finding the path leading on to the bridge obstructed by the water. And it had glanced through his mind, as he descried this forgotten spot, and saw the remains of the bridge still standing, that the maiden might here be assisted to escape on to the bank, or be drawn up by a cord, or some other implement, to the top of the bridge, which, being high above the ordinary level of the water, would not probably be swept away by the ice, at least not till that part of it on which she was situated should have passed under it. There was an occupied log-house standing but a short distance from the place, and the owner, as Woodburn drew near, was, luckily, just making his appearance at the door.

"A rope, a rope! be ready with a rope." shouted Woodburn, pointing to the scene of trouble, as soon as he could make himself understood by the wondering settler.

The man, after a hurried glance from the speaker to the indicated scene, and thence to the bridge below, during which he seemed to comprehend the nature of the emergency, instantly disappeared within the door. In another moment Woodburn came up, and bursting into the house, where he found the settler and his wife eagerly running out the rope of their bedstead, which had been hastily stripped of the bed and clothing, and the fastenings cut, for the purpose. The instant the rope was disengaged, it was seized by the young man, who, bidding the other to follow, rushed out of the house, and bounded forward to the bridge, which they both reached just as the unbroken ice was here beginning to quake and move from the impulse of the vast body above, which, now scarcely fifty paces distant, was driving down, with deafening crash, towards them.

"Thank Heaven, she yet lives, and is nearing us!" exclaimed Woodburn, as he ran out on to the partially covered beams of the bridge, where he could obtain a clear view of the channel above. "She is there, hedged in, though as yet riding securely in the midst of that hideous jam, but, if not drawn up

here, will be the next moment lost among the spreading mass, as it is disgorged into the Connecticut here below."

"Shall we throw down an end of the rope for her to catch?" said the settler, hastening to Woodburn's side.

"I dare not risk her strength to hold on to it; I must go down myself," said Woodburn, hurriedly knotting the two ends of the cord round his body. "Now stand by me, my friend. Brace yourself back firmly on this string-piece; let me down, and the instant I have secured her in my arms, draw us both together."

"I can let you down; but to draw you both up —" replied the other, hesitating at the thought of the hazardous attempt.

"You must try it," eagerly interrupted the intrepid young man. "My friends will be here in a moment to aid you. There she comes! be ready! Now!"

Accordingly, sliding over the edge of the bridge, Woodburn was gradually let down by the strong and steady hands of the settler, till he was swinging in the air, on a level with that part of the approaching mass on which stood the half-senseless object of his perilous adventure. The foremost of the broken ice was now sweeping swiftly by, just beneath his feet. Another moment, and she will be there! She evidently sees the preparation for her deliverance; a faint cry of joy escapes her lips, and her hands are extended towards the proffered aid. And now, riding high on the billowy column, she is borne on nearer and nearer towards those who wait, in breathless silence, for her approach. And now she comes — she is here! She is caught in the eager grasp of the brave youth; and, the next instant, by the giant effort of the strong man above them, they are together drawn up within a few feet of the bending and tottering bridge. But with all his desperate exertions, he can raise them no higher, and there they hang suspended over the dark abyss of whirling waters that had opened in the disrupturing mass beneath, at the instant, as if to receive them; while a mountain billow of ice, that must overwhelm them with certain destruction, is rolling down, with angry roar, within a few rods of the spot. A groan of despair burst from the exhausted man at the rope; and his grasp was about to give way.

"Hold on there, an instant! one instant longer!" cried a loud voice on the right, where a tall, muscular form was seen bounding forward to the spot.

"Quick, Colonel Carpenter: quick! O, for God's sake, quick!" exclaimed the settler, throwing an anguished and beseeching glance over his shoulder towards the other.

The next instant, the powerful frame of the new-comer was bending over the grasped rope; and, in another, both preservers and preserved were on the bridge, from which they had barely time to escape, before it was swept away, with a loud crash, and borne off on the top of the mighty torrent. They were met on the bank by the companions of Woodburn, and the friends of the rescued maiden, who came promiscuously running to the spot: when loud and long were the gushing acclamations of joy and gratitude that rang wildly up to heaven at the unexpected deliverance.

JAMES THOMSON.

Thomson, James, a Scottish poet; born at Ednam, Roxburghshire, September 11, 1700; died at Kew, a suburb of London, August 27, 1748. His poetic faculty developed itself at an early age. At eighteen Thomson was entered as a student of divinity at the University of Edinburgh, but since he could not be both, Thomson resolved to be a poet rather than a clergyman. At the age of something more than twenty, he went up to London, scantily provided with money, and having besides only a few poems, among them some descriptive verses which were published in 1726, under the title "Winter." "Summer" followed in 1727; "Spring" in 1728 and in 1730 the entire poem which we know as "The Seasons" was published by subscription. In 1731 Thomson accompanied the son of Sir Charles Talbot, afterward Lord Chancellor, upon a Continental tour. Upon his return he put forth "Liberty," a rather mediocre poem. His circumstances were straitened for some years until he received the appointment of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands. He now set himself to the work of completing "The Castle of Indolence," which was finished in 1748, very shortly before his somewhat sudden death. Besides the three poems already mentioned, Thomson put forth from time to time some smaller poems. He also tried his hand at dramatic composition, writing the tragedies of "Sophonisba;" "Agamemnon;" "Edward and Leonora;" "Tancred and Sigismunda" (1743); "Coriolanus" (1749).

Rule, Britannia!

(From the Masque of "Alfred.")

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:—
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

April Rain.

(From "The Seasons" — Spring.)

Come, gentle Spring; ethereal mildness, come:
And from the bosom of your dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation joined

In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravished vale;
While softer gales succeed, — at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time with bill ingulphed
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. . . .
The northeast spends his rage, he now shut up
Within his iron cave; the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether: but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'T is silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring, eye
The fallen verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand

The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.

The Lost Caravan.

(From "The Seasons" — Summer.)

Breathed hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play;
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
Till with the general, all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

The Inundation.

(From "The Seasons" — Autumn.)

Defeating oft the labors of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn;
But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world,
Strained to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.

High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Exposed and naked to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force —
Or whirled in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still overhead
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its bank
The river lift: before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spared,
In one wild moment ruined, — the big hopes
And well-earned treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labors scattered round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
And oh, be mindful of that sparing board
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.

The First Snow.

(From "The Seasons" — Winter.)

The keener tempests come; and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend, — in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.

Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends;
At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'T is brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is —
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the black heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

JAMES THOMSON.

Thomson, James, a Scottish poet; born at Port Glasgow, November 23, 1834; died in London, June 3, 1882. He was educated at the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and subsequently entered the Training School at Chelsea. For awhile he was employed in the office of a London solicitor; then he came to America as secretary to a silver-mining company; and afterward went to Spain as correspondent of a New York newspaper. His principal poem, "The City of Dreadful Night," was published in 1880; this was followed in 1881 by "Vane's Story, and Other Poems." He also published a volume of "Essays and Phantasies" (1881). The following were posthumously published: "A Voice from the Nile, and Other Poems" (1884); "Satires and Profanities" (1884); "Poems, Essays, and Fragments" (1892).

From "The City of Dreadful Night."

Lo, thus, as prostrate, "In the dust I write
  My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears."
Yet why evoke the spectres of black night
  To blot the sunshine of exultant years?
Why disinter dead faith from moldering hidden?
Why break the seals of mute despair unbidden,
  And wail life's discords into careless ears?

Because a cold rage seizes one at whiles
  To show the bitter old and wrinkled truth
Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles,
  False dreams, false hopes, false masks and modes of youth;
Because it gives some sense of power and passion
In helpless impotence to try to fashion
  Our woe in living words howe'er uncouth.

Surely I write not for the hopeful young,
  Or those who deem their happiness of worth,
Or such as pasture and grow fat among

The shows of life and feel nor doubt nor dearth,
Or pious spirits with a God above them
To sanctify and glorify and love them,
Or sages who foresee a heaven on earth.

For none of these I write, and none of these
Could read the writing if they deigned to try:
So may they flourish, in their due degrees,
On our sweet earth and in their unplaced sky.
If any cares for the weak words here written,
It must be some one desolate, fate-smitten,
Whose faith and hope are dead, and who would die.

Yes, here and there some weary wanderer
In that same city of tremendous night
Will understand the speech, and feel a stir
Of fellowship in all-disastrous fight:
I suffer mute and lonely, yet another
Uplifts his voice to let me know a brother
Travels the same wild paths, though out of sight.

O sad Fraternity, do I unfold
Your dolorous mysteries shrouded from of yore?
Nay, be assured: no secret can be told
To any who divined it not before;
None uninitiate by many a presage
Will comprehend the language of the message,
Although proclaimed aloud forevermore.

The City is of Night: perchance of Death,
But certainly of Night; for never there
Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath
After the dewy dawning's cold gray air:
The moon and stars may shine with scorn or pity;
The sun has never visited that city,
For it dissolveth in the daylight fair.

Dissolveth like a dream of night away;
Though present in distempered gloom of thought
And deadly weariness of heart all day.
But when a dream night after night is brought
Throughout a week, and such weeks few or many
Recur each year for several years, can any
Discern that dream from real life in aught? . . .

A river girds the city west and south,
The main north channel of a broad lagoon,
Regurging with the salt tides from the mouth;
Waste marshes shine and glisten to the moon
For leagues, then moorland black, then stony ridges;
Great piers and causeways, many noble bridges,
Connect the town and islet suburbs strewn.

Upon an easy slope it lies at large,
And scarcely overlaps the long curved crest
Which swells out two leagues from the river marge.
A trackless wilderness rolls north and west,
Savannas, savage woods, enormous mountains,
Bleak uplands, black ravines with torrent fountains;
And eastward rolls the shipless sea's unrest.

The city is not ruinous, although
Great ruins of an unremembered past,
With others of a few short years ago
More sad, are found within its precincts vast.
The street-lamps always burn; but scarce a casement
In house or palace front from roof to basement
Doth glow or gleam athwart the mirk air cast.

The street-lamps burn amidst the baleful glooms,
Amidst the soundless solitudes immense
Of rangèd mansions dark and still as tombs.
The silence which benumbs or strains the sense
Fulfills with awe the soul's despair unweeping:
Myriads of habitants are ever sleeping,
Or dead, or fled from nameless pestilence!

Yet as in some necropolis you find
Perchance one mourner to a thousand dead,
So there; worn faces that look deaf and blind
Like tragic masks of stone. With weary tread,
Each wrapt in his own doom, they wander, wander,
Or sit foredone and desolately ponder
Through sleepless hours with heavy drooping head.

Mature men chiefly; few in age or youth:
A woman rarely: now and then a child;
A child! If here the heart turns sick with ruth
To see a little one from birth defiled,
Or lame, or blind, as predained to languish
Through youthless l[illegible]w it blee[illegible]guish
To meet one erri[illegible]less

They often murmur to themselves: they speak
To one another seldom, for their woe
Broods maddening inwardly and scorns to wreak
Itself abroad; and if at whiles it grow
To frenzy which must rave, none heeds the clamor,
Unless there waits some victim of like glamour.
To rave in turn, who lends attentive show.

The City is of Night, but not of Sleep:
There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain;
The pitiless hours like years and ages creep,
A night seems termless hell. This dreadful strain
Of thought and consciousness which never ceases,
Or which some moments' stupor but increases,
This worse than woe, makes wretches there insane.

They leave all hope behind who enter there:
One certitude while sane they cannot leave,
One anodyne for torture and despair, —
The certitude of Death, which no reprieve
Can put off long; and which, divinely tender,
But waits the outstretched hand to promptly render
That draught whose slumber nothing can bereave.

. . . . . .

Of all things human which are strange and wild,
This is perchance the wildest and most strange,
And showeth man most utterly beguiled,
To those who haunt that sunless City's range:
That he bemoans himself for aye, repeating
How Time is deadly swift, how life is fleeting,
How naught is constant on the earth but change.

The hours are heavy on him, and the days;
The burden of the months he scarce can bear:
And often in his secret soul he prays
To sleep through barren periods unaware,
Arousing at some longed-for date of pleasure;
Which having passed and yielded him small treasure,
He would outsleep another term of care.

Yet in his marvellous fancy he must make
Quick wings for Time, and see it fly from us:
This Time which crawleth like a monstrous snake,
Wounded and slow and very venomous;
Which creeps blindworm-like round the earth and ocean,
Distilling poison at each painful motion,
And seems condemned to circle ever thus.

And since he cannot spend and use aright
  The little Time here given him in trust,
But wasteth it in weary undelight
  Of foolish toil and trouble, strife and lust,
He naturally claimeth to inherit
The everlasting Future, that his merit
  May have full scope; as surely is most just.

O length of the intolerable hours,
  O nights that are as æons of slow pain,
O Time, too ample for our vital powers,
  O Life, whose woeful vanities remain
Immutable for all of all our legions,
Through all the centuries and in all the regions,
  Not of your speed and variance *we* complain.

We do not ask a longer term of strife,
  Weakness and weariness and nameless woes;
We do not claim renewed and endless life
  When this which is our torment here shall close,
An everlasting conscious inanition!
We yearn for speedy death in full fruition,
  Dateless oblivion and divine repose.

From "Art."

If you have a carrier-dove
  That can fly over land and sea,
And a message for your Love,
  "*Lady, I love but thee!*"
And this dove will never stir
  But straight from her to you,
And straight from you to her,
  As you know and she knows too,

Will you first insure, O sage,
  Your dove that never tires
With your message in a cage,
  Though a cage of golden wires?

Or will you fling your dove? —
  "*Fly, darling, without rest,*
Over land and sea to my Love,
  And fold your wings in her breast!"

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID, a well-known American descriptive writer; born at Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817; died there, May 6, 1862. He was graduated at Harvard in 1837, and, having no inclination to settle down into any regular way of life, supported himself for some years by teaching school, surveying, and various kinds of mechanical labor, his home being in Concord. In 1845 he built for himself a hut near Walden Pond, in Concord, in which he lived for a little more than two years. He soon began to contribute to periodicals, and in 1849 put forth his first book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers." This was followed by several others, most of which were published after his death; among them are: "Walden; or Life in the Woods" (1854); "Excursions in Field and Forest," with Biographical Sketch by Ralph Waldo Emerson (1863); "Cape Cod" (1865); "A Yankee in Canada" (1865). Some of his poetry was published in periodicals, some is interspersed through his prose works.

BAKER FARM.[1]

(From "Walden.")

I set out one afternoon to go a-fishing to Fair Haven, through the woods, to eke out my scanty fare of vegetables. My way led through Pleasant Meadow, an adjunct of the Baker Farm, that retreat of which a poet has since sung, beginning, —

> "Thy entry is a pleasant field,
> Which some mossy fruit trees yield
> Partly to a ruddy brook,
> By gliding musquash undertook,
> And mercurial trout,
> Darting about."

I thought of living there before I went to Walden. I "hooked" the apples, leaped the brook, and scared the musquash and the

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

trout. It was one of those afternoons which seem indefinitely long before one, in which many events may happen, a large portion of our natural life, though it was already half spent when I started. By the way there came up a shower, which compelled me to stand half an hour under a pine, piling boughs over my head, and wearing my handkerchief for a shed; and when at length I had made one cast over the pickerel-weed, standing up to my middle in water, I found myself suddenly in the shadow of a cloud, and the thunder began to rumble with such emphasis that I could do no more than listen to it. The gods must be proud, thought I, with such forked flashes to rout a poor unarmed fisherman. So I made haste for shelter to the nearest hut, which stood half a mile from any road, but so much the nearer to the pond, and had long been uninhabited: —

> "And here a poet builded,
> In the completed years,
> For behold a trivial cabin
> That to destruction steers."

So the Muse fables. But there, as I found, dwelt now John Field, an Irishman, and his wife, and several children, from the broad-faced boy who assisted his father at his work, and now came running by his side from the bog to escape the rain, to the wrinkled, sibyl-like, cone-headed infant that sat upon its father's knee as in the palaces of nobles, and looked out from its home in the midst of wet and hunger inquisitively upon the stranger, with the privilege of infancy, not knowing but it was the last of a noble line, and the hope and cynosure of the world, instead of John Field's poor starveling brat. There we sat together under that part of the roof which leaked the least, while it showered and thundered without. I had sat there many times of old before the ship was built that floated this family to America. An honest, hard-working, but shiftless man plainly was John Field; and his wife, she too was brave to cook so many successive dinners in the recesses of that lofty stove; with round greasy face and bare breast, still thinking to improve her condition one day; with the never absent mop in one hand, and yet no effects of it anywhere. The chickens, which had also taken sh from the rain, stalked about the room like member , too humo ized methought to roast well. Th ooked i eye or pecked at my shoe significantl ny ho

me his story, how hard he worked "bogging" for a neighboring farmer, turning up a meadow with a spade or bog hoe at the rate of ten dollars an acre and the use of the land with manure for one year, and his little broad-faced son worked cheerfully at his father's side the while, not knowing how poor a bargain the latter had made. I tried to help him with my experience, telling him that he was one of my nearest neighbors, and that I too, who came a-fishing here, and looked like a loafer, was getting my living like himself; that I lived in a tight, light, and clean house, which hardly cost more than the annual rent of such a ruin as his commonly amounts to; and how, if he chose, he might in a month or two build himself a palace of his own; that I did not use tea, nor coffee, nor butter, nor milk, nor fresh meat, and so did not have to work to get them; again, as I did not work hard, I did not have to eat hard, and it cost me but a trifle for my food; but as he began with tea, and coffee, and butter, and milk, and beef, he had to work hard to pay for them, and when he had worked hard he had to eat hard again to repair the waste of his system,—and so it was as broad as it was long, indeed it was broader than it was long, for he was discontented and wasted his life into the bargain; and yet he had rated it as a gain in coming to America, that here you could get tea, and coffee, and meat every day. But the only true America is that country where you are at liberty to pursue such a mode of life as may enable you to do without these, and where the state does not endeavor to compel you to sustain the slavery and war and other superfluous expenses which directly or indirectly result from the use of such things. For I purposely talked to him as if he were a philosopher, or desired to be one. I should be glad if all the meadows on the earth were left in a wild state, if that were the consequence of men's beginning to redeem themselves. A man will not need to study history to find out what is best for his own culture. But alas! the culture of an Irishman is an enterprise to be undertaken with a sort of moral bog hoe. I told him, that as he worked so hard at bogging, he required thick boots and stout clothing, which yet were soon soiled and worn out, but I wore light shoes and thin clothing, which cost not half so much, though he might think that I was dressed like a gentleman (which, however, was not the case), and in an hour or two, without labor, but as a recreation, I could, if I wished, catch as many fish as I should want for two days, or earn enough money

read this, unless he will improve by it, — thinking to live by some derivative old-country mode in this primitive new country, — to catch perch with shiners. It is good bait sometimes, I allow. With his horizon all his own, yet he a poor man, born to be poor, with his inherited Irish poverty or poor life, his Adam's grandmother and boggy ways, not to rise in this world, he nor his posterity, till their wading, webbed, bog-trotting feet get *talaria* to their heels.

The Fisher's Boy.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 't is, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides, —
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which Ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore:
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they 've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

THUCYDIDES.

THUCYDIDES, a Greek historian; born at Athens about 470 B. C.; died about 400 B. C. All accounts agree that he was assassinated; but some place the scene at Athens, others in Thrace. He was born to a good estate, and received the best education of his age and country; saw some military service during the war of which he is the historian; fell into disfavor, and was for twenty years an exile from Athens, to which he returned three or four years before his death. The Peloponnesian War, between Athens and her allies on the one side, and Sparta and her allies on the other, lasted twenty-seven years, from 431 to 404 B. C.; but the last six years are not treated of by Thucydides. The last two of the eight books into which the "History of the Peloponnesian War" is divided bear evident tokens of not having received his ultimate revision.

REFLECTIONS ON REVOLUTION.

WHEN troubles had once begun in the cities, those who followed carried the revolutionary spirit further and further, and determined to outdo the report of all who had preceded them by the ingenuity of their enterprises and the atrocity of their revenges. The meaning of words had no longer the same relation to things, but was changed by them as they thought proper. Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness; to know everything was to do nothing. Frantic energy was the true quality of man. A conspirator who wanted to be safe was a recreant in disguise. The lover of violence was always trusted, and his opponent suspected. He who succeeded in a plot was deemed knowing, but a still greater master in craft was he who detected one. On the other hand, he who plotted from the first to have nothing to do with plots was a breaker-up of parties, and a poltroon who was afraid of the enemy. In a word, he who could outstrip another in a bad action was applauded, and so was he who encouraged to

evil one who had no idea of it. The tie of party was stronger than the tie of blood, because a partisan was more ready to dare without asking why. (For party associations are not based upon any established law, nor do they seek the public good: they are formed in defiance of the laws and from self-interest.) The seal of good faith was not Divine law, but fellowship in crime. If an enemy when he was in the ascendant offered fair words, the opposite party received them, not in a generous spirit, but by a jealous watchfulness of his actions. Revenge was dearer than self-preservation. Any agreements sworn to by either party, when they could do nothing else, were binding as long as both were powerless. But he who on a favorable opportunity first took courage, and struck at his enemy when he saw him off his guard, had greater pleasure in a perfidious, than he would have had in an open, act of revenge: he congratulated himself that he had taken the safer course, and also that he had overreached his enemy and gained the prize of superior ability. In general, the dishonest more easily gain credit for cleverness than the simple for goodness: men take a pride in the one, but are ashamed of the other.

The cause of all these evils was the love of power originating in avarice and ambition, and the party spirit which is engendered by them when men are fairly embarked in a contest. For the leaders on either side used specious names: the one party professing to uphold the constitutional equality of the many, the other the wisdom of an aristocracy; while they made the public interests, to which in name they were devoted, in reality their prize. Striving in every way to overcome each other, they committed the most monstrous crimes, yet even these were surpassed by the magnitude of their revenges, which they pursued to the very utmost,—neither party observing any definite limits either of justice or public expediency, but both alike making the caprice of the moment their law. Either by the help of an unrighteous sentence, or grasping power with the strong hand, they were eager to satiate the impatience of party spirit. Neither faction cared for religion; but any fair pretence which succeeded in effecting some odious purpose was greatly lauded. And the citizens who were of neither party fell a prey to both: either they were disliked because they held aloof, or men were jealous of their surviving.

Thus revolution gave birth to every form of wickedness in Hellas. The simplicity which is so large a part of a noble

nature was laughed to scorn and disappeared. An attitude of perfidious antagonism everywhere prevailed; for there was no word binding enough, nor oath terrible enough, to reconcile enemies. Each man was strong only in the conviction that nothing was secure: he must look to his own safety, and could not afford to trust others. Inferior intellects generally succeeded best. For, aware of their own deficiencies, and fearing the capacity of their opponents, for whom they were no match in powers of speech, and whose subtle wits were likely to anticipate them in contriving evil, they struck boldly and at once. But the cleverer sort, presuming in their arrogance that they would be aware in time, and disdaining to act when they could think, were taken off their guard and easily destroyed.

Now, in Corcyra most of these deeds were perpetrated, and for the first time. There was every crime which men might be supposed to perpetrate in revenge who had been governed not wisely, but tyrannically, and now had the oppressor at their mercy. They were the dishonest designs of others who were longing to be relieved from their habitual poverty, and were naturally animated by a passionate desire for their neighbors' goods; and there were crimes of another class, which men commit not from covetousness, but from the enmity which equals foster towards one another until they are carried away by their blind rage into the extremes of pitiless cruelty. At such a time the life of the city was all in disorder; and human nature, which is always ready to transgress the laws, having now trampled them under foot, delighted to show that her passions were ungovernable, — that she was stronger than justice, and the enemy of everything above her. If malignity had not exercised a fatal power, how could any one have preferred revenge to piety, and gain to innocence? But when men are retaliating upon others, they are reckless of the future, and do not hesitate to annul those common laws of humanity to which every individual trusts for his own hope of deliverance should he ever be overtaken by calamity; they forget that in their own hour of need they will look for them in vain.

The Final Struggle in the Harbor of Syracuse.

The Syracusans and their allies had already put out with the same number of ships as before. A detachment of led the entrance of the harbor; the remainder were

disposed all round it in such a manner that they might fall on the Athenians from every side at once, and that their land forces might at the same time be able to co-operate wherever the ships retreated to the shore. Sicanus and Agatharchus commanded the Syracusan fleet, each of them a wing; Pythen and the Corinthians occupied the centre. When the Athenians approached the closed mouth of the harbor, the violence of their onset overpowered the ships which were stationed there; they then attempted to loosen the fastenings. Whereupon from all sides the Syracusans and their allies came bearing down upon them; and the conflict was no longer confined to the entrance, but extended throughout the harbor. No previous engagement had been so fierce and obstinate. Great was the eagerness with which the rowers on both sides rushed upon their enemies whenever the word of command was given; and keen was the contest between the pilots as they manœuvred one against another. The marines too were full of anxiety that, when ship struck ship, the service on deck should not fall short of the rest; every one in the place assigned to him was eager to be foremost among his fellows. Many vessels meeting — and never did so many fight in so small a space, for the two fleets together amounted to nearly two hundred — they were seldom able to strike in the regular manner, because they had no opportuniny of first retiring or breaking the line; they generally fouled one another, as ship dashed against ship in the hurry of flight or pursuit. All the time that another vessel was bearing down, the men on deck poured showers of javelins and arrows and stones upon the enemy; and when the two closed, the marines fought hand to hand, and endeavored to board. In many places, owing to the want of room, they who had struck another found that they were struck themselves; often two or even more vessels were unavoidably entangled about one, and the pilots had to make plans of attack and defence, not against one adversary only, but against several coming from different sides. The crash of so many ships dashing against one another took away the wits of the sailors, and made it impossible to hear the boatswains, whose voices in both fleets rose high, as they gave directions to the rowers, or cheered them on in the excitement of the struggle. On the Athenian side they were shouting to their men that they must force a passage, and seize the opportunity now or never of returning in safety to their native land. To the Syracusans and their allies was represented ·y of preventing the escape

of their enemies, and of a victory by which every man would exalt the honor of his own city. The commanders, too, when they saw any ship backing water without necessity, would call the captain by his name, and ask of the Athenians whether they were retreating because they expected to be more at home upon the land of their bitterest foes than upon that sea which had been their own so long; on the Syracusan side, whether, when they knew perfectly well that the Athenians were only eager to find some means of flight, they would themselves fly from the fugitives.

While the naval engagement hung in the balance, the two armies on shore had great trial and conflict of soul. The Sicilian soldier was animated by the hope of increasing the glory which he had already won, while the invader was tormented by the fear that his fortunes might sink lower still. The last chance of the Athenians lay in their ships, and their anxiety was dreadful. The fortune of the battle was varied; and it was not possible that the spectators on the shore should all receive the same impression of it. Being quite close, and having different points of view, they would some of them see their own ships victorious; their courage would then revive, and they would earnestly call upon the gods not to take from them their hope of deliverance. But others, who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state of excitement still more terrible: they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear, as the stubborn conflict went on and on; for at every instant they were all-but saved or all-but lost. And while the strife hung in the balance, you might hear in the Athenian army at once lamentation, shouting cries of victory or defeat, and all the various sounds which are wrung from a great host in extremity of danger. Not less agonizing were the feelings of those on board. At length the Syracusans and their allies, after a protracted struggle, put the Athenians to flight; and triumphantly bearing down upon them, and encouraging one another with loud cries and exhortations, drove them to land. Then that part of the navy which had not been taken in the deep water fell back in confusion to the shore, and the crews rushed out of the ships into the camp. And the land forces, no longer now divided in feeling, but uttering one uni-

versal groan of intolerable anguish, ran, some of them to save the ships, others to defend what remained of the wall; but the greater number began to look to themselves and to their own safety. Never had there been a greater panic in an Athenian army than at that moment. Thus, after a fierce battle and a great destruction of ships and men on both sides, the Syracusans and their allies gained the victory.

The Funeral Oration by Pericles.

They gave their lives for their country, and gained for themselves a glory that can never fade, a tomb that shall stand as a mark forever. I do not mean that in which their bodies lie, but in which their renown lives after them, to be remembered forever on every occasion of speech or action which calls it to mind. For the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes. It is not the mere graving upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds; but even in lands where they were strangers, their lives an unwritten record in every heart — felt, though never embodied. . . .

I call those fortunate whose death, like theirs, or whose sorrow, like yours, has the fullest portion of honor, and whose end comes at the moment they are happiest. Yet I feel how hard it is to persuade you of this, when in the triumphs of their comrades — triumphs in which you once used to rejoice — you will often be reminded of those you have lost; and sorrow is felt not for the blessings we have never tasted, but for those to which we have been accustomed, and of which we have been deprived. . . .

And for you, their children or their brothers, who are here present, I see an arduous struggle before you. For all are wont to praise those who are no more; and hardly — even though your own deserts be extraordinary — will you be held to have equalled or approached theirs. There is ever a jealousy of the living as rivals. It is only those who stand no longer in our path that we honor with an ungrudging affection.

THEODORE TILTON.

TILTON, THEODORE, an American poet and religious editor; born in New York, October 2, 1835. He was educated at the public schools; became connected with the New York "Observer" while quite young, and subsequently with the New York "Independent," of which he was one of the editors from 1863 to 1871, then of the Brooklyn "Union," and subsequently of the "Golden Age," a semi-religious journal in New York. In 1866 he put forth "The King's Ring," and in 1867 "The Sexton's Daughter, and Other Poems;" "Sancta Sanctorum" (1869); "Tempest Tossed" (1875); "Thou and I," poems (1880); "Suabian Stories," ballads (1882); "The True Church" (1883).

GOD SAVE THE NATION.

THOU, who orderest, for the land's salvation,
Famine, and fire, and sword, and lamentation,
Now unto Thee we lift our supplication:
God save the Nation!

By the great sign foretold of Thy appearing,
Coming in clouds while mortal man stands fearing,
Show us amid the smoke of battle clearing,
Thy chariot nearing!

By the brave blood that floweth like a river,
Hurl Thou a thunder-bolt from out Thy quiver!
Break Thou the strong gates! every fetter shiver!
Smite and deliver!

Stay Thou our foes, or turn them to derision,
Then, in the blood-red Valley of Decision,
Clothe Thou the fields, as in the prophet's vision,
With peace Elysian!

Sir Marmaduke's Musings.

I won a noble fame;
  But, with a sudden frown,
  The people snatched my crown,
  And in the mire trod down
My lofty name.

I bore a bounteous purse,
  And beggars by the way
  Then blessed me, day by day;
  But I, grown poor as they,
Have now their curse.

I gained what men called friends;
  But now their love is hate,
  And I have learned too late
  How mated minds unmate,
And friendship ends.

I clasped a woman's breast,
  As if her heart I knew,
  Or fancied would be true;
  Who proved, alas! she, too,
False like the rest.

I now am all bereft —
  As when some tower doth fall,
  With battlements and wall
  And gate and bridge and all —
And nothing left.

But I account it worth
  All pangs of fair hopes crossed,
  All loves and honors lost,
  To gain the heavens at cost
Of losing earth.

So, lest I be inclined
  To render ill for ill,
  Henceforth in me instil,
  O God, a sweet good-will,
To all mankind.

The Great Bell Roland.

Toll! Roland, toll!
High in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke,
And all who slept in Ghent awoke.
What meant its iron stroke?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why the hot haste he made?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet—
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the call,
Known well to all,
That Freedom stood in peril of some foe;
And even timid hearts grew bold,
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold;
For men
Were patriots then,
Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So true and brave a tongue!
If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill.
Then toll! and wake the test
In each man's breast,
And let him stand confessed!

Toll! Roland, toll!
— Not in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour;
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far-off Zuyder Zee;
But here — this side the sea! —
And here, in broad, bright day!
Toll! Roland, toll!
For not by night awaits
A brave foe at the gates,

But Treason stalks abroad — inside! — at noon!
Toll! Thy alarm is not too soon!
To arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Re-echo it from east to west,
Till every dauntless breast
Swell beneath plume and crest!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall?
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun —
The heritage of sire to son —
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till son, in memory of his sire,
Once more shall load and fire!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till volunteers find out the art
Of aiming at a traitor's heart!

Toll! Roland, toll!
St. Bavon's stately tower
Stands to this hour —
And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent;
For when the bells now ring,
Men shout, "God save the king!"
Until the air is rent!
Amen! — So let it be;
For a true king is he
Who keeps his people free.
Toll! Roland, toll!
This side the sea!
No longer they, but we,
Have now such need of thee!

Toll! Roland, toll!
And let thy iron throat
Ring out its warning note,
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved,
And Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall overshadow none enslaved!
Toll! till from either ocean's strand
Brave men shall clasp each other's hand,
And shout, "God save our native land!"
And love the land which God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

ALEXIS CHARLES HENRI CLÉREL DE TOCQUEVILLE.

TOCQUEVILLE, ALEXIS CHARLES HENRI CLÉREL DE, a distinguished French statesman and political economist; born at Verneuil, July 29, 1805; died at Cannes, April 16, 1859. After a course of study in law, he became a judge. In 1831 he was sent to the United States, to examine our penitentiary systems, and made a report, entitled "Du Système pénitentiaire aux États-Unis" (1832), translated by Dr. Lieber (1833). From this visit resulted his work "Democracy in America," published in French in 1835, translated in 1838. Other works are "The Ancient Régime and the Revolution" (1856), translated the same year, and his "Works and Correspondence" (1860), translated in 1861; "Souvenirs" (1892), translated (1896). In 1839 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies; in 1848, to the Constituent Assembly; and became Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1849. In 1851 he opposed the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III., was imprisoned, and, on his release, retired from public life.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

(From "Democracy in America.")

IN France, where remnants of every age are still so strangely mingled in the opinions and tastes of the people, women commonly receive a reserved, retired, and almost conventual education, as they did in aristocratic times; and then they are suddenly abandoned, without a guide, and without assistance, in the midst of all the irregularities inseparable from democratic society. The Americans are more consistent. They have found out that in a democracy the independence of individuals cannot fail to be very great, youth premature, tastes ill-restrained, customs fleeting, public opinion often unsettled and powerless, paternal authority weak, and marital authority contested. Under these circumstances, believing that they had little chance of repressing in woman the most vehement passions of the human heart, they held that the surer way was to

teach her the art of combating those passions for herself. As they could not prevent her virtue from being exposed to frequent danger, they determined that she should know how best to defend it; and more reliance was placed on the free vigor of her will than on safeguards which have been shaken or overthrown. Instead then of inculcating mistrust of herself, they constantly seek to enhance their confidence in her own stength of character. As it is neither possible nor desirable to keep a young woman in perpetual or complete igrorance, they hasten to give her a precocious knowledge on all subjects. Far from hiding the corruptions of the world from her, they prefer that she should see them at once and train herself to shun them; and they hold it of more importance to protect her conduct than to be overscrupulous of her innocence.

Although the Americans are a very religious people, they do not rely on religion alone to defend the virtue of woman; they seek to arm her reason also. In this they have followed the same method as in several other respects; they first make the most vigorous efforts to bring individual independence to exercise a proper control over itself, and they do not call in the aid of religion until they have reached the utmost limits of human strength. I am aware that an education of this kind is not without danger; I am sensible that it tends to invigorate the judgment at the expense of the imagination, and to make cold and virtuous women instead of affectionate wives and agreeable companions to man. Society may be more tranquil and better regulated, but domestic life has often fewer charms. These, however, are secondary evils, which may be braved for the sake of higher interests. At the stage at which we are now arrived the time for choosing is no longer within our control; a democratic education is indispensable to protect women from the dangers with which democratic institutions and manners surround them. . . .

The Americans are at the same time a puritanical people and a commercial nation: their religious opinions, as well as their trading habits, consequently lead them to require much abnegation on the part of woman, and a constant sacrifice of her pleasures to her duties which is seldom demanded of her in Europe. Thus in the United States the inexorable opinion of the public carefully circumscribes woman within the narrow circle of domestic interests and duties, and f[illegible] to step beyond it.

Upon her entrance into the world a young American woman finds these notions firmly established; she sees the rules which are derived from them; she is not slow to perceive that she cannot depart for an instant from the established usages of her contemporaries, without putting in jeopardy her peace of mind, her honor, nay even her social existence; and she finds the energy required for such an act of submission in the firmness of her understanding and in the virile habits which her education has given her. It may be said that she has learned by the use of her independence to surrender it without a struggle and without a murmur when the time comes for making the sacrifice. But no American woman falls into the toils of matrimony as into a snare held out to her simplicity and ignorance. She has been taught beforehand what is expected of her, and voluntarily and freely does she enter upon this engagement. She supports her new condition with courage, because she chose it. As in America paternal discipline is very relaxed and the conjugal tie very strict, a young woman does not contract the latter without considerable circumspection and apprehension. Precocious marriages are rare. Thus American women do not marry until their understandings are exercised and ripened; whereas in other countries most women generally only begin to exercise and to ripen their understandings after marriage.

I by no means suppose, however, that the great change which takes place in all the habits of women in the United States, as soon as they are married, ought solely to be attributed to the constraint of public opinion: it is frequently imposed upon themselves by the sole effort of their own will. When the time for choosing a husband is arrived, that cold and stern reasoning power which has been educated and invigorated by the free observation of the world teaches an American woman that a spirit of levity and independence in the bonds of marriage is a constant subject of annoyance, not of pleasure; it tells her that the amusements of the girl cannot become the recreations of the wife, and that the sources of a married woman's happiness are in the home of her husband. As she clearly discerns beforehand the only road which can lead to domestic happiness, she enters upon it at once, and follows it to the end without seeking to turn back.

The same strength of purpose which the young wives of America display, in bending themselves at once and without ~~mining~~ to the austere duties of their new condition, is no less

manifest in all the great trials of their lives. In no country in the world are private fortunes more precarious than in the United States. It is not uncommon for the same man, in the course of his life, to rise and sink again through all the grades which lead from opulence to poverty. American women support these vicissitudes with calm and unquenchable energy: it would seem that their desires contract, as easily as they expand, with their fortunes.

The greater part of the adventurers who migrate every year to people the western wilds belong, as I observed in the former part of this work, to the old Anglo-American race of the Northern States. Many of these men, who rush so boldly onwards in pursuit of wealth, were already in the enjoyment of a competency in their own part of the country. They take their wives along with them, and make them share the countless perils and privations which always attend the commencement of these expeditions. I have often met, even on the verge of the wilderness, with young women who, after having been brought up amidst all the comforts of the large towns of New England, had passed, almost without any intermediate stage, from the wealthy abode of their parents to a comfortless hovel in a forest. Fever, solitude, and a tedious life had not broken the springs of their courage. Their features were impaired and faded, but their looks were firm: they appeared to be at once sad and resolute. I do not doubt that these young American women had amassed, in the education of their early years, that inward strength which they displayed under these circumstances. The early culture of the girl may still, therefore, be traced, in the United States, under the aspect of marriage: her part is changed, her habits are different, but her character is the same. . . .

Amongst aristocratic nations birth and fortune frequently make two such different beings of man and woman that they can never be united to each other. Their passions draw them together, but the condition of society, and the notions suggested by it, prevent them from contracting a permanent and ostensible tie. The necessary conse[illegible]ce is a great number of transient and clandestine co[illegible] Nature secretly avenges herself for the constra[illegible] upon h[illegible] the laws of man. This is not so mu[illegible]n of conditions has swept away a[illegible] barriers which separated man

believes that she cannot become the wife of the man who loves her; and this renders all breaches of morality before marriage very uncommon: for, whatever be the credulity of the passions, a woman will hardly be able to persuade herself that she is beloved, when her lover is perfectly free to marry her and does not.

The same cause operates, though more indirectly, on married life. Nothing better serves to justify an illicit passion, either to the minds of those who have conceived it or to the world which looks on, than compulsory or accidental marriages. In a country in which a woman is always free to exercise her power of choosing, and in which education has prepared her to choose rightly, public opinion is inexorable to her faults. The rigor of the Americans arises in part from this cause. They consider marriages as a covenant which is often onerous, but every condition of which the parties are strictly bound to fulfil, because they knew all those conditions beforehand and were perfectly free not to have contracted them.

The very circumstances which render matrimonial fidelity more obligatory also render it more easy. In aristocratic countries the object of marriage is rather to unite property than persons; hence the husband is sometimes at school and the wife at nurse when they are betrothed. It cannot be wondered at if the conjugal tie which holds the fortunes of the pair united allows their hearts to rove; this is the natural result of the nature of the contract. When, on the contrary, a man always chooses a wife for himself, without any external coercion or even guidance, it is generally a conformity of tastes and opinions which brings a man and a woman together, and this same conformity keeps and fixes them in close habits of intimacy. . . .

Nothing is more wretchedly corrupt than an aristocracy which retains its wealth when it has lost its power, and which still enjoys a vast deal of leisure after it is reduced to mere vulgar pastimes. The energetic passions and great conceptions which animated it heretofore leave it then; and nothing remains to it but a host of petty consuming vices, which cling about it like worms upon a carcass. No one denies that the French aristocracy of the last century was extremely dissolute; whereas established habits and ancient belief still preserved some respect for morality amongst the other classes of society.

Will it be contested that at the present day the remnants

of that same aristocracy exhibit a certain severity of morals; whilst laxity of morals appears to have spread amongst the middle and lower ranks. So that the same families which were most profligate fifty years ago are nowadays the most exemplary, and democracy seems only to have strengthened the morality of the aristocratic classes. The French Revolution, by dividing the fortunes of the nobility, by forcing them to attend assiduously to their affairs and to their families, by making them live under the same roof with their children, and, in short, by giving a more rational and serious turn to their minds, has imparted to them, almost without their being aware of it, a reverence for religious belief, a love of order, of tranquil pleasures, of domestic endearments, and of comfort; whereas the rest of the nation, which had naturally these same tastes, was carried away into excesses by the effort which was required to overthrow the laws and political habits of the country. The old French aristocracy has undergone the consequences of the revolution, but it neither felt the revolutionary passions, nor shared in the anarchical excitement which produced that crisis; it may easily be conceived that this aristocracy feels the salutary influence of the revolution in its manners, before those who achieve it. It may therefore be said, though at first it seems paradoxical, that, at the present day, the most anti-democratic classes of the nation principally exhibit the kind of morality which may reasonably be anticipated from democracy.

France under the Rule of the Middle Class.

(From the "Recollections.")

Our history from 1789 to 1830, if viewed from a distance and as a whole, affords as it were the picture of a struggle to the death between the Ancien Régime — its traditions, memories, hopes, and men, as represented by the aristocracy — and New France under the leadership of the middle class. The year 1830 closed the first period of our revolutions; or rather of our revolution, for there is but one, which has remained always the same in the face of varying fortunes, — of which our fathers witnessed the commencement, and of which we, in all probability, shall not live to behold the end. In 1830 the triumph of the middle class had been definite; and so thorough that all political power, every franchise, every prerogative,

and the whole government, was confined, and as it were heaped up, within the narrow limits of this one class, to the statutory exclusion of all beneath them, and the actual exclusion of all above. Not only did it thus alone rule society, but it may be said to have formed it. It ensconced itself in every vacant place, prodigiously augmented the number of places, and accustomed itself to live almost as much upon the treasury as upon its own industry.

No sooner had the Revolution of 1830 become an accomplished fact, than there ensued a great lull in political passion, a sort of general subsidence, accompanied by a rapid increase in the public wealth. The particular spirit of the middle class became the general spirit of the government; it ruled the latter's foreign policy as well as affairs at home: an active, industrious spirit, often dishonorable, generally sober, occasionally reckless through vanity or egotism, but timid by temperament, moderate in all things except in its love of ease and comfort, and wholly undistinguished. It was a spirit which, mingled with that of the people or of the aristocracy, can do wonders; but which by itself will never produce more than a government shorn of both virtue and greatness. Master of everything in a manner that no aristocracy had ever been or may ever hope to be, the middle class, when called upon to assume the government, took it up as a trade; it intrenched itself behind its power: and before long, in their egoism, each of its members thought much more of his private business than of public affairs, and of his personal enjoyment than of the greatness of the nation.

Posterity, which sees none but the more dazzling crimes, and which loses sight in general of mere vices, will never perhaps know to what extent the government of that day, towards its close, assumed the ways of a trading company, which conducts all its transactions with a view to the profits accruing to the shareholders. These vices were due to the natural instincts of the dominant class, to the absoluteness of its power, and also to the character of the time. Possibly also King Louis Philippe had contributed to their growth.

This prince was a singular medley of qualities, and one must have known him longer and more nearly than I did to be able to portray him in detail.

Nevertheless, although I was never one of his Council, I have frequently had occasion to come into contact with him.

The last time that I spoke to him was shortly before the catastrophe of February [1848]. I was then director of the Académie Française, and I had to bring to the King's notice some matter or other which concerned that body. After treating the question which had brought me, I was about to retire, when the King detained me, took a chair, motioned me to another, and said affably: —

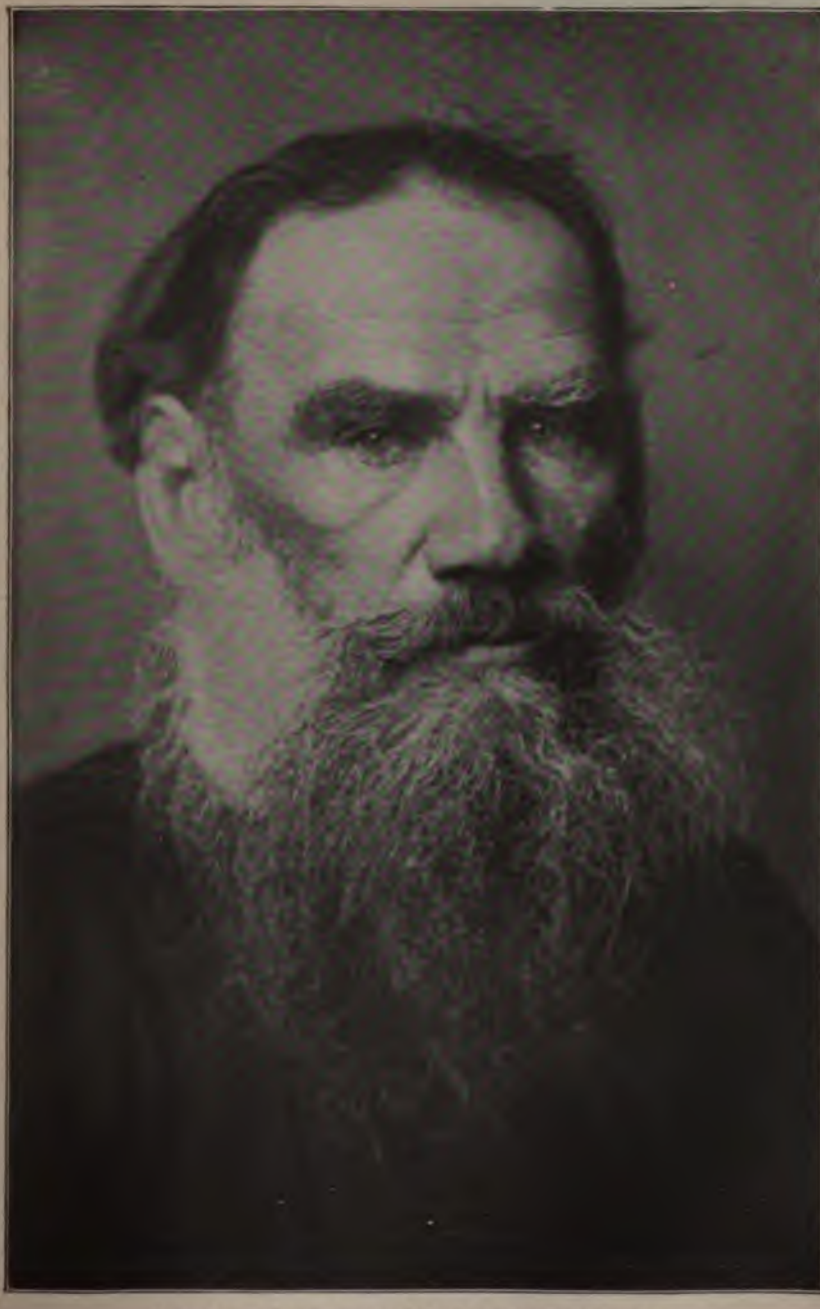
"Since you are here, Monsieur de Tocqueville, let us talk: I want to hear you talk a little about America."

I knew him well enough to know that this meant, "I shall talk about America myself." And he did actually talk of it at great length and very searchingly: it was not possible for me to get in a word; nor did I desire to do so, for he really interested me. He described places as if he saw them before him; he recalled the distinguished men whom he had met forty years ago as if he had seen them the day before; he mentioned their names in full, Christian name and surname, gave their ages at the time, related their histories, their pedigrees, their posterity, with marvellous exactness, and with infinite though in no way tedious detail. From America he returned, without taking breath, to Europe; talked of all our foreign and domestic affairs with incredible unconstraint (for I had no title to his confidence); spoke very badly of the Emperor of Russia, whom he called "Monsieur Nicolas;" casually alluded to Lord Palmerston as a rogue; and ended by holding forth at length on the Spanish marriages, which had just taken place, and the annoyances to which they subjected him on the side of England.

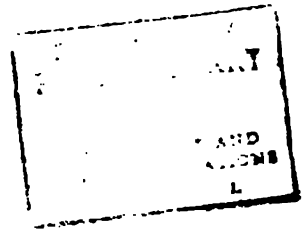
"The Queen is very angry with me," he said, "and displays great irritation; but after all," he added, "all this outcry won't keep me from *driving my own cart.*"

Although this phrase dated back to the Old Order, I felt inclined to doubt whether Louis XIV. ever made use of it on accepting the Spanish Succession. I believe, moreover, that Louis Philippe was mistaken; and to borrow his own language, that the Spanish marriages helped not a little to upset his cart.

After three quarters of an hour the King rose, thanked me for the pleasure my conversation had given him (I had not spoken four words), and dismissed me, evidently as delighted as one generally is with a person whom one thinks one has spoken well. This was the last audience of the King.



COUNT LYOF NIKOLAYEVITCH TOLSTOY



COUNT LYOF NIKOLAYEVITCH TOLSTOY.

TOLSTOY, COUNT LYOF NIKOLAYEVITCH, the great Russian novelist and philosopher; born near Tula, a provincial capital, on August 28, 1828 (O. S.). He is a descendant of a distinguished nobleman, a military officer and friend of Peter the Great. Count Lyof resides on his estate, Yásnaya Polyána, where he received his early education, afterward advanced by two years at the University of Kazan. He served in the army of the Caucasus and at Sevastopol. He is accounted the first of living realist novelists, but many of his later works are didactic, and extremely radical in respect to religion and government. Among his works are "The Cossacks;" "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth" (1851–53); "My Religion," and "Christ's Christianity" (1855); "War and Peace" (1860); "Anna Karenina" (1866–67); "A Russian Proprietor;" "The Long Exile;" "Sevastopol;" "Children's Stories;" "The Invaders;" "Ivan Ilyitch;" "In Pursuit of Happiness;" "What People Live By;" "Family Happiness;" "My Confession;" "Master and Man;" "What to Do;" "Thoughts Evoked by the Census of Moscow;" "Life;" "Kreutzer Sonata;" "The Kingdom of God Within Us" (1893); "Patriotism and Christianity" (1894); "The Four Gospels Harmonized" (1895); "What is Art?" (1898).

THE HANDICAP RACE.[1]

(From "Anna Karenina.")

VRONSKY dressed without haste, — for he never was hurried and he never lost his self-command, — and directed the coachman to take him to the stables. From there he saw a sea of carriages of all sorts, of pedestrians, soldiers, and of spectators, surrounding the hippodrome, and the seats boiling with people.

Evidently the second course had been run, for just as he reached the stables he heard the sound of a bell. As he reached the stable, he noticed Makhotin's white-footed chestnut Gladiator, covered with a blue and orange caparison, and with huge

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ear-protectors trimmed with blue. They were leading him out to the hippodrome.

"Where is Cord?" he asked of the groom.

"In the stable; he is putting on the saddle."

Frou Frou was all saddled in her open box-stall. They started to lead her out.

"I am not late, am I?"

"*All right, all right,*" said the Englishman. "Don't get excited."

Vronsky once more gave a quick glance at the excellent, favorable shape of his horse, as she stood trembling in every limb; and, finding it hard to tear himself away from such a beautiful sight, he left her at the stable. He approached the benches at a most favorable moment for doing this without attracting observation. The two-verst dash was just at an end, and all eyes were fixed on a calvary-guardsman who was in the lead, and a hussar just at his heels, whipping their horses furiously, and approaching the goal. From the centre and both ends all crowded in toward the goal, and a group of officers and guardsmen were hailing with shouts the triumph of their fellow-officer and friend.

Vronsky, without being noticed, joined the throng just as the bell announced the end of the race; the victor, a tall cavalry-guardsman, covered with mud, dropped the reins, slipped from off the saddle, and stood by his roan stallion, which was black with sweat, and heavily breathing.

The stallion, with a violent effort thrusting out his legs, had stopped the swift course of his big body; and the officer, like a man awakening from a deep sleep, was looking about him, trying hard to smile. A throng of friends and strangers pressed about him.

Vronsky, with intention, avoided the elegant people who were circulating about, engaged in gay and animated conversation in front of the seats. He had already caught sight of Anna, Betsy, and his brother's wife, but he did not join them, so that he might not be disconcerted; but he kept meeting acquaintances who stopped him, and told him various items about the last race, or asked him why he was late.

While they were distributing the prizes at the pavilion, and every one had gone in this direction, Vronsky was joined by his elder brother. Aleksandr Vronsky was a colonel and wore epaulets, and, like Alekseï, he was a man of medium stature,

and rather thick-set; but he was handsomer and ruddier. His nose was red, and his frank, open face was flushed with wine.

"Did you get my note?" he asked of his brother. "You are never to be found."

Aleksandr Vronsky, in spite of his life of dissipation and his love for drink, which was notorious, was a thoroughly courtly man. Knowing that many eyes might be fixed on them, he preserved, while he talked on a very painful subject, a smiling face, as if he were jesting with his brother about some trifling matter.

"I got it," said he, "but I really don't understand why you interfere."

"I interfere because I noticed you were not to be found this morning, and because you were seen at Peterhof Monday."

"There are matters which cannot be judged except by those who are directly interested, and the matter in which you concern yourself is such. . . ."

"Yes; but when one is not in the service. . . ."

"I beg you to mind your own business, and that is all."

Alekseï Vronsky's frowning face grew pale, and his rather prominent lower jaw shook. This happened rarely with him. He was a man of kindly heart, and rarely got angry; but when he grew angry, and when his chin trembled, he became dangerous. Aleksandr Vronsky knew it, and with a gay laugh replied: —

"I only wanted to give you Matushka's letter. Answer it, and don't get angry before the race. *Bonne chance*," he added, with a smile, and left him.

The next moment another friendly greeting surprised Vronsky.

"Won't you recognize your friends? How are you, *mon cher?*" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with his rosy face and carefully combed and pomaded whiskers, who, in the midst of the brilliant society of Petersburg, was no less brilliant than at Moscow. "I came down yesterday, and am very glad to be present at your triumph. When can we meet?"

"Come to the mess, after the race is over," said Vronsky; and with an apology for leaving him, he squeezed the sleeve of his paletot, and went to the middle of the hippodrome, where they were bringing the horses for the hurdle-race.

The grooms were leading back the sweaty horses, wearied by the race which they had run; and one by one the fresh horses

entered for the next course appeared on the ground. They were, for the most part, English horses, in hoods, and well caparisoned, and looked like enormous strange birds. At the right-hand side they were leading in the lean beauty. Frou Frou came out, stepping high as if on springs, with her elastic and slender pasterns. And not far from her they were removing the trappings from the lop-eared Gladiator. The stallion's solid, superb, and perfectly symmetrical form, with his splendid crupper and his extraordinarily short pasterns placed directly over the hoofs, attracted Vronsky's admiration. He was just going up to Frou Frou when another acquaintance stopped him again.

"Ah! there is Karenin," said the friend with whom he was talking; "he is hunting for his wife. She is in the very centre of the pavilion. Have you seen her?"

"No, I have not," replied Vronsky; and, without turning his head in the direction where his acquaintance told him that Madame Karenin was, he went to his horse.

He had scarcely time to make some adjustment of the saddle, when those who were to compete in the hurdle-race were called to receive their numbers and directions. With serious, stern, and some with pale faces, seventeen men in all approached the stand and received their numbers. Vronsky's number was seven.

"Mount!" was the cry.

Vronsky, feeling that he, with his companions, was the focus toward which all eyes were turned, went up to his horse with the slow and deliberate motions which were usual to him when he was under the strain of excitement.

Cord, in honor of the races, had put on his gala-day costume: he wore a black coat, buttoned to the chin, and a stiffly starched shirt-collar, which made a support for his cheeks; he had on Hessian boots and a round black cap. He was, as always, calm, and full of importance, as he stood by the mare's head, holding both reins in his hand. Frou Frou was still shivering as if she had an attack of fever; her fiery eyes gazed askance at Vronsky as he approached. He passed his finger under the girth of the saddle. The mare looked at him still more askance, showed her teeth, and pricked up her ears. The Englishman puckered his lips with a grin at the idea that there could be any d to his skill in putting on a saddle. "Mount, and you so nervous," said he.

Vronsky cast a final glance on his rivals; he knew that he should not see them again until the race was over. Two of them had already gone to the starting-point. Galtsin, a friend of his, and one of his dangerous rivals, was turning around and around his bay stallion, which was trying to keep him from mounting. A little Leib-hussar in tight cavalry trousers was off on a gallop, bent double over his horse, like a cat with the gripes, in imitation of the English fashion. Prince Kuzovlef, white as a sheet, was mounted on a thoroughbred mare from the Grabovsky stud, and which an Englishman held by the bridle. Vronsky and all his comrades knew Kuzovlef's terrible self-conceit, and his peculiarity of "weak nerves." They knew that he was timid at everything, especially timid of riding horseback; but now, notwithstanding the fact that all this was horrible to him, because he knew that people broke their necks, and that at every hurdle stood a surgeon, an ambulance with its cross and sister of charity, still he had made up his mind to ride.

They exchanged glances, and Vronsky gave him an encouraging and approving nod. One only he now failed to see: his most redoubtable rival, Makhotin, on Gladiator, was not there.

"Don't be in haste," said Cord to Vronsky, "and remember one thing: when you come to a hurdle, don't pull back or spur on your horse; let her take it her own way."

"Very good," replied Vronsky, taking the reins.

"If possible, take the lead, but don't be discouraged even to the last if you are behind."

The horse did not have time to stir before Vronsky, with supple and powerful movement, put his foot on the notched steel stirrup, and gracefully, firmly, took his seat in the squeaking leather saddle. Having put his right foot in the stirrup, with his customary care he then arranged the double reins between his fingers, and Cord let go the animal's head. Frou Frou, as if not knowing which foot to put down first, stretched out her neck, and pulled upon the reins, and she started off as if on springs, balancing her rider on her supple back. Cord, quickening his pace, followed them. The mare, excited, jumped to right and left, trying to take her master off his guard, pulled at the reins, and Vronsky vainly endeavored to calm her with his voice and with his hand.

[illegible] diked bank of the "river," where [illegible] of the riders had gone on [illegible]sky suddenly heard

on the muddy track the gallop of a horse; and Makhotin dashed by on his white-footed, lop-eared Gladiator. Makhotin smiled, showing his long teeth, but Vronsky looked at him angrily. He did not like Makhotin any too well, and now he regarded him as his most dangerous rival; and he was exasperated at the way he galloped up behind him, exciting his mare.

Frou Frou kicked up her heels, and started off in a gallop, made two bounds, and then, angry at the restraint of the curb, changed her gait into a trot which shook up her rider. Cord was also disgusted, and ran almost as fast as Vronsky.

The number of the officers who were to take part was seventeen. The race-course was a great ellipse of four versts, extending before the judges' stand, and nine obstacles were placed upon it: the "river;" a great barrier, two *arshins*, four feet eight inches high, in front of the pavilion; a dry ditch; a ditch filled with water; a steep ascent; an Irish banketka, which is the most difficult of all, composed of an embankment set with dry branches, behind which is concealed a ditch, obliging the horseman to leap two obstacles at once, at the risk of his life; then three more ditches, two filled with water and one dry; and finally the goal opposite the pavilion again. The track did not begin in the circle itself, but about a hundred *sazhens*, or seven hundred feet to one side; and in this space was the first obstacle, the diked "river," about three *arshins* or seven feet wide, which the racers were free to leap or to ford.

Three times the riders got into line, but each time some horse or other started before the signal, and the men had to be called back. Colonel Sestrin, the starter, was beginning to get impatient; but at last, for the fourth time, the signal was given, "*Pashol!*—Go!" and the riders put spurs to their horses.

All eyes, all lorgnettes, were directed toward the variegated group of the riders as they started off.

"There they go!" "There they come!" was the cry on all sides after the silence of expectation.

And in order to follow them, the spectators rushed, singly or in groups, toward the places where they could get a better view. At the first moment the collected group of horsemen scattered a little, and it could be seen how they, in twos and threes, and singly, one after the other, approached the reka. To the spectators it seemed as if they were all moving together, but to the racers themselves there were seconds of separation which had great value.

Frou Frou, excited and too nervous at first, lost the first moment, and several of the horses were ahead of her; but Vronsky, not having yet reached the "river," and trying with all his might to calm her as she pulled on the bridle, soon easily outstripped three, and now had as competitors only Makhotin's bay Gladiator, who was easily and smoothly running a whole length ahead, and still more to the fore the pretty Diana, carrying Prince Kuzovlef, not knowing whether he was dead or alive.

During these first few seconds Vronsky had control neither of himself nor of his horse. Up to the first obstacle, the "river," he could not control the movements of his horse.

Gladiator and Diana reached it at almost one and the same moment. Both at once rose above the *reka*, or "river," and flew across to the other side. Frou Frou lightly leaped behind them, as if she had wings. The instant that Vronsky perceived that he was in the air, he caught a glimpse of Kuzovlef almost under the feet of his horse, wrestling with Diana on the other side of the "river." Kuzovlef had loosened the reins after Diana jumped, and the horse had stumbled, throwing him over her head. These details Vronsky learned afterwards, but at this time he only saw that Frou Frou might land on Diana's head or legs. But Frou Frou, like a falling cat, making a desperate effort with back and legs as she leaped, landed beyond the fallen racer.

"O you dear!" thought Vronsky.

After the "reka" he got full control of his horse, and even held her back a little, meaning to leap the great hurdle behind Makhotin, and to do his best to outstrip him when they reached the long stretch of about two hundred *sazhens*, or fourteen hundred feet, which was free of obstacles.

This great hurdle was built exactly in front of the imperial pavilion; the emperor, the court, and an immense throng, were watching them, watching him and Makhotin on the horse a length ahead of him, as they approached the *chort*, or devil, as the barrier was called. Vronsky felt all these eyes fixed on him from every side; but he saw only his horse's ears and neck, the ground flying under him, and Gladiator's flanks, and white feet beating the ground in cadence, and always maintaining the same distance between them. Gladiator flew at the hurdle, gave a whisk of his well-cropped tail, and without having touched the hurdle, vanished from Vronsky's eyes.

"Bravo!" cried a voice.

At the same instant the planks of the hurdle flashed before his eyes. Without the least change in her motion, the horse rose under him. The planks creaked, and just behind him there was the sound of a thump. Frou Frou, excited by the sight of Gladiator, had leaped too soon, and had struck the hurdle with one of her hind feet, but her gait was unchanged; and Vronsky, his face splashed with mud, saw that he was still at the same distance from Gladiator, he saw once more Gladiator's crupper, his short tail, and his swiftly moving white feet.

At the very instant that Vronsky decided that he ought now to get ahead of Makhotin, Frou Frou herself comprehending his thought, and needing no stimulus, sensibly increased her speed, and gained on Makhotin by trying to take the inside track next the rope. But Makhotin did not yield this advantage. Vronsky was wondering if they could not pass on the outside, when Frou Frou, as if divining his thought, changed of her own accord, and took this direction. Her shoulder, darkened with sweat, came up even with Gladiator's flank, and for several seconds they flew almost side by side; but Vronsky, before the obstacle to which they were now coming, in order not to take the outside of the great circle, began to ply his reins, and, just on the declivity, he managed to get the lead. As he drew by Makhotin he saw his mud-stained face; it even seemed to him that he smiled. Vronsky had passed Makhotin, but he was conscious that he was just behind, he was still there, within a step; and Vronsky could hear the regular rhythm of Gladiator's feet, and the hurried, but far from winded, breathing.

The next two obstacles, the ditch and the hurdle, were easily passed, but Gladiator's gallop and puffing came nearer. Vronsky gave Frou Frou the spur, and perceived with a thrill of joy that she easily accelerated her speed; the sound of Gladiator's hoofs was heard once more in the same relative distance behind.

He now had the lead, as he had desired, and as Cord had recommended, and he felt sure of success. His emotion, his joy, his affection for Frou Frou, were all growing more pronounced. He wanted to look back, but he did not dare to turn around, and he strove to calm himself, and not to push his horse too far, so that she might keep a reserve equal to that which he felt Gladiator still maintained.

One obstacle, the most serious, now remained; if he [illegible] that before the others, then he would be first in. He [illegible] approaching the Irish banketka. He and Frou Frou at

instant caught sight of the obstacle from afar, and both horse and man felt a moment of hesitation. Vronsky noticed the hesitation in his horse's ears, and he was just lifting his whip; but instantly he was conscious that his fears were ungrounded, the horse knew what she had to do. She got her start, and, exactly as he had foreseen, spurning the ground, she gave herself up to the force of inertia which carried her far beyond the ditch; then fell again into the measure of her pace without effort and without change.

"Bravo, Vronsky!"

He heard the acclamations of the throng. He knew it was his friends and his regiment who were standing near this obstacle; and he could not fail to distinguish Yashvin's voice, though he did not see him.

"O my beauty!" said he to himself, thinking of Frou Frou, and yet listening to what was going on behind him. "He has cleared it," he said, as he heard Gladiator's hoof-beats behind him.

The last ditch, full of water, five feet wide, now was left. Vronsky scarcely heeded it; but, anxious to come in far ahead of the others, he began to saw on the reins, lifting her head and letting it fall again in time with the rhythm of her gait. He felt that the horse was beginning to draw on her last reserves; not only were her neck and her sides wet, but the sweat stood in drops on her throat, her head, and her ears; her breath was short and gasping. Still, he was sure that she had force enough to cover the fourteen hundred feet that lay between him and the goal. Only because he felt himself so near the end, and by the extraordinary smoothness of her motion, did Vronsky realize how much she had increased her speed. The ditch was cleared, how, he did not know.

She cleared the ditch scarcely heeding it; she cleared it like a bird. But at this moment Vronsky felt to his horror, that, instead of taking the swing of his horse, he had made, through some inexplicable reason, a wretchedly and unpardonably wrong motion in falling back into the saddle. His position suddenly changed, and he felt that something horrible had happened. He could not give himself any clear idea of it; but there flashed by him a roan steed with white feet, and Makhotin by a swift leap passed him.

One of Vronsky's feet touched the ground, and his horse stumbled. He had scarcely time to clear himself when the horse fell on her side, panting painfully, and making vain efforts

with her delicate foam-covered neck to rise again. But she lay on the ground, and struggled like a wounded bird; the awkward movement that he had made in the saddle had broken her back. But he did not learn his fault till afterwards. Now he saw only one thing, that Makhotin was far ahead, and that he was tottering there alone, standing on the muddy immovable ground, and before him, heavily panting, lay Frou Frou, who stretched her head towards him, and looked at him with her beautiful eyes. Still not realizing what had happened, Vronsky pulled on the reins. The poor animal struggled like a fish, splitting the flaps of the saddle, and tried to get up on her fore legs; but, unable to move her hind quarters, she fell back on the ground all of a tremble. Vronsky, his face pale and distorted with passion, and with trembling lower jaw, kicked her in the belly and again pulled at the reins. But she did not move, but gazed at her master with one of her speaking looks, and buried her nose in the sand.

"Aaa! what have I done?" cried Vronsky, taking her head in his hands. "Aaa! what have I done?" And the lost race? and his humiliating, unpardonable blunder! and the poor ruined horse! "Aaa! what have I done?"

The people's doctor and his assistant, the officers of his regiment, ran to his aid; but to his great mortification he found that he was safe and sound. The horse's back was broken and she had to be killed.

Vronsky could not answer the questions which were put to him, could not speak a word to any one; he turned away and, without picking up his cap, left the hippodrome, not knowing whither he was going. He was in despair. For the first time in his life he was the victim of a misfortune for which there was no remedy, and for which he felt that he himself was the only one to blame.

Yashvin, with his cap, overtook him and brought him back to his quarters, and in half an hour Vronsky was calm and self-possessed again, but this race was for a long time the most bitter and cruel remembrance of his life.

From "What is Art?"

Take up any one of our ordinary newspapers, and yo find a part devoted to the theatre and music. In alm number you will find a description of some art exhib

some particular picture, and you will always find reviews of new works of art that have appeared, of volumes of poems, of short stories, or of novels.

Promptly, and in detail, as soon as it has occurred, an account is published of how such and such an actress or actor played this or that rôle in such and such a drama, comedy, or opera; and of the merits of the performance, as well as of the contents of the new drama, comedy, or opera, with its defects and merits. With as much care and detail, or even more, we are told how such and such an artist has sung a certain piece, or has played it on the piano or violin, and what were the merits and defects of the piece and of the performance. In every large town there is sure to be at least one, if not more than one, exhibition of new pictures, the merits and defects of which are discussed in the utmost detail by critics and connoisseurs.

New novels and poems, in separate volumes or in the magazines, appear almost every day, and the newspapers consider it their duty to give their readers detailed accounts of these artistic productions.

For the support of art in Russia (where for the education of the people only a hundredth part is spent of what would be required to give every one the opportunity of instruction) the Government grants millions of roubles in subsidies to academies, conservatoires, and theatres. In France twenty million francs are assigned for art, and similar grants are made in Germany and England.

In every large town enormous buildings are erected for museums, academies, conservatoires, dramatic schools, and for performances and concerts. Hundreds of thousands of workmen — carpenters, masons, painters, joiners, paperhangers, tailors, hairdressers, jewellers, moulders, type-setters — spend their whole lives in hard labor to satisfy the demands of art, so that hardly any other department of human activity, except the military, consumes so much energy as this.

Not only is enormous labor spent on this activity, but in it, as in war, the very lives of men are sacrificed. Hundreds of thousands of people devote their lives from childhood to learning to twirl their legs rapidly (dancers), or to touch notes and strings very rapidly (musicians), or to draw with paint and represent what they see (artists), or to turn every phrase inside out

[illegible]ord. And these people, often very

[illegible]rts of useful labor, grow

savage over their specialized and stupefying occupations, and become one-sided and self-complacent specialists, dull to all the serious phenomena of life and skilful only at rapidly twisting their legs, their tongues, or their fingers.

But even this stunting of human life is not the worst. I remember being once at the rehearsal of one of the most ordinary of the new operas which are produced at all the opera houses of Europe and America.

I arrived when the first act had already commenced. To reach the auditorium I had to pass through the stage entrance. By dark entrances and passages, I was led through the vaults of an enormous building past immense machines for changing the scenery and for illuminating; and there in the gloom and dust I saw workmen busily engaged. One of these men, pale, haggard, in a dirty blouse, with dirty, work-worn hands and cramped fingers, evidently tired and out of humor, went past me, angrily scolding another man. Ascending by a dark stair, I came out on the boards behind the scenes. Amid various poles and rings and scattered scenery, decorations and curtains, stood and moved dozens, if not hundreds, of painted and dressed-up men, in costumes fitting tight to their thighs and calves, and also women, as usual, as nearly nude as might be. These were all singers, or members of the chorus, or ballet-dancers, awaiting their turns. My guide led me across the stage and, by means of a bridge of boards, across the orchestra (in which perhaps a hundred musicians of all kinds, from kettle-drum to flute and harp, were seated), to the dark pit-stalls.

On an elevation, between two lamps with reflectors, and in an arm-chair placed before a music-stand, sat the director of the musical part, *baton* in hand, managing the orchestra and singers, and, in general, the production of the whole opera.

The performance had already commenced, and on the stage a procession of Indians who had brought home a bride was being represented. Besides men and women in costume, two other men in ordinary clothes bustled and ran about on the stage; one was the director of the dramatic part, and the other, who stepped about in soft shoes and ran from place to place with unusual agility, was the dancing-master, whose salary per month exceeded what ten laborers earn in a year.

These three directors arranged the singing, the orchestra, and the procession. The procession, as usual, was enacted by couples, with tinfoil halberds on their shoulders. They all c

from one place, and walked round and round again, and then stopped. The procession took a long time to arrange: first the Indians with halberds came on too late; then too soon; then at the right time, but crowded together at the exit; then they did not crowd, but arranged themselves badly at the sides of the stage; and each time the whole performance was stopped and recommenced from the beginning. The procession was introduced by a recitative, delivered by a man dressed up like some variety of Turk, who, opening his mouth in a curious way, sang, "Home I bring the bri-i-ide." He sings and waves his arm (which is of course bare) from under his mantle. The procession commences, but here the French horn, in the accompaniment of the recitative, does something wrong; and the director, with a shudder as if some catastrophe had occurred, raps with his stick on the stand. All is stopped, and the director, turning to the orchestra, attacks the French horn, scolding him in the rudest terms, as cabmen abuse each other, for taking the wrong note. And again the whole thing recommences. The Indians with their halberds again come on, treading softly in their extraordinary boots; again the singer sings, "Home I bring the bri-i-ide." But here the pairs get too close together. More raps with the stick, more scolding, and a recommencement. Again, "Home I bring the bri-i-de," again the same gesticulation with the bare arm from under the mantle, and again the couples, treading softly with halberds on their shoulders, some with sad and serious faces, some talking and smiling, arrange themselves in a circle and begin to sing. All seems to be going well, but again the stick raps, and the director, in a distressed and angry voice, begins to scold the men and women of the chorus. It appears that when singing they had omitted to raise their hands from time to time in sign of animation. "Are you all dead, or what? Cows that you are! Are you corpses, that you can't move?" Again they re-commence, "Home I bring the bri-i-ide," and again, with sorrowful faces, the chorus women sing, first one and then another of them raising their hands. But two chorus-girls speak to each other,—again a more vehement rapping with the stick. "Have you come here to talk? Can't you gossip at home? You there in red breeches, come nearer. Look towards me! Re-commence!" Again, "Home I bring the bri-i-ide." And so it goes on for one, two, three hours. The whole of such a rehearsal lasts [illegible] hours on end. Raps with the stick, repetitions, placing [illegible] of the singers, of the

orchestra, of the procession, of the dancers, — all seasoned with angry scolding. I heard the words, "asses," "fools," "idiots," "swine," addressed to the musicians and singers at least forty times in the course of one hour. And the unhappy individual to whom the abuse is addressed, — flautist, horn-blower, or singer, — physically and mentally demoralized, does not reply, and does what is demanded of him. Twenty times is repeated the one phrase, "Home I bring the bri-i-ide," and twenty times the striding about in yellow shoes with a halberd over the shoulder. The conductor knows that these people are so demoralized that they are no longer fit for anything but to blow trumpets and walk about with halberds and in yellow shoes, and that they are also accustomed to dainty, easy living, so that they will put up with anything rather than lose their luxurious life. He therefore gives free vent to his churlishness, especially as he has seen the same thing done in Paris and Vienna, and knows that this is the way the best conductors behave, and that it is a musical tradition of great artists to be so carried away by the great business of their art that they cannot pause to consider the feelings of other artists.

It would be difficult to find a more repulsive sight. I have seen one workman abuse another for not supporting the weight piled upon him when goods were being unloaded, or, at haystacking, the village elder scold a peasant for not making the rick right, and the man submitted in silence. And, however unpleasant it was to witness the scene, the unpleasantness was lessened by the consciousness that the business in hand was needful and important, and that the fault for which the headman scolded the laborer was one which might spoil a needful undertaking.

But what was being done here? For what, and for whom? Very likely the conductor was tired out, like the workman I passed in the vaults; it was even evident that he was; but who made him tire himself? And for what was he tiring himself? The opera he was rehearsing was one of the most ordinary of operas for people who are accustomed to them, but also one of the most gigantic absurdities that could possibly be devised. An Indian king wants to marry; they bring him a bride; he disguises himself as a minstrel; the bride falls in love with the minstrel and is in despair, but afterwards discovers that the minstrel is the king, and every one is highly delighted.

That there never were, or could be, such Indians, and that

they were not only unlike Indians, but that what they were doing was unlike anything on earth except other operas, was beyond all manner of doubt; that people do not converse in such a way as recitative, and do not place themselves at fixed distances, in a quartet, waving their arms to express their emotions; that nowhere, except in theatres, do people walk about in such a manner, in pairs, with tinfoil halberds and in slippers; that no one ever gets angry in such a way, or is affected in such a way, or laughs in such a way, or cries in such a way; and that no one on earth can be moved by such performances; all this is beyond the possibility of doubt.

Instinctively the question presents itself, — For whom is this being done? Whom *can* it please? If there are, occasionally, good melodies in the opera, to which it is pleasant to listen, they could have been sung simply, without these stupid costumes and all the processions and recitatives and hand-wavings.

The ballet, in which half-naked women make voluptuous movements, twisting themselves into various sensual wreathings, is simply a lewd performance.

So one is quite at a loss as to whom these things are done for. The man of culture is heartily sick of them, while to a real working-man they are utterly incomprehensible. If any one can be pleased by these things (which is doubtful), it can only be some young footman or depraved artisan, who has contracted the spirit of the upper classes but is not yet satiated with their amusements, and wishes to show his breeding.

And all this nasty folly is prepared, not simply, nor with kindly merriment, but with anger and brutal cruelty.

It is said that it is all done for the sake of art, and that art is a very important thing. But is it true that art is so important that such sacrifices should be made for its sake? This question is especially urgent, because art, for the sake of which the labor of millions, the lives of men, and above all, love between man and man, are being sacrificed, — this very art is becoming something more and more vague and uncertain to human perception.

Criticism, in which the lovers of art used to find support for their opinions, has latterly become so self-contradictory, that, if we exclude from the domain of art all that to which the critics of various schools themselves deny the title, there is scarcely any art left.

artists of various sects, like the theologians of the

various sects, mutually exclude and destroy themselves. Listen to the artists of the schools of our times, and you will find, in all branches, each set of artists disowning others. In poetry, the old romanticists deny the parnassians and the decadents; the parnassians disown the romanticists and the decadents; the decadents disown all their predecessors and the symbolists; the symbolists disown all their predecessors and *les mages;* and *les mages* disown all, all their predecessors. Among novelists we have naturalists, psychologists, and "nature-ists," all rejecting each other. And it is the same in dramatic art, in painting and in music. So that art, which demands such tremendous labor-sacrifices from the people, which stunts human lives and transgresses against human love, is not only *not* a thing clearly and firmly defined, but is understood in such contradictory ways by its own devotees that it is difficult to say what is meant by art, and especially what is good, useful art, — art for the sake of which we might condone such sacrifices as are being offered at its shrine.

Art is not a pleasure, a solace, or an amusement; art is a great matter. Art is an organ of human life, transmitting man's reasonable perception into feeling. In our age the common religious perception of men is the consciousness of the brotherhood of man — we know that the well-being of man lies in union with his fellow-men. True science should indicate the various methods of applying this consciousness to life. Art should transform this perception into feeling.

The task of art is enormous. Through the influence of real art, aided by science guided by religion, that peaceful co-operation of man which is now obtained by external means — by our law-courts, police, charitable institutions, factory inspection, etc. — should be obtained by man's free and joyous activity. Art should cause violence to be set aside.

And it is only art that can accomplish this.

All that now, independently of the fear of violence and punishment, makes the social life of man possible (and already now this is an enormous part of the order of our lives) — all this has been brought about by art. If by art it has been inculcated how people should treat religious objects, their parents, their children, their wives, their relations, strangers, foreigners; how to conduct themselves to their elders, their sur
to those who suffer, to their enemies, and to animal
this has been obeyed through generations by millio

not only unenforced by any violence, but so that the force of such customs can be shaken in no way but by means of art: then, by the same art, other customs, more in accord with the religious perception of our time, may be evoked. If art has been able to convey the sentiment of reverence for images, for the eucharist, and for the king's person; of shame at betraying a comrade, devotion to a flag, the necessity of revenge for an insult, the need to sacrifice one's labor for the erection and adornment of churches, the duty of defending one's honor or the glory of one's native land, — then that same art can also evoke reverence for the dignity of every man and for the life of every animal; can make men ashamed of luxury, of violence, of revenge, or of using for their pleasure that of which others are in need; can compel people freely, gladly, and without noticing it, to sacrifice themselves in the service of man.

The task for art to accomplish is to make that feeling of brotherhood and love of one's neighbor, now attained only by the best members of the society, the customary feeling and the instinct of all men. By evoking, under imaginary conditions, the feeling of brotherhood and love, religious art will train men to experience those same feelings under similar circumstances in actual life; it will lay in the souls of men the rails along which the actions of those whom art thus educates will naturally pass. And universal art, by uniting the most different people in one common feeling, by destroying separation, will educate people to union, will show them, not by reason but by life itself, the joy of universal union, reaching beyond the bounds set by life.

The destiny of art in our time is to transmit from the realm of reason to the realm of feeling the truth that well-being for men consists in being united together, and to set up, in place of the existing reign of force, that kingdom of God, *i. e.* of love, which we all recognize to be the highest aim of human life.

Possibly, in the future, science may reveal to art yet newer and higher ideals, which art may realize; but, in our time, the destiny of art is clear and definite. The task for Christian art is to establish brotherly union among men.

ZACHARIAS TOPELIUS.

Topelius, Zacharias, a Finnish poet, historian, and novelist; born at Kuddnäs near Ny Karleby, January 14, 1818; died March 13, 1898. He became editor of the "Helsingfors Tidningar" in 1842, retaining his connection with it until 1860. His earliest productions appeared in his journal; some of them were issued later in book form under the title "Ljungblommer" (Heather Flowers) (1845–54). He also wrote a number of dramas, "Efter Femtio Ar" (Fifty Years Later) (1851); "Regina af Emmertz" (1854). Many of his juvenile stories have been translated into English. His best-known work is "Fältskärens Berättelser" (The Surgeon's Stories: 6 vols., 1872–74), a collection of tales dealing with the history of Sweden and Finland during the 17th and 18th centuries.

The Siege of Korsholm.[1]

(From "Times of Gustaf Adolf.")

Meri (for the solitary singer was none other than she) had scarcely realized the purpose of the mad crowd, before she hurried with the speed of the wind, and by the shortest way, back to Korsholm. In the moonlight, which shed its silver rays over the landscape, she could plainly distinguish Regina's dark locks, which, blacker than the night, stood in relief from the room in the background, like a shadow in the midst of shade. And under these locks shone two eyes, dreamy, deep, like the glimmer of the stars in the dusky mirror of a lake. The words died on Meri's lips; all the strange reports rose like spectres before her imagination. She who sat so lonely up there at the window, was she not, after all, a southern witch, a transformed sorceress, weeping over her fate in being compelled to spend the seven years of her beauty within these walls, and then again become what she had been before — a frightful monster, half woman and half serpent?

Meri stood as if petrified at the foot of the wall.

[1] Copyright by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

But nearer and nearer was heard the murmur of the wild crowd, and the lights of the brands began to be reflected on the castle. Then the superstitious peasant-woman took courage, and raised her voice so that it could be heard at the window.

"Fly, your grace!" said she, rapidly, in Swedish. "Fly! A great danger threatens you; the soldiers are wild and frantic; they say that you have tried to murder the king, and they demand your life."

Regina saw the pale shape in the moonlight, and before her imagination rose all the stories she had heard about this land of witchcraft. During her ten months' stay among the Swedes she had in some measure learned to understand their language; she did not immediately comprehend the other's meaning, but a single word was sufficient to fasten her attention.

"The king?" repeated she, in broken Swedish. "Who are you, and what have you to tell me about the great Gustaf Adolf?"

"Waste not a moment, your grace!" continued Meri, without listening to Regina's question. "They are already at the gates, and Lady Märtha, with her six soldiers, will not be able to protect you against two hundred. Quick! If you cannot come out through the door, tie together sheets and shawls and let yourself down from the window; I will receive you."

Regina began to understand that some danger threatened her; but far from being terrified by it, she heard it with a secret pleasure. Was she not a martyr to her faith, transported to this wild land for her zeal in trying to convert the mightiest enemy of her church? Perhaps the moment was at hand when the saints would grant her a martyr-crown, dearly bought by life itself. Why should she shun an honor which she had so recently craved? Was it not the tempter himself, who, in the pale woman's form, tried to lure her from an imperishable glory? And Regina answered: "*Et dixit diabolus: da te præcipitem ex hoc loco, nam scriptum est: angelis suis mandavit de te, ut te tueantur ne ullo modo lædaris.*"[1] At these words the moon appeared round the corner of the wall and threw its melancholy light on the beautiful girl's face. Her cheeks glowed, her eyes burned with an ecstatic brilliance. Meri looked

[1] "And Satan saith unto him: 'Cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, that they may preserve thee, so that no harm may befall thee.'" Compare Matthew iv., 6, where the Lutheran text differs from the Catholic.

at her full of wonder and dread . . . and again it flashed through her mind that something must be wrong with a being of such a singular appearance, and who spoke so strangely. An indescribable fear seized her, and she fled, without knowing why, away through the moonlight, back to the town.

In the meantime Regina in her chamber had heard the murmur from the castle yard. The drunken horde had been checked by a well-barred gate, and stood clamorous on the outside, threatening not to leave a stone of the castle standing, unless the witch was immediately given up to them. But Lady Märtha, although just awakened from her sound sleep, was not one to be easily scared. She had been in more than one siege in her younger days, and understood, like a wise commander, that a fortress does not fall at big words. "One who gains time, gains all," thought Lady Märtha, and she therefore began to negotiate for capitulation, with the request to know what the besiegers especially wanted, and why they wanted it. In the meantime, half a dozen rusty muckets were hunted up, with which the castle's invalids were armed; the six keepers were provided with clubs and pikes; the servant girls themselves were ordered to seize the flails with which more than one of Fleming's cavalry received their death-blow during the Club War. Thus prepared, Lady Märtha thought she could with safety break off negotiations; she therefore advanced in person to the inside of the gate, and began a scolding lesson which had in it strong words and but little music.

"You crazy scamps!" shrieked the brave dame, with more force than elegance, "may the devil take you, as many as you are, drunken ale-bibbers! Pack yourselves off this instant, or, as sure as my name is Märtha Ulfsparre, you shall have a taste of 'Master Hans' on your backs! you villains, sots, shameless knaves, night loafers!"

"Master Hans" was a good-sized stick of braided rattan which seldom left Lady Märtha's hand, and for whose impressive maxims all the inmates of the castle entertained a deep respect. But whether the noisy crowd did not understand "Master Hans'" excellent qualities, or whether, in the uproar, Lady Märtha's words were only heard by those standing nearest, the mob continued to press on with loud cries, and the strong gate shook upon its hinges.

"Out with the witch!" shrieked the wildest, and some them began to throw brands against the gate, in the h setting it on fire.

Lady Märtha had on the ramparts two clumsy cannon from the time of Gustaf I., called "the hawk" and "the dove." Their innocent employment had long been to respond to the salute of vessels arriving in the harbor, and on solemn occasions, such as christening days and royal nuptials, to interpret in loud tones the official sentiments of pleasure. It is true, these guns were mounted on some old disused ramparts outside of the present fortifications of the castle — the high fence with its iron spikes — and the cannons were consequently more easily accessible to the enemy than to the besieged. But Lady Märtha calculated very correctly that a cannonade from the ramparts would overawe the enemy, and serve as a signal of distress to summon assistance from the man-of-war and the town. She therefore ordered two of her soldiers to steal out under cover of the night, load "the hawk" and "the dove," and directly after the shot was fired — with powder only — return quickly to the castle.

The effect of this was instantaneous. The hue and cry ceased directly; and Lady Märtha did not let the opportunity slip from her hands.

"Did you hear, you pack of thieves?" screamed she, mounted on a ladder so that her white night-cap was seen in the moonlight a few feet above the gate; "if you don't this minute take yourselves off from His Royal Majesty's castle, I will let my cannon shoot you into fragments, like so many cabbage stalks; you noisy, drunken swine! I suppose you know that angry dogs get torn skins, and the chicken who sticks his neck in the jaws of the fox will have to look around to see where his head is. I shall have you cut to pieces, you ruffians!" continued Lady Märtha, more and more excited; "I will make mince-meat of you and throw you to the — "

Unfortunately, the brave commander was not allowed to finish her heroic harangue. One of the crowd had found a rotten turnip on the ground, and flung it so skilfully at the white night-cap shining in the moonlight, that Lady Märtha, struck right in the brow, was obliged to retire, and for the first time in her life had to leave a sentence unfinished. An irrepressible laugh now rose among the crowd, and with it Lady Märtha's supremacy was hopelessly impaired. The enemy stormed more and more arrogantly against the gate, the hinges bent, the boards gave away, finally half the gate fell in with a terrible crash, and the whole crowd of the besiegers rushed into the court-yard.

Now one could have wagered three against one that Lady Märtha would be obliged to capitulate. But no; she withdrew quickly, with all her force, to the interior of the castle, barring the entrance, and placed her musketeers at the windows, threatening to shoot down the first person who attempted to enter. Such resolute courage, on any other occasion, would not have failed of its effect; but the infuriated rabble neither heard nor saw. One of the men in front, who had found a crowbar, began to batter the door.

Then arose confusion and outcries at the rear of the crowd. Those in the middle turned round and discerned through the open gateway, as far as one could see in the uncertain moonlight, the whole space outside filled with head upon head and musket upon musket. It was as if an army had sprung up from the earth to annihilate the disturbers of the peace. Could it be all the bloodless shades of the long deceased champions of Korsholm had risen from their graves to avenge the violence that had been committed against their old fortress?

In order to explain the unexpected sight which was now presented to the view of the belligerents, we must remember that a great part of the country people from the adjacent regions had flocked to the town to witness the departure of the recruits. It ought also to be mentioned that the Storkyro peasant king had remained over night in Wasa, probably in the secret expectation of hearing some news about Bertel from the crew of the "Maria Eleonora." The burning of the ale-house and the march of the noisy crowd toward Korsholm had set all Wasa in commotion, and when Meri arrived in breathless haste, imploring her father to save the imprisoned lady, she found open ears everywhere. The East Bothnian is soon ready for battle; and when the peasants learned the wrong which had been done Bertila, their foremost man, the old animosity against the soldiers awakened within them. They forgot that many of their own sons and brothers had just donned the recruit's jacket; they could not possibly neglect so welcome an opportunity to give the soldiers a thrashing, both in the name of humanity and in defense of the king's castle. They therefore marched, with Bertila at the head, about a hundred strong, to the rescue of the castle; and what in the moonlight might have been taken for pikes and muskets, was scarcely anything but hastily-snatched poles and rails — the usual weapons in the fights of that region.

As soon as the soldiers saw that they were attacked from the outside, they tried to hide their consternation by loud shouts and threats. Uncertain of the enemy's strength, some of them began to think of a possible retreat over the spiked fence; others believed that they had to deal with a whole army of spectres, called up through the strange witch's incantations, which seemed, even to the most courageous, uncomfortable and unpleasant. They were soon roused from their delusion, however, by the well-known sounds of Malax Swedish and Lillkyro Finnish, which could with very good reason be thought to come from human lips, and not from ghosts. At the moment when the forces of the outer enemy clogged up the gateway, a silence arose, as if by agreement on each side, during which could be distinguished a voice from the castle window and another from the rampart, both speaking at once: —

"Did n't I tell you so?" shrieked Lady Märtha bravely, from the window: "did n't I tell you, tipplers, vagabonds, that you ought to think seven times before you stuck your noses between the wedge and the tree, and if the tail has once got into the fox trap, there is no other resource left than to bite it off. A big mouth needs a broad back, and now hold yourselves in readiness to pay the fiddler!"

And with this, Lady Märtha drew back; very likely from fear of a new volley of rotten turnips.

The other voice, from the rampart, was that of an old man, who in powerful tones cried to the soldiers: —

"If you will lay down your arms and give up your leaders, then the rest may go in peace. If not, there shall be a dance, the like of which Korsholm has never seen, and we will see to it that the bows are well-rosined."

"May all the devils take you, peasant lubber!" replied a voice from the court-yard, by which could be plainly recognized the jolly sergeant, Bengt Kristerson. "If I had you between my fingers, I would — *blitz-donner-kreutz-Pappenheim!* — teach you to propose to brave soldiers a cowardly surrender! Go ahead, boys; let us clear the gateway and drive the gang back to their porridge kettle!"

Fortunately, none of the soldiers were provided with fire-arms, and very few with swords, as the recruits had not yet obtained weapons. Most of them had, besides their extinguished brands and some fragments of broken wagons, only sticks snatched from a wood-pile in the yard. Thus equipped, the crowd bore down upon the entrance.

At the first assault, the soldiers were received with such energetic blows of the rails, that many drew back with bloody heads. But soon the crowd at the gate became so dense that no arm could be lifted, no blow dealt, and a frantic struggle took place between those in front, while those from both sides closed around them and finally pressed them so tightly that no one could move hand or foot, and they expected every minute to be squeezed to death. Here were seen vigorous arms trying in vain to overthrow an enemy; there, broad shoulders exerting themselves to make their way through the crushing mass. Finally the pressure from within became so strong that the foremost ranks of the peasants were thrust aside or thrown down, and about half of the soldiers cleared a way toward the open plain outside the ramparts, while the other half, again penned up, were obliged to remain in the court-yard.

Then began a regular battle. They fought with poles and sticks, with whips and fists. Here rained down many a blow which might better have been bestowed on Isolani's Croats; here was performed many a daring exploit which would have been better suited to the battle-fields of Germany. The soldiers, although superior in numbers, were divided by the gate into two detached corps, and soon had the worst of it. Part of them, numbering the youngest of the recruits, took to flight, and scattered themselves toward the town; others were overpowered and badly beaten; others again — the old experienced soldiers — retired to the ramparts, where, secure from attack in the rear, they defended themselves with desperate courage.

Victory now seemed to incline decidedly toward the side of the peasants, when the strife received a new impetus. The forces at the gate, who, on account of the struggle outside the ramparts, had forgotten the enemy within, were surprised by the enclosed soldiers, who rushed out to help their comrades. These now found breathing space, and in their turn attacked the peasants with increased fury; the affray became more and more involved, the victory more and more uncertain; both parties had defeats to revenge, and the rage of both increased as the strength on both sides became more equal.

And over this scene of tumult and confusion, of lamentation, cries of victory, threats, and wild conflict, the clear and silvery August moon beamed like a heavenly eye upon the self-inflicted anguish and misery of earth. All the inlets of the bay shone in the moonlight; in the tree-tops and on

grass there glittered millions of dewdrops, like pearls on midsummer's green robe. All nature breathed an indescribable calm; a gentle breeze from the great shining sea in the west passed softly over the coast; in the distance was heard the monotonous roll of the surf upon the beach, and the stars looked down, silent and twinkling, into the dark waters.

When the yard was found empty, Lady Märtha and her soldiers ventured out to behold from a nearer standpoint the strife on the ramparts. The stout-hearted old lady undoubtedly felt inclined to take part in the contest in her way, for she was heard to cry to the peasants in a loud voice: —

"That's right, boys! drum ahead! let the stick fly! many have danced after worse fiddles!" And to the soldiers she screamed: "Good luck to you, my children; help yourselves to a little supper; Korsholm offers the best the house has. Be at ease; your witch is in good keeping; Korsholm has bolts and bars for you too, miscreants!"

But as if a capricious fate wished to convict the old lady of untruth and put all her prudence to shame, a tall, dark, female form appeared at that moment on the top of the rampart, and outlined itself against the moonlit sky.

Lady Märtha felt the words die on her lips when, in dismay, she recognized her well-guarded prisoner. How Regina had got out through locked doors and closed windows was to the good dame such an inexplicable enigma that she was for an instant infected by the superstitious belief in the strange girl's alliance with the powers of darkness. She gave up all idea of catching the fugitive, and expected nothing less than to see large black wings grow out of her shoulders, and to see her, like an immense raven, soar aloft toward the starry firmament.

The reader, on the other hand, can easily find a natural explanation. The din of the conflict and the sound of the two cannon-shots had reached Regina's lonely chamber. Every moment she expected to be seized by executioners and dragged to a certain death; and so glorious did the lot of dying for her faith seem to her, that her impatience was increased to the highest degree when the noise down below continued, but still, after an hour's interval, no human feet were heard to approach her door. Finally the thought ran through her fanatical soul, that the prince of darkness envied her so grand a fate, and that [illegible]ng on below was instigated by him in order to pre-[illegible]d of a glorious death, a languishing life in

captivity, without profit or joy. She remembered the singer's advice, to lower herself down through the open window by means of sheets and shawls; quickly she formed her resolution, and before many minutes stood in view of all the combatants on the rampart.

As they became aware of the tall form up there in the moonlight, they were seized with the same superstitious dread which had just paralyzed Lady Märtha's quick tongue. The contest gradually subsided, and continued only at the most remote points; friend and foe were affected by a common horror, and near the rampart there was a silence so deep that one could hear in the distance the sea's low murmur against the pebbly beach.

And Lady Regina spoke with a voice so loud and clear that if her Swedish had not been so imperfect she could have been very well understood by all within hearing.

"Ye children of Belial!" said she, in tones which, though slightly trembling at first, soon became firm and calm, "ye people of the heretic faith, why do ye delay to take my life? Here I stand without weapons, without any human protection, with the high heaven above me and the earth and sea at my feet, and say to you: Your Luther was a false prophet; there is no salvation except in the true universal Catholic Church. Therefore, be converted to the Holy Virgin and all the saints; acknowledge the Pope to be Christ's vicegerent, as he truly is, that you may avert from your heads the sword of St. George, which is already raised to destroy you. But me you can kill in order to seal the veracity of my faith; here I stand; why do you hesitate? I am ready to fall for my faith!"

It was Lady Regina's good fortune that her speech was not understood by those to whom it was addressed, for so strong was the power of Lutheranism, in this fervid time when nations and individuals sacrificed life and welfare for their religion, that even the humblest and most ignorant were filled with burning zeal and a blind hate to the Pope and his followers, of which all our crabbed but pithy old psalm-books yet to-day bear plain witness. Had this mass of people, both peasants and soldiers, heard Regina extol the Pope and declare Luther a false prophet, they would inevitably have torn her to pieces in their rage. As it was, the young girl's
unmeaning sound in their ears; they saw
and the respect which courage and misfort

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE, an English theologian and poet; born at Farnham, Surrey, November 4, 1740; died in London, August 4, 1778. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became Vicar of Broad Hembury, Devonshire. He was a zealous opponent of Arminianism, as held by Wesley, and published "The Church of England Vindicated from Arminianism" (1774).

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through parts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne —
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

"Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling"

From a Painting by Ary Scheffer

Love Divine.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored by Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

Tourgée, Albion Winegar, an American jurist and novelist; born at Williamsfield, Ohio, May 2, 1838. He was in Rochester University for two years (1859–61), and in the army the four years following; after the war he was a lawyer, editor, and farmer in Greensboro, N. C., a prominent member of the North Carolina Constitutional Convention, a commissioner for the revision of the State laws, and (1868–74) Judge of the Superior Court. From 1882 to 1885 he edited "Our Continent," at Philadelphia. Besides law-books he has published "North Carolina Farm Book" (1869); "Toinette" (1874) (since republished as "The Royal Gentleman," together with "'Zouri's Christmas"); "Figs and Thistles" and "A Fool's Errand" (1879); "Bricks Without Straw" (1880); "John Eax" (1882); "Hot Ploughshares" (1883); "An Appeal to Cæsar" (1884); "Black Ice" and "Button's Inn" (1887); "With Gauge and Swallow" (1888); "Pactolus Prime" (1889); "Murvale Eastman" (1890); "A Son of Old Harry" (1891); "An Outing with the Queen of Hearts" (1894); "The Mortgage on the Hip-roof House" (1896).

An Awakening.[1]

(From "A Fool's Errand.")

It was just at sundown, and Lily was sitting on the porch at Warrington, watching the sunset glow, when a horseman came in sight, and rode up to the gate. After a moment's scrutiny of the premises, he seemed satisfied, and uttered the usual halloo which it is customary for one to give who desires to communicate with the household in that country. Lily rose, and advanced to the steps.

"Here 's a letter," said the horseman, as he held an envelope up to view, and then, as she started down the steps, threw it over the gate into the avenue, and, wheeling his

[1] By permission of Fords, Howa

tered easily away. Lily picked up the letter. It was directed in a coarse, sprawling hand, —

"COLONEL COMFORT SERVOSSE,
"WARRINGTON."

In the lower left-hand corner, in a more compact and business-like hand, were written the words, "Read at once." Lily read the superscription carelessly as she went up the broad avenue. It awakened no curiosity in her mind; but, after she had resumed her seat on the porch, it occurred to her that both the messenger and his horse were unknown to her. The former was a white lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age, whom she might very well fail to recognize. What struck her as peculiar was the fact that he was evidently unacquainted with Warrington, which was a notable place in the country; and a lad of that age could hardly be found in a circuit of many miles who could not have directed the traveller to it. It was evident from the demeanor of this one, that, when he first rode up, he was uncertain whether he had reached his destination, and had only made sure of it by recognizing some specific object which had been described to him. In other words, he had been travelling on what is known in that country as a "way-bill," or a description of a route received from another.

Then she remembered that she had not recognized the horse, which was a circumstance somewhat remarkable; for it was an iron-gray of notable form and action. Her love of horses led her instinctively to notice those which she saw and her daily rides had made her familiar with every good horse in a circle of many miles. Besides this she had been accustomed to go almost everywhere with her father, when he had occasion to make journeys not requiring more than a day's absence. So that it was quite safe to say that she knew by sight at least twice as many horses as people.

These reflections caused her to glance again, a little curiously, at the envelope. It occurred to her, as she did so, that the superscription was in a disguised hand. Her father had received so many letters of that character, all of threat or [redacted] that the bare suspicion of that fact aroused at once [redacted]ion of evil or danger. While she had been think-

[redacted]hern twilight had given place to the light of [redacted]he east. She went into the house,

and, calling for a light, glanced once more at the envelope, and then broke the seal. It read,—

"Colonel Servosse, — A raid of K. K. has been ordered to intercept Judge Denton on his way home to-night (the 23d inst.). It is understood that he has telegraphed to you to accompany him home. Do not do it. If you can by any means, give him warning. It is a big raid, and means business. The decree is, that he shall be tied, placed in the middle of the bridge across the river, the planks taken up on each side, so as to prevent a rescue, and the bridge set on fire. I send this warning for your sake. Do not trust the telegraph. I shall try to send this by a safe hand, but tremble lest it should be too late. I dare not sign my name, but subscribe myself your

"Unknown Friend."

The young girl stood for a moment paralyzed with horror at the danger which threatened her father. It did not once occur to her to doubt the warning she had received. She glanced at the timepiece upon the mantel. The hands pointed to eight o'clock.

"Too late, too late!" she cried as she clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven in prayerful agony. She saw that she could not reach Verdenton in time to prevent their taking the train, and she knew it would be useless to telegraph afterwards. It was evident that the wires were under the control of the Klan, and there was no probability that a message would be delivered, if sent, in time to prevent the catastrophe.

"O my dear, dear papa!" she cried, as she realized more fully the danger. "O God! can nothing be done to save him!"

Then a new thought flashed upon her mind. She ran to the back porch, and called sharply, but quietly, —

"William! *Oh*, William!"

A voice in the direction of the stables answered, —

"Ma'am?"

"Come here at once."

"*Oh*, Maggie!" she called.

"Ma'am?" from the kitchen.

"Bring me a cup of coffee, some biscuits, and an egg— quick!"

"Law sakes, chile, what makes ye in sech a hurry? Supper 'll be ready direckly Miss Mettie gits home. Can't yer wait?" answered the colored woman querulously.

"Never mind. I'll do without it, if it troubles you," said Lily quietly.

"Bress my soul! No trouble at all, Miss Lily," said the woman, entirely mollified by the soft answer. "On'y I could n't see what made yer be in sech a powerful hurry. Ye'se hev 'em in a minit, honey."

"William," said Lily, as the stable-boy appeared, "put my saddle on Young Lollard, and bring him round as quick as possible."

"But, Miss Lily, you know dat hoss" — the servant began to expostulate.

"I know all about him, William. Don't wait to talk. Bring him out."

"All right, Miss Lily," he replied, with a bow and a scrape. But, as he went toward the stable, he soliloquized angrily, "Now, what for Miss Lily want to ride dat pertickerler hoss, you s'pose? Never did afore. Nobody but de kunnel ebber on his back, an' *he* hab his hands full wid him sometimes. Dese furrer-bred hosses jes' de debbil anyhow! Dar 's dat Young Lollard now, it 's jest 'bout all a man's life 's wuth ter rub him down, an' saddle him. Why can't she take de ole un! Here you, Lollard, come outen dat!"

He threw open the door of the log-stable where the horse had his quarters, as he spoke, and almost instantly, with a short, vicious whinny, a powerful dark-brown horse leaped into the moonlight, and with ears laid back upon his sinuous neck, white teeth bare, and thin, blood-red nostrils distended, rushed towards the servant, who, with a loud, "Dar now! Look at him! Whoa! See de dam rascal!" retreated quickly behind the door. The horse rushed once or twice around the little stable-yard, and then stopped suddenly beside his keeper, and stretched out his head for the bit, quivering in every limb with that excess of vitality which only the thorough-bred horse ever exhibits. He was anxious for the bit and saddle, because they meant exercise, a race, an opportunity to show his speed, which the thorough-bred recognizes as the one great end of his existence.

Before the horse was saddled, Lily had donned her riding-habit, put a revolver in her belt, as she very frequently did when riding alone, swallowed a hasty supper, scrawled a short note to her mother on the envelope of the letter she had received, — which she charged William at once to carry to her,

— and was ready to start on a night-ride to Glenville. She had only been there across the country once; but she thought she knew the way, or was at least so familiar with the "lay" of the country that she could find it.

The brawny groom with difficulty held the restless horse by the bit; but the slight girl, who stood upon the block with pale face and set teeth, gathered the reins in her hand, leaped fearlessly into the saddle, found the stirrup, and said, "Let him go!" without a quaver in her voice. The man loosed his hold. The horse stood upright, and pawed the air for a moment with his feet, gave a few mighty leaps to make sure of his liberty, and then, stretching out his neck, bounded forward in a race which would require all the mettle of his endless line of noble sires. Almost without words, her errand had become known to the household of servants; and as she flew down the road, her bright hair gleaming in the moonlight, old Maggie, sobbing and tearful, was yet so impressed with admiration, that she could only say, —

"De Lor' bress her! 'Pears like dat chile ain't 'fear'd o' noffin'!"

As she was borne like an arrow down the avenue, and turned into the Glenville road, Lily heard the whistle of the train as it left the depot at Verdenton, and knew that upon her coolness and resolution alone depended the life of her father.

A Race against Time.

(From "A Fool's Errand.")

It was, perhaps, well for the accomplishment of her purpose, that, for some time after setting out on her perilous journey, Lily Servosse had enough to do to maintain her seat, and guide and control her horse. Young Lollard, whom the servant had so earnestly remonstrated against her taking, added to the noted pedigree of his sire the special excellences of the Glencoe strain of his dam, from whom he inherited also a darker coat, and that touch of native savageness which characterizes the stock of Emancipator. Upon both sides his blood was as pure as that of the great kings of the turf, and what we have termed his savagery was more excess of spirit than [illegible] inclination to do mischief. It was t [illegible] ollat of the thorough-bred horse to be alw [illegible] h made him restless of the bit and cu

ity of his race had led him to practise somewhat on the fears of his groom. With that care which only the true lover of the horse can appreciate, Colonel Servosse had watched over the growth and training of Young Lollard, hoping to see him rival, if he did not surpass, the excellences of his sire. In everything but temper, he had been gratified at the result. In build, power, speed, and endurance, the horse offered all that the most fastidious could desire. In order to prevent the one defect of a quick temper from developing into a vice, the colonel had established an inflexible rule that no one should ride him but himself. His great interest in the colt had led Lily, who inherited all her father's love for the noble animal, to look very carefully during his enforced absences after the welfare of his favorite. Once or twice she had summarily discharged grooms who were guilty of disobeying her father's injunctions, and had always made it a rule to visit his stall every day; so that, although she had never ridden him, the horse was familiar with her person and voice.

It was well for her that this was the case; for, as he dashed away with the speed of the wind, she felt how powerless she was to restrain him by means of the bit. Nor did she attempt it. Merely feeling his mouth, and keeping her eye upon the road before him, in order that no sudden start to right or left should take her by surprise, she coolly kept her seat, and tried to soothe him by her voice.

With head outstretched, and sinewy neck strained to its uttermost, he flew over the ground in a wild, mad race with the evening wind, as it seemed. Without jerk or strain, but easily and steadily as the falcon flies, the highbred horse skimmed along the ground. A mile, two, three miles were made, in time that would have done honor to the staying quality of his sires, and still his pace had not slackened. He was now nearing the river into which fell the creek that ran by Warrington. As he went down the long slope that led to the ford, his rider tried in vain to check his speed. Pressure upon the bit but resulted in an impatient shaking of the head, and laying back of the ears. He kept up his magnificent stride [illegible]til he had reached the very verge of the river. There he [illegible]d, threw up his head in inquiry, as he gazed upon the [illegible]ters lighted up by the full moon, glanced back at his [illegible]with a word of encouragement from her, marched [illegible] casting up a silvery spray at every

step. Lily did not miss this opportunity to establish more intimate relations with her steed. She patted his neck, praised him lavishly, and took occasion to assume control of him while he was in the deepest part of the channel, turning him this way and that much more than was needful, simply to accustom him to obey her will.

When he came out on the other bank, he would have resumed his gallop almost at once; but she required him to walk to the top of the hill. The night was growing chilly by this time. As the wind struck her at the hill-top, she remembered that she had thrown a hooded waterproof about her before starting. She stopped her horse, and, taking off her hat, gathered her long hair into a mass, and thrust it into the hood, which she drew over her head, and pressed her hat down on it; then she gathered the reins, and they went on in that long, steady stride which marks the highbred horse when he gets thoroughly down to his work. Once or twice she drew rein to examine the landmarks, and determine which road to take. Sometimes her way lay through the forest, and she was startled by the cry of the owl; anon it was through the reedy bottom-land, and the half-wild hogs, starting from their lairs, gave her an instant's fright. The moon cast strange shadows around her; but still she pushed on, with this one only thought in her mind, that her father's life was at stake, and she alone could save him. She had written to her mother to go back to Verdenton, and telegraph to her father; but she put no hope in that. How she trembled, as she passed each fork in the rough and ill-marked country road, lest she should take the right-hand when she ought to turn to the left, and so lose precious, priceless moments! How her heart beat with joy when she came upon any remembered landmark! And all the time her mind was full of tumultuous prayer. Sometimes it bubbled over her lips in tender, disjointed accents.

"Father! Papa, dear, dear papa!" she cried to the bright still night that lay around: and then the tears burst over the quivering lids, and ran down the fair cheeks in torrents. She pressed her hand to her heart as she fancied that a gleam of redder light shot athwart the northern sky, and she thought of a terrible bonfire that would rage and glow above that horizon if she failed to bring timely warning of the danger. How her heart throbbed with thankfulness as she galloped through an avenue of giant oaks at a cross-roads where she remembered

stopping with her father one day! He had told her that it was half way from Glenville to Warrington. He had watered their horses there; and she remembered every word of pleasant badinage he had addressed to her as they rode home. Had one ever before so dear, so tender a parent? The tears came again; but she drove them back with a half-involuntary laugh. "Not now, not now!" she said. "No; nor at all. They shall not come at all; for I will save him. O God, help me! I am but a weak girl. Why did the letter come so late? But I *will* save him! Help me, Heaven! — guide and help!"

She glanced at her watch as she passed from under the shade of the oaks, and, as she held the dial up to the moonlight, gave a scream of joy. It was just past the stroke of nine. She had still an hour, and half the distance had been accomplished in half that time. She had no fear of her horse. Pressing on now in the swinging fox-walk which he took whenever the character of the road or the mood of his rider demanded, there was no sign of weariness. As he threw his head upon one side and the other, as if asking to be allowed to press on, she saw his dark eye gleam with the fire of the inveterate racer. His thin nostrils were distended; but his breath came regularly and full. She had not forgotten, even in her haste and fright, the lessons her father had taught; but, as soon as she could control her horse, she had spared him, and compelled him to husband his strength. Her spirits rose at the prospect. She even carolled a bit of exultant song as Young Lollard swept on through a forest of towering pines, with a white sand-cushion stretched beneath his feet. The fragrance of the pines came to her nostrils, and with it the thought of frankincense, and that brought up the hymns of her childhood. The Star in the East, the Babe of Bethlehem, the Great Deliverer, — all swept across her wrapt vision; and then came the priceless promise, "I will not leave thee, nor forsake."

Still on and on the brave horse bore her with untiring limb. Half the remaining distance is now consumed, and she comes to a place where the road forks, not once, but into four branches. It is in the midst of a level old field covered with a thick growth of scrubby pines. Through the masses of thick green are white lanes which stretch away in every direction, with no visible difference save in the density or frequency of the shadows which fall across them. She tries to think which

of the many intersecting paths lead to her destination. She tries this and then that for a few steps, consults the stars to determine in what direction Glenville lies, and has almost decided upon the first to the right, when she hears a sound which turns her blood to ice in her veins.

A shrill whistle sounds to the left, — once, twice, thrice, — and then it is answered from the road in front. There are two others. O God! if she but knew which road to take! She knows well enough the meaning of those signals. She has heard them before. The masked cavaliers are closing in upon her; and, as if frozen to stone, she sits her horse in the clear moonlight, and cannot choose.

She is not thinking of herself. It is not for herself that she fears; but there has come over her a horrible numbing sensation that she is lost, that she does not know which road leads to those she seeks to save; and at the same time there comes the certain conviction that to err would be fatal. There are but two roads now to choose from, since she has heard the fateful signals from the left and front: but how much depends upon that choice! "It must be this," she says to herself; and, as she says it, the sickening conviction comes, "No, no: it is the other!" She hears hoof-strokes upon the road in front, on that to her left, and now, too, on that which turns sheer to the right. From one to the other the whistle sounds, — sharp, short signals. Her heart sinks within her. She has halted at the very rendezvous of the enemy. They are all about her. To attempt to ride down either road now is to invite destruction.

She awoke from her stupor when the first horseman came in sight, and thanked God for her dark horse and colorless habit. She urged young Lollard among the dense scrub-pines which grew between the two roads from which she knew that she must choose, turned his head back towards the point of intersection, drew her revolver, leaned over upon his neck, and peered through the overhanging branches. She patted her horse's head, and whispered to him softly to keep him still.

Hardly had she placed herself in hiding, before the open space around the intersecting roads was alive with disguised horsemen. She could catch glimpses of their figures as she gazed through the clustering spines. Three men
the road which ran along to the right of wh
They were hardly five steps from where she l

determined, on the faithful horse, which moved not a muscle. Once he had neighed before they came so near; but there were so many horses neighing and snuffing, that no one had heeded it. She remembered a little flask which Maggie had put into her pocket. It was whiskey. She put up her revolver, drew out the flask, opened it, poured some in her hand, and, leaning forward, rubbed it on the horse's nose. He did not offer to neigh again.

One of the men who stood near her spoke.

"Gentlemen, I am the East Commander of Camp No. 5 of Pultowa County."

"And I, of Camp No. 8, of Wayne."

"And I, of No. 12, Sevier."

"You are the men I expected to meet," said the first.

"We were ordered to report to you," said the others.

"This is Bentley's Cross, then, I presume."

"The same."

"Four miles from Glenville, I believe?"

"Nigh about that," said one of the others.

"We leave this road about a mile and a half from this place?"

"Yes, and cross by a country way to the river-road."

"What is the distance to the river-road by this route?"

"Not far from five miles."

"It is now about half-past nine; so that there is no haste. How many men have you each?"

"Thiry-two from No. 8."

"Thirty-one from No. 12."

"I have myself *forty*. Are yours informed of the work on hand?"

"Not a word."

"Are we quite secure here?"

"I have had the roads picketed since sundown," answered one. "I myself just came from the south, not ten minutes before you signalled."

"Ah! I thought I heard a horse on that road."

"Has the party we want left Verdenton?"

"A messenger from Glenville says he is on the train with [redacted]."

"?"

"No."

"I don't half like the business, anyhow, and am not inclined to go beyond express orders. What do you say about it?" asked the leader.

"Had n't we better say the decree covers both?" asked one.

"I can't do it," said the leader with decision.

"You remember our rules," said the third, — "'when a party is made up by details from different camps, it shall constitute a camp so far as to regulate its own action; and all matters pertaining to such action which the officer in command may see fit to submit to it shall be decided by a majority vote.' I think this had better be left to the camp?"

"I agree with you," said the leader. "But, before we do so, let 's have a drink."

He produced a flask, and they all partook of its contents. Then they went back to the intersection of the roads, mounted their horses, and the leader commanded, "Attention!"

The men gathered closer, and then all was still. Then the leader said, in words distinctly heard by the trembling girl, —

"Gentlemen, we have met here, under a solemn and duly authenticated decree of a properly organized camp of the county of Rockford, to execute for them the extreme penalty of our order upon Thomas Denton, in the way and manner therein prescribed. This unpleasant duty of course will be done as becomes earnest men. We are, however, informed that there will be with the said Denton at the time we are directed to take him another notorious Radical well known to you all, Colonel Comfort Servosse. He is not included in the decree; and I now submit for your determination the question, 'What shall be done with him?'"

There was a moment's buzz in the crowd.

One careless-toned fellow said that he thought it would be well enough to wait till they caught their hare before cooking it. It was not the first time a squad had thought they had Servosse in their power; but they had never ruffled a hair of his head yet.

The leader commanded, "Order!" and one of the associate commanders moved that the same decree be made against him as against the said Denton. Then the vote was taken. All were in the affirmative, except the loud-voiced young man who had spoken before, who said with emphasis, —

"No, by Granny! I'm not in favor of killing anybody!

I'll have you know, gentlemen, it's neither a pleasant nor a safe business. First we know, we'll all be running our necks into hemp. It's what we call murder, gentlemen, in civilized and Christian countries!"

"Order!" cried the Commander.

"Oh, you need n't yell at me!" said the young man fearlessly. "I 'm not afraid of anybody here, nor all of you. Mel. Gurney and I came just to take some friends' places who could n't obey the summons, — we 're not bound to stay, but I suppose I shall go along. I don't like it, though, and, if I get much sicker, I shall leave. You can count on that!"

"If you stir from your place," said the leader sternly, "I shall put a bullet through you."

"Oh, you go to hell!" retorted the other. "You don't expect to frighten one of the old Louisiana Tigers in that way, do you? Now look here, Jake Carver," he continued, drawing a huge navy revolver, and cocking it coolly, "don't try any such little game on me, 'cause, if ye do, there may be more 'n one of us fit for a spy-glass when it 's over."

At this, considerable confusion arose; and Lily, with her revolver ready cocked in her hand, turned, and cautiously made her way to the road which had been indicated as the one which led to Glenville. Just as her horse stepped into the path, an overhanging limb caught her hat, and pulled it off, together with the hood of her waterproof, so that her hair fell down again upon her shoulders. She hardly noticed the fact in her excitement, and, if she had, could not have stopped to repair the accident. She kept her horse upon the shady side, walking upon the grass as much as possible to prevent attracting attention, watching on all sides for any scattered members of the Klan. She had proceeded thus about a hundred and fifty yards, when she came to a turn in the road, and saw, sitting before her in the moonlight, one of the disguised horsemen, evidently a sentry who had been stationed there to see that no one came upon the camp unexpectedly. He was facing the other way, but just at that instant turned, and, seeing her indistinctly in the shadow, cried out at once, —

"Who 's there? Halt!"

They were not twenty yards apart. Young Lollard was trembling with excitement under the tightly-drawn rein. Lily thought of her father half-prayerfully, half-fiercely, bowed close over her horse's neck, and braced herself in the saddle,

with every muscle as tense as those of the tiger waiting for his leap. Almost before the words were out of the sentry's mouth, she had given Young Lollard the spur, and shot like an arrow into the bright moonlight, straight towards the black muffled horseman.

"My God!" he cried, amazed at the sudden apparition.

She was close upon him in an instant. There was a shot; his startled horse sprang aside, and Lily, urging Young Lollard to his utmost speed, was flying down the road toward Glenville. She heard an uproar behind, — shouts, and one or two shots. On, on, she sped. She knew now every foot of the road beyond. She looked back, and saw her pursuers swarming out of the wood into the moonlight. Just then she was in shadow. A mile, two miles, were passed. She drew in her horse to listen. There was the noise of a horse's hoofs coming down a hill she had just descended, as her gallant steed bore her, almost with undiminished stride, up the opposite slope. She laughed, even in her terrible excitement, at the very thought that any one should attempt to overtake her.

"They 'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar,"

she hummed as she patted Young Lollard's outstretched neck. She turned when they reached the summit, her long hair streaming backward in the moonlight like a golden banner, and saw the solitary horseman on the opposite slope; then turned back, and passed over the hill. He halted as she dashed out of sight, and after a moment turned round, and soon met the entire camp, now in perfect order, galloping forward dark and silent as fate. The Commander halted as they met the returning sentinel.

"What was it?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing," replied the sentinel carelessly. "I was sitting there at the turn examining my revolver, when a rabbit ran across the road, and frightened my mare. She jumped, and the pistol went off. It happened to graze my left arm, so I could not hold the reins; and she like to have taken me into Glenville before I could pull her up."

"I 'm glad that 's all," said the officer, with a sigh of relief. "Did it hurt you much?"

"Well, it 's used that arm up, for the present."

A hasty examination showed this to [illegible] and the less-talking young man was detai

place for treatment and safety, while the others passed on to perform their horrible task.

The train from Verdenton had reached and left Glenville. The incomers had been divided between the rival hotels, the porters had removed the luggage, and the agent was just entering his office, when a foam-flecked horse with bloody nostrils and fiery eyes, ridden by a young girl with a white, set face, and fair, flowing hair, dashed up to the station.

"Judge Denton!" the rider shrieked.

The agent had but time to motion with his hand, and she had swept on towards a carriage which was being swiftly driven away from the station, and which was just visible at the turn of the village street.

"Papa, papa!" shrieked the girlish voice as she swept on.

A frightened face glanced backward from the carriage, and in an instant Comfort Servosse was standing in the path of the rushing steed.

"Ho, Lollard!" he shouted, in a voice which rang over the sleepy town like a trumpet-note.

The amazed horse veered quickly to one side, and stopped as if stricken to stone, while Lily fell insensible into her father's arms. When she recovered, he was bending over her with a look in his eyes which she will never forget.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Trollope, Anthony, an eminent English novelist; born at Harrow, April 24, 1815; died at London, December 6, 1882. His education was desultory, though he studied for a while at Winchester and Harrow schools. He wrote several books describing the countries which he had visited, but is, however, most distinctively known as a novelist. His earliest work of fiction, "The Kellys and the O'Kellys," appeared in 1847. He came into general notice by "The Warden" (1855), the first of a long series of novels, among which are "Barchester Towers" (1857); "Doctor Thorne" (1858); "The Bertrams" (1859); "Castle Richmond" (1860); "Framley Parsonage" (1861); "Orley Farm" (1862); "The Small House at Allington" (1864); "The Belton Estate" (1866); "The Last Chronicle of Barset" (1867); "The Claverings" (1868); "Phineas Finn" (1869); "He Knew he was Right" (1869); "The Vicar of Bullhampton" (1870); "The Eustace Diamonds" (1872); "The Golden Lion of Grandpère" (1873); "Phineas Redux" (1874); "The Way We Live Now" (1875); "The Prime Minister" (1876); "Ayala's Angel" (1878); "An Old Man's Love" (1884); and "Can You Forgive Her?" (1865).

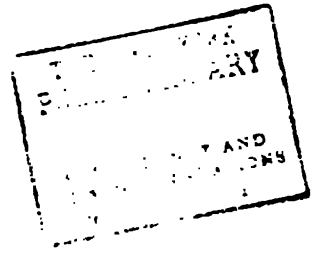
Fourteen Arguments in Favor of Mr. Quiverful's Claims.

(From "Barchester Towers.")

We have most of us heard of the terrible anger of a lioness when, surrounded by her cubs, she guards her prey. Few of us wish to disturb the mother of a litter of puppies when mouthing a bone in the midst of her young family. Medea and her children are familiar to us, and so is the grief of Constance. Mrs. Quiverful, when she first heard from her husband the news which he had to impart, felt within her bosom all the rage of a lioness, the rapacity of the hound, the fury of the tragic [redacted] and the deep despair of the bereaved mother.

Doubting, but yet hardly fearing, what might [redacted] tenor of Mr. Slope's discourse, she rushed back t[redacted]

ANTHONY TROLLOPE



as soon as the front door was closed behind the visitor. It was well for Mr. Slope that he so escaped, — the anger of such a woman, at such a moment, would have cowed even him. As a general rule, it is highly desirable that ladies should keep their temper; a woman when she storms always makes herself ugly, and usually ridiculous also. There is nothing so odious to man as a virago. Though Theseus loved an Amazon, he showed his love but roughly; and from the time of Theseus downward, no man ever wished to have his wife remarkable rather for forward prowess than retiring gentleness. A low voice "is an excellent thing in woman."

Such may be laid down as a very general rule; and few women should allow themselves to deviate from it, and then only on rare occasions. But if there be a time when a woman may let her hair to the winds, when she may loose her arms, and scream out trumpet-tongued to the ears of men, it is when nature calls out within her not for her own wants, but for the wants of those whom her womb has borne, whom her breasts have suckled, for those who look to her for their daily bread as naturally as man looks to his Creator.

There was nothing poetic in the nature of Mrs. Quiverful. She was neither a Medea nor a Constance. When angry, she spoke out her anger in plain words, and in a tone which might have been modulated with advantage; but she did so, at any rate, without affectation. Now, without knowing it, she rose to a tragic vein.

"Well, my dear; we are not to have it." Such were the words with which her ears were greeted when she entered the parlor, still hot from the kitchen fire. And the face of her husband spoke even more plainly than his words: —

> "E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
> Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night."

"What!" said she, — and Mrs. Siddons could not have put more passion into a single syllable, — "What! not have it? who says so?" And she sat opposite to her husband, with her elbows on the table, her hands clasped together, and her coarse, solid, but once handsome face stretched over it towards him.

She sat as silent as death while he told his story, and very dreadful to him her silence was. He told it very lamely and

badly, but still in such a manner that she soon understood the whole of it.

"And so you have resigned it?" said she.

"I have had no opportunity of accepting it," he replied. "I had no witnesses to Mr. Slope's offer, even if that offer would bind the bishop. It was better for me, on the whole, to keep on good terms with such men than to fight for what I should never get!"

"Witnesses!" she screamed, rising quickly to her feet, and walking up and down the room. "Do clergymen require witnesses to their words? He made the promise in the bishop's name, and if it is to be broken, I'll know the reason why. Did he not positively say that the bishop had sent him to offer you the place?"

"He did, my dear. But that is now nothing to the purpose."

"It is everything to the purpose, Mr. Quiverful. Witnesses indeed! and then to talk of *your* honor being questioned, because you wish to provide for fourteen children. It is everything to the purpose; and so they shall know, if I scream it into their ears from the town cross of Barchester."

"You forget, Letitia, that the bishop has so many things in his gift. We must wait a little longer. That is all."

"Wait! Shall we feed the children by waiting? Will waiting put George, and Tom, and Sam, out into the world? Will it enable my poor girls to give up some of their drudgery? Will waiting make Bessy and Jane fit even to be governesses? Will waiting pay for the things we got in Barchester last week?"

"It is all we can do, my dear. The disappointment is as much to me as to you; and yet, God knows, I feel it more for your sake than my own."

"Mrs. Quiverful was looking full into her husband's face, and saw a small hot tear appear on each of those furrowed cheeks. This was too much for her woman's heart. He also had risen and was standing with his back to the empty grate. She rushed towards him, and, seizing him in her arms, sobbed aloud upon his bosom.

"You are too good, too soft, too yielding," she said at last. "These men, when they want you, they use you like a cat's-paw; and when they want you no longer, they throw you aside like an old shoe. This is twice they have treated you so."

"In one way this will be all for the better," argued I

will make the bishop feel that he is bound to do something for me."

"At any rate, he shall hear of it," said the lady, again reverting to her more angry mood. "At any rate, he shall hear of it, and that loudly; and so shall she. She little knows Letitia Quiverful, if she thinks I will sit down quietly with the loss after all that passed between us at the palace. If there 's any feeling within her, I 'll make her ashamed of herself," — and she paced the room again, stamping the floor as she went with her fat, heavy foot. "Good heavens! what a heart she must have within her to treat in such a way as this the father of fourteen unprovided children!"

Mr. Quiverful proceeded to explain that he didn't think that Mrs. Proudie had had anything to do with it.

"Don't tell me," said Mrs. Quiverful; "I know more about it than that. Does n't all the world know that Mrs. Proudie is bishop of Barchester, and that Mr. Slope is merely her creature? Wasn't it she that made me the promise, just as though the thing was in her own particular gift? I tell you, it was that woman who sent him over here to-day, because, for some reason of her own, she wants to go back from her word."

"My dear, you 're wrong — "

"Now, Q., don't be so soft," she continued. "Take my word for it, the bishop knows no more about it than Jemima does." Jemima was the two-year-old. "And if you 'll take my advice, you 'll lose no time in going over and seeing him yourself."

Soft, however, as Mr. Quiverful might be, he would not allow himself to be talked out of his opinion on this occasion; and proceeded with much minuteness to explain to his wife the tone in which Mr. Slope had spoken of Mrs. Proudie's interference in diocesan matters. As he did so, a new idea gradually instilled itsef into the matron's head, and a new course of conduct presented itself to her judgment. What if, after all, Mrs. Proudie knew nothing of this visit of Mr. Slope's? In that case, might it not be possible that that lady would still be stanch to her in this matter, still stand her friend, and, perhaps, possibly carry her through in opposition to Mr. Slope? Mrs. Quiverful said nothing as this vague hope occurred to her, but listened with more than ordinary patience to what her husband had to say. While he was still explaining that in all probability the world was wrong in its estimation of Mrs.

Proudie's power and authority, she had fully made up her mind as to her course of action. She did not, however, proclaim her intention. She shook her head ominously as he continued his narration; and when he had completed she rose to go, merely observing that it was cruel, cruel treatment. She then asked him if he would mind waiting for a late dinner instead of dining at their usual hour of three, and, having received from him a concession on this point, she proceeded to carry her purpose into execution.

She determined that she would at once go to the palace; that she would do so, if possible, before Mrs. Proudie could have had an interview with Mr. Slope; and that she would be either submissive piteous and pathetic, or else indignant violent and exacting, according to the manner in which she was received.

She was quite confident in her own power. Strengthened as she was by the pressing wants of fourteen children, she felt that she could make her way through legions of episcopal servants, and force herself, if need be, into the presence of the lady who had so wronged her. She had no shame about it, no *mauvaise honte*, no dread of archdeacons. She would, as she declared to her husband, make her wail heard in the market-place if she did not get redress and justice. It might be very well for an unmarried young curate to be shamefaced in such matters; it might be all right that a snug rector, really in want of nothing, but still looking for better preferment, should carry on his affairs decently under the rose. But Mrs. Quiverful, with fourteen children, had given over being shamefaced, and, in some things, had given over being decent. If it were intended that she should be ill used in the manner proposed by Mr. Slope, it should not be done under the rose. All the world should know of it.

In her present mood, Mrs. Quiverful was not over careful about her attire. She tied her bonnet under her chin, threw her shawl over her shoulders, armed herself with the old family cotton umbrella, and started for Barchester. A journey to the palace was not quite so easy a thing for Mrs. Quiverful as for our friend at Plumstead. Plumstead is nine miles from Barchester, and Puddingdale is but four. But the archdeacon could order round his brougham, and his high-trotting, fast bay gelding would take him into the city within the hour. There was no brougham in the coach-house of Puddingdale Vicarage, no bay horse in the stables. There was no method of locomotion for its inhabitants but that which nature has assigned to man.

Mrs. Quiverful was a broad, heavy woman, not young, nor given to walking. In her kitchen, and in the family dormitories, she was active enough; but her pace and gait were not adapted for the road. A walk into Barchester and back in the middle of an August day would be to her a terrible task, if not altogether impracticable. There was living in the parish, about half a mile from the vicarage on the road to the city, a decent, kindly farmer, well to do as regards this world, and so far mindful of the next that he attended his parish church with decent regularity. To him Mrs. Quiverful had before now appealed in some of her more pressing family troubles, and had not appealed in vain. At his door she now presented herself, and, having explained to his wife that most urgent business required her to go at once to Barchester, begged that Farmer Subsoil would take her thither in his tax-cart. The farmer did not reject her plan; and, as soon as Prince could be got into his collar, they started on their journey.

Mrs. Quiverful did not mention the purpose of her business, nor did the farmer alloy his kindness by any unseemly questions. She merely begged to be put down at the bridge going into the city, and to be taken up again at the same place in the course of two hours. The farmer promised to be punctual to his appointment, and the lady, supported by her umbrella, took the short cut to the close, and in a few minutes was at the bishop's door.

Hitherto she had felt no dread with regard to the coming interview. She had felt nothing but an indignant longing to pour forth her claims, and declare her wrongs, if those claims were not fully admitted. But now the difficulty of her situation touched her a little. She had been at the palace once before, but then she went to give grateful thanks. Those who have thanks to return for favors received find easy admittance to the halls of the great. Such is not always the case with men, or even with women, who have favors to beg. Still less easy is access for those who demand the fulfilment of promises already made.

Mrs. Quiverful had not been slow to learn the ways of the world. She knew all this, and she knew also that her cotton umbrella and all but ragged shawl would not command respect in the eyes of the palatial servants. If she were too humble, she knew well that she would never succeed. To overcome by imperious overbearing with such a shawl as hers upon her

shoulders, and such a bonnet on her head, would have required a personal bearing very superior to that with which nature had endowed her. Of this also Mrs. Quiverful was aware. She must make it known that she was the wife of a gentleman and a clergyman, and must yet condescend to conciliate.

The poor lady knew but one way to overcome these difficulties at the very threshold of her enterprise, and to this she resorted. Low as were the domestic funds at Puddingdale, she still retained possession of half-a-crown, and this she sacrificed to the avarice of Mrs. Proudie's metropolitan sesquipedalian serving-man. She was, she said, Mrs. Quiverful of Puddingdale, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Quiverful. She wished to see Mrs. Proudie. It was indeed quite indispensable that she should see Mrs. Proudie. James Fitzplush looked worse than dubious, did not know whether his lady were out, or engaged, or in her bedroom; thought it most probable she was subject to one of these or to some other cause that would make her invisible; but Mrs. Quiverful could sit down in the waiting-room while inquiry was being made of Mrs. Proudie's maid.

"Look here, my man," said Mrs. Quiverful; "I must see her;" and she put her card and half-a-crown — think of it, my reader, think of it; her last half-crown — into the man's hand, and sat herself down on a chair in the waiting-room.

Whether the bribe carried the day, or whether the bishop's wife really chose to see the vicar's wife, it boots not now to inquire. The man returned, and begging Mrs. Quiverful to follow him, ushered her into the presence of the mistress of the diocese.

Mrs. Quiverful at once saw that her patroness was in a smiling humor. Triumph sat throned upon her brow, and all the joys of dominion hovered about her curls. Her lord had that morning contested with her a great point. He had received an invitation to spend a couple of days with the archbishop. His soul longed for the gratification. Not a word, however, in his grace's note alluded to the fact of his being a married man; and, if he went at all, he must go alone. This necessity would have presented no insurmountable bar to the visit, or have militated much against the pleasure, had he been able to go without any reference to Mrs. Proudie. But this he could not do. He could order his portmanteau to be packed, and start with merely telling the lady of his heart that he would be back on Saturday. There are men — men or monsters? — who do such things; and

we not rather say slaves?— who put up with such usage. But Doctor and Mrs. Proudie were not among the number.

The bishop, with some beating about the bush, made the lady understand that he very much wished to go. The lady, without any beating about the bush, made the bishop understand that she would n't hear of it. It would be useless here to repeat the arguments that were used on each side, and needless to record the result. Those who are married will understand very well how the battle was lost and won; and those who are single will never understand it till they learn the lesson which experience alone can give. When Mrs. Quiverful was shown into Mrs. Proudie's room, that lady had only returned a few minutes from her lord. But before she left him she had seen the answer to the archbishop's note written and sealed. No wonder that her face was wreathed with smiles as she received Mrs. Quiverful.

She instantly spoke of the subject which was so near the heart of her visitor. "Well, Mrs. Quiverful," said she, "is it decided yet when you are to move into Barchester?"

"That woman," as she had an hour or two since been called, became instantly re-endowed with all the graces that can adorn a bishop's wife. Mrs. Quiverful immediately saw that her business was to be piteous, and that nothing was to be gained by indignation; nothing, indeed, unless she could be indignant in company with her patroness.

"Oh, Mrs. Proudie," she began, "I fear we are not to move to Barchester at all."

"Why not?" said that lady sharply, dropping at a moment's notice her smiles and condescension, and turning with her sharp quick way to business which she saw at a glance was important.

And then Mrs. Quiverful told her tale. As she progressed in the history of her wrongs she perceived that the heavier she leant upon Mr. Slope the blacker became Mrs. Proudie's brow, but that such blackness was not injurious to her own cause. When Mr. Slope was at Puddingdale vicarage that morning she had regarded him as the creature of the lady-bishop; now she [redacted]ived that they were enemies. She admitted her mistake to [redacted]out any pain or humiliation. She had but one feel- [redacted] confined to her family. She cared little how [redacted] these new comers at the bishop's [redacted] husband into the warden's [redacted] iend or which was her

enemy, if only she could get this preferment which she so sorely wanted.

She told her tale, and Mrs. Proudie listened to it almost in silence. She told how Mr. Slope had cozened her husband into resigning his claim, and had declared that it was the bishop's will that none but Mr. Harding should be warden. Mrs. Proudie's brow became blacker and blacker. At last she started from her chair, and begging Mrs. Quiverful to sit and wait for her return, marched out of the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Proudie, it 's for fourteen children — for fourteen children." Such was the burden that fell on her ear as she closed the door behind her.

It was hardly an hour since Mrs. Proudie had left her husband's apartment victorious, and yet so indomitable was her courage that she now returned thither panting for another combat. She was greatly angry with what she thought was his duplicity. He had so clearly given her a promise on this matter of the hospital. He had been already so absolutely vanquished on that point. Mrs. Proudie began to feel that if every affair was to be thus discussed and battled about twice and even thrice, the work of the diocese would be too much even for her.

Without knocking at the door she walked quickly into her husband's room, and found him seated at his office table, with Mr. Slope opposite to him. Between his fingers was the very note which he had written to the archbishop in her presence — and it was open! Yes, he had absolutely violated the seal which had been made sacred by her approval. They were sitting in deep conclave, and it was too clear that the purport of the archbishop's invitation had been absolutely canvassed again, after it had been already debated and decided on in obedience to her behests! Mr. Slope rose from his chair, and bowed slightly. The two opposing spirits looked each other fully in the face, and they knew that they were looking each at an enemy.

"What is this, bishop, about Mr. Quiverful?" said she, coming to the end of the table and standing there.

Mr. Slope did not allow the bishop to answer, but replied himself. "I have been out to Puddingdale this morning, ma'am, and have seen Mr. Quiverful. I
abandoned his claim to the hospital, becau
that Mr. Harding is desirous to fill his old

circumstances I have strongly advised his lordship to nominate Mr. Harding."

"Mr. Quiverful has not abandoned anything," said the lady, with a very imperious voice. "His lordship's word has been pledged to him, and it must be respected."

The bishop still remained silent. He was anxiously desirous of making his old enemy bite the dust beneath his feet. His new ally had told him that nothing was more easy for him than to do so. The ally was there now at his elbow to help him, and yet his courage failed him. It is so hard to conquer when the prestige of former victories is all against one. It is so hard for the cock who has once been beaten out of his yard to resume his courage and again take a proud place upon a dunghill.

"Perhaps I ought not to interfere," said Mr. Slope, "but yet —"

"Certainly you ought not," said the infuriated dame.

"But yet," continued Mr. Slope, not regarding the interruption, "I have thought it my imperative duty to recommend the bishop not to slight Mr. Harding's claims."

"Mr. Harding should have known his own mind," said the lady.

"If Mr. Harding be not replaced at the hospital, his lordship will have to encounter much ill will, not only in the diocese, but in the world at large. Besides, taking a higher ground, his lordship, as I understand, feels it to be his duty to gratify, in this matter, so very worthy a man and so good a clergyman as Mr. Harding."

"And what is to become of the Sabbath-day school, and of the Sunday services in the hospital?" said Mrs. Proudie, with something very nearly approaching to a sneer on her face.

"I understand that Mr. Harding makes no objection to the Sabbath-day school," said Mr. Slope. "And as to the hospital services, that matter will be best discussed after his appointment. If he has any permanent objection, then, I fear, the matter must rest."

"You have a very easy conscience in such matters, Mr. [illegible]," said she.

"[illegible]hould not have an easy conscience," he rejoined, "but [illegible] very far from being easy, if anything said or done [illegible]ad the bishop to act unadvisedly in this matter.

It is clear that in the interview I had with Mr. Harding, I misunderstood him — "

"And it is equally clear that you have misunderstood Mr. Quiverful," said she, now at the top of her wrath. "What business have you at all with these interviews? Who desired you to go to Mr. Quiverful this morning? Who commissioned you to manage this affair? Will you answer me, sir? — who sent you to Mr. Quiverful this morning?"

There was a dead pause in the room. Mr. Slope had risen from his chair, and was standing with his hand on the back of it, looking at first very solemn and now very black. Mrs. Proudie was standing as she had at first placed herself, at the end of the table, and as she interrogated her foe she struck her hand upon it with almost more than feminine vigor. The bishop was sitting in his easy-chair twiddling his thumbs, turning his eyes now to his wife, and now to his chaplain, as each took up the cudgels. How comfortable it would be if they could fight it out between them without the necessity of any interference on his part; fight it out so that one should kill the other utterly, as far as diocesan life was concerned, so that he, the bishop, might know clearly by whom it behooved him to be led. There would be the comfort of quiet in either case; but if the bishop had a wish as to which might prove the victor, that wish was certainly not antagonistic to Mr. Slope.

"Better the d—— you know than the d—— you don't know," is an old saying, and perhaps a true one; but the bishop had not yet realized the truth of it.

"Will you answer me, sir?" she repeated. "Who instructed you to call on Mr. Quiverful this morning?" There was another pause. "Do you intend to answer me, sir?"

"I think, Mrs. Proudie, that under all the circumstances it will be better for me not to answer such a question," said Mr. Slope. Mr. Slope had many tones in his voice, all duly under his command; among them was a sanctified low tone, and a sanctified loud tone; and he now used the former.

"Did any one send you, sir?"

"Mrs. Proudie," said Mr. Slope, "I am quite aware how much I owe to your kindness. I am aware also what is due by courtesy from a gentleman to a lady. But there are higher considerations than either of those, and I hope I shall be forgiven if I now allow myself to be actuated solely by them. My duty in this matter is to his lordship, and I can admit c

questioning but from him. He has approved of what I have done, and you must excuse me if I say, that having that approval and my own, I want none other."

What horrid words were these which greeted the ear of Mrs. Proudie? The matter was indeed too clear. There was premeditated mutiny in the camp. Not only had ill-conditioned minds become insubordinate by the fruition of a little power, but sedition had been overtly taught and preached. The bishop had not yet been twelve months in his chair, and rebellion had already reared her hideous head within the palace. Anarchy and misrule would quickly follow, unless she took immediate and strong measures to put down the conspiracy which she had detected.

"Mr. Slope," she said, with slow and dignified voice, differing much from that which she had hitherto used, — "Mr. Slope, I will trouble you, if you please, to leave the apartment. I wish to speak to my lord alone."

Mr. Slope also felt that everything depended on the present interview. Should the bishop now be repetticoated, his thraldom would be complete and forever. The present moment was peculiarly propitious for rebellion. The bishop had clearly committed himself by breaking the seal of the answer to the archbishop; he had therefore fear to influence him. Mr. Slope had told him that no consideration ought to induce him to refuse the archbishop's invitation; he had therefore hope to influence him. He had accepted Mr. Quiverful's resignation, and therefore dreaded having to renew that matter with his wife. He had been screwed up to the pitch of asserting a will of his own, and might possibly be carried on till by an absolute success he should have been taught how possible it was to succeed. Now was the moment for victory or rout. It was now that Mr. Slope must make himself master of the diocese, or else resign his place and begin his search for fortune again. He saw all this plainly. After what had taken place any compromise between him and the lady was impossible. Let him once leave the room at her bidding, and leave the bishop in her hands, and he might at once pack up his portmanteau and bid adieu to episcopal honors, Mrs. Bold, and the Signora Neroni.

And yet it was not so easy to keep his ground when he was bidden by a lady to go; or to continue to make a third in a husband and wife when the wife expressed a h her husband.

"Mr. Slope," she repeated, "I wish to be alone with my lord."

"His lordship has summoned me on most important diocesan business," said Mr. Slope, glancing with uneasy eye at Dr. Proudie. He felt that he must trust something to the bishop, and yet that trust was so woefully ill-placed. "My leaving him at the present moment is, I fear, impossible."

"Do you bandy words with me, you ungrateful man?" said she. "My lord, will you do me the favor to beg Mr. Slope to leave the room?"

My lord scratched his head, but for the moment said nothing. This was as much as Mr. Slope expected from him, and was on the whole, for him, an active exercise of marital rights.

"My lord," said the lady, "is Mr. Slope to leave this room, or am I?"

Here Mrs. Proudie made a false step. She should not have alluded to the possibility of retreat on her part. She should not have expressed the idea that her order for Mr. Slope's expulsion could be treated otherwise than by immediate obedience. In answer to such a question the bishop naturally said in his own mind, that as it was necessary that one should leave the room, perhaps it might be as well that Mrs. Proudie did so. He did say so in his own mind, but externally he again scratched his head and again twiddled his thumbs.

Mrs. Proudie was boiling over with wrath. Alas, alas! could she but have kept her temper as her enemy did, she would have conquered as she had ever conquered. But divine anger got the better of her, as it has done of other heroines, and she fell.

"My lord," said she, "am I to be vouchsafed an answer or am I not?"

At last he broke his deep silence and proclaimed himself a Slopeite. "Why, my dear," said he, "Mr. Slope and I are very busy."

That was all. There was nothing more necessary. He had gone to the battle-field, stood the dust and heat of the day, encountered the fury of the foe, and won the victory. How easy is success to those who will only be true to themselves!

Mr. Slope saw at once the full amount of his gain. turned on the vanquished lady a look of triumph never forgot and never forgave. Here he

should have looked humbly at her, and with meek entreating eye have deprecated her anger. He should have said by his glance that he asked pardon for his success, and that he hoped forgiveness for the stand which he had been forced to make in the cause of duty. So might he perchance have somewhat mollified that imperious bosom, and prepared the way for future terms. But Mr. Slope meant to rule without terms. Ah, forgetful, inexperienced man! Can you cause that little trembling victim to be divorced from the woman that possesses him? Can you provide that they shall be separated at bed and board? Is he not flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone, and must he not so continue? It is very well now for you to stand your ground, and triumph as she is driven ignominiously from the room; but can you be present when those curtains are drawn, when that awful helmet of proof has been tied beneath the chin, when the small remnants of the bishop's prowess shall be cowed by the tassel above his head? Can you then intrude yourself when the wife wishes "to speak to my lord alone"?

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

Trowbridge, John Townsend, an American novelist, editor, and poet; born at Ogden, N. Y., September 18, 1827. His boyhood was passed on a farm, and before he was sixteen he had begun to contribute verse and prose to country newspapers. At nineteen he came to New York. In 1850 he went to Boston, where he began a successful literary career, becoming, about 1870, the editor of "Our Young Folks," in which many of his writings originally appeared. His principal books are "Father Brighthopes" (1853), which was followed by four or five other tales, designated collectively as the "Brighthope Series;" "Neighbor Jackwood" (1856); "The Drummer Boy" (1863); "Cudjo's Cave" (1864); "The Three Scouts" (1865); "The Vagabonds, and Other Poems" (1869); "Coupon Bonds, and Other Tales" (1872); "The Emigrant's Story, and Other Poems" (1875); "Doing His Best" (1876); "The Book of Gold, and Other Poems" (1877); "His One Fault" (1886); "The Little Master" (1887); "A Start in Life" (1888); "Biding His Time" (1888); and "The Lost Earl," a book of tales in rhyme (1888). Besides these are several volumes designed for the young, made up mainly from contributions to periodicals.

Charlotte in the Haystack.[1]

(From "Neighbor Jackwood.")

Charlotte arose and fled.

There was a cow-path trodden through the snow, leading across the meadows, over the bridge and along the banks of the stream. This path Charlotte took; passing in her flight scenes which she had first visited in company with Hector, and which had become linked in her memory with warm and dear associations. But now how changed, how cold, how desolate, were they all! The snow lay heavy and deep on the interval; the willows were naked and dark; the stream was blocked with ice. Beyond frowned the inhospitable forest on

[1] By permission of Lee and Shepard.

the mountain side. The heavens above were leaden, with grayish streaks; and now the slow, dull, wintry rain began to fall.

Beyond the bridge, the track threw out branches in several directions; for here, all winter long, Mr. Dunbury's cattle and sheep had been foddered from the stacks in the valley. But the main path led along the banks of the creek; this Charlotte chose, perhaps because among the willows her flight would be concealed, or it may be that she cherished some half-formed design of reaching Mr. Jackwood's house.

But the way was rude and difficult for her unaccustomed feet. Since the thaw, the track had been broken through by sharp hoofs; water had settled in the low places; and often, slipping upon the icy cakes, she fell, hurting her naked hands, bruising her limbs, and saturating her garments in the pools. Then, palpitating and breathless from the shock, she would pause, and glance up and down the wide white valley with fearful looks, as if expecting momently to see her pursuers appear.

A glimpse she caught of Mr. Jackwood's house in the distance inspired her with courage to keep on. She saw the red-painted kitchen dimly defined upon the field of snow; the trees and fences speckling the ground; the heavy plume of smoke from the chimney, trailing low across the plain; and a vision of hope and help and rest in that humble home flitted before her mind. But the path by the willows now dwindled to a scarcely trodden track. At each step, her feet sank down in the soft, wet snow. Her efforts to proceed cost all her remaining strength. Only the desperate extremity in which she was sustained her. But hope and fear alike failed her at last; and having climbed the tangled brush of a valley fence, she fell powerless in the snow upon the other side.

The gloomy winter's day was drawing to a close. The shades of the solemn hills shut in the plain. A dreary silence reigned, broken only by the lowing of cattle, and the faint, sad bleating of sheep in the distance, the sighing of the wind among the willows, and the melancholy drip of the rain. Having got a little rest, Charlotte summoned her energies for a fresh attempt to traverse the snowy tract. But now formidable doubts stood in her way. She had faith in her old friends; but would Mr. Jackwood's house, which had twice received her in its hospitable retreat, be overlooked by her pursuers? Per-

h and to proceed might

be to fall at once into their hands. In her deep perplexity she crept under the fence, with a wild thought of passing the night in that wretched place. But the rain beat upon her still; her hands ached from contact with the snow; and her feet were drenched and cold.

The approach of footsteps startled her; but she dared not look around, nor move; she lay still as death in her retreat. The sounds drew near, and presently a dog began to bark, plunging into the snow close by where she lay.

"Come here, Rove!" cried an authoritative voice.

It was the voice of Abimelech Jackwood the younger. The dog ran back, with excited yelps, and jumped upon his arm, then rushed to the attack again, bristling up and barking furiously at the object by the fence. Charlotte spoke, "Rover!" Instantly he sprang towards her, with a joyous demonstration; hesitated half way, and ran back again to his master; whisked about in the snow; and finally, having fulfilled all the requirements of canine etiquette on the occasion, leaped upon her lap, wagging his tail violently, caressing her with his feet, and licking her wounded hand.

Abimelech stood at a discreet distance, and cried to Rover to come there. Charlotte arose to her feet, and called his name.

"Hello!" cried Bim; "that you?"

She tottered forward. The boy, not so easily satisfied as the dog, showed a disposition to retire. But, in a few hurried words, she made him understand that she was no apparition, that it was indeed Charlotte who spoke to him, and that he was not to fear, but to aid her.

"Be ye goin' up to the house?" asked the boy.

"Abimelech, some men are hunting for me! I would rather die than have them find me! And I don't know where to go!"

"Who be they?" demanded Bim, with forced courage, looking around. "I'll set Rover on to 'em! Here!"

"Where is your father?"

"Up to the house, I guess," replied Bim.

"Will you go for him," said Charlotte, "and tell him I am here, and tell no one else?"

"Yes, I'll go!" cried Bim. "But," hesitatingly, "had n't you better go up to the stack, and wait there? I 'd ruther ye would; I come down here to fodder the steers and lambs, and father told me not to go and look at my mushrat-trap, 'cause

't was goin' to rain. It 's righ' down here; an' if he knows where I found ye, he 'll s'pect I was goin' there."

Charlotte accepted the boy's guidance; and immediately around the bend in the creek, they came in sight of the stack. It was a low, gloomy mass, in the midst of a dark, trodden space, around the edges of which appeared Abimelech's steers and lambs, feeding on wisps of hay he had scattered over the snow. The stack was defended by a fence, on one side of which was a temporary shelter, formed of rails and boards, thatched with straw.

"If you 'd like to hide," observed Bim, "I know a place — only I don't want father to find it out, for he tells me not to be makin' holes in the stack."

"Is it here?"

"I 'll show ye!" and Bim, slipping a couple of rails from their place, crept through the fence, and began to pull away the hay from the stack. A dark cavity was exposed. "It 's a den I made for me an' Rove. Once I had a notion o' runnin' away; an' I was goin' to live here, and have him bring me my victuals. It 's real slick an' warm in there!"

The opening was extremely narrow, and the cavity itself was small. But it was all Charlotte wished for then. She could not have entered a palace with more grateful emotions.

"Shall I leave ye a breathin'-place?" asked Abimelech, putting back the hay. "Hello! what 's that Rover 's barkin' at?"

He crept around the stack, leaving Charlotte listening breathlessly in her hiding-place. In a moment he returned, and whispered hoarsely in the hay, "There 's a man a comin' with a big hoss-whip!"

She heard him hastily smoothing the hay at the entrance of her cell; then all was still, only the dog barked; and as she strained her ear to listen, the straw beneath her rustled with every throb of her heart.

Having climbed the stack, and thrown down a quantity of hay before the mouth of the cavity, Bim began to arrange some boards in a manner to shed rain.

"Git out!" growled the man with the whip, making a cut at the dog.

"He won't eat ye," cried Bim. "Here, Rove!"

"Say, boy! have ye seen anybody pass this way, within half an hour or so?"

"Pass which way?"

"Any way — along by the crick."

"What crick?"

"Answer my question!"

"I hain't ben here half an hour, I should n't think," said Bim.

"Look a' yer!" thundered Dickson, "none o' yer trash with me! I cut a boy's trouse's-legs right off with this yer black snake, t'other day! He was a boy about your size, and his trouse's was stouter stuff than yours, too, I reck'n! Which way did that gal go?"

"What gal?" said Bim, stepping cautiously back upon the stack.

"Let me reach you with this lash, and I 'll tickle your recollections! You 'll look paler than that, when I draw about a quart of blood out of ye! I mean that gal that come along about twenty minutes ago."

"If there was any," — Bim looked very candid, but very pale, — "she must a' come along when I was off after my traps; or else I should think I 'd seen her."

"That won't do, boy!" Dickson cracked his whip savagely. "I 'll give ye jest about a minute 'n' a half to think about it; then, if ye don't walk straight up to the scratch, and spit out what ye know, you may expect to have your clo's cut right off 'm your back, and your hide with 'm!"

Then Charlotte heard a sound as of some one climbing the stack-yard fence, and a heavy body jumped down upon the ground at the very entrance to her retreat. There was a shaking in the hay which Bim had thrown before it; Dickson was kicking it open with his foot; he trod it down by the stack.

Bim looked anxious, but his wits did not desert him. "If ye 'll help me with these 'ere boards, I 'll go up to the house with ye, an' see if she 's been by there."

"Where do you live?"

"In that house, up yender."

"What 's yer name?"

"Bim!"

"What 's yer whole name?"

"Bim'lech!"

"What 's yer father's name?"

"His name 's Bim'lech too!"

"Bim'lech what?"

"Bim'lech Jackwood, of course!"

"Jackwood, hey? she use' to live to your house, did n't she?"

"Yes, I guess not! *Who* used to?"

"We 'll see!" said Dickson. Having during the dialogue struck a match under his coat and lighted a cigar, he inserted the latter between his teeth, and, once more measuring out his whip, cracked it at the boy's ears. "Time 's up! now, what ye got to say?"

"If you 're goin' to smoke," said Bim, from a safe position, "you better git over the fence; you 'll set the stack afire. That 's dry hay I jest throwed down there. Ow!" as the whip-lash whistled by his face, "you had n't better hit me with that! There 's father, an' I 'm darned glad!"

Dickson changed his tactics; perhaps because he found threats of no avail; perhaps because the boy had an adroit way of dodging over the stack beyond reach of his whip; or in consequence, it may be, of misgivings with regard to the parent Jackwood. He therefore opened a parley, and offered Bim half a dollar to tell him which way Charlotte went.

"I guess so!" said Bim. "You want me to come down an' git it, then you 'll ketch me, an' gi' me a lickin'; I know!" And he made preparations to slide off the opposite side, in case Dickson attempted to climb the stack.

But Dickson had a more important matter to attend to. Either the match he had thrown down after lighting his cigar, or cinders falling in the hay, had set fire to the heap. The flame, shooting up with a sudden crackling and glare, was the first warning he received of the danger. He had left the spot, and was standing by the cattle-shed, when the blaze caught his eye. He rushed to extinguish it, stamping and trampling, and calling to the boy to bring snow.

"There ain't no fire!" cried Bim, who thought it a ruse to bring him down.

"By ——!" said Dickson, "you 'll find out whether there 's a fire!"

Already Charlotte had smelt the burning straw. Then, through chinks in the opening of her cell, she caught fearful glimpses of the struggling flame and smoke. She heard the alarm, the oaths, the trample of feet.

Her first impulse was to cry out, and rush from her retreat. But the certainty [illegible] of Dickson restrained

her. Death was nothing; a moment since, she would have risked a hundred deaths sooner than be taken; but to be burned, to perish in a slowly consuming mass; to die by torment in a tomb of fire! the thought was maddening; it filled her with an insensate fear, that caused her for the instant to forget all other danger. With frantic hands she tore the hay that blocked the opening. But a volume of smoke, pouring in upon her, changed her purpose. She thrust back the hay, while at the same time it was trampled and packed from without. She heard the simmer of snow upon the flames; she thought the fire was being extinguished. She hoped, she prayed, that she might yet be preserved.

But now the trampling feet, and snow packed down upon the burning hay, drove the smoke into the cell. She was suffocating. The torture almost forced her to cry out. Oh that she might have power to endure yet a little while! She thought of Hector. For his sake she conquered her agony. Writhing in torment, she clasped her hands upon her face to stifle her convulsive coughing. Yet a little while! Yet a little while! Oh, yet one moment more!

It could not be. She fought with death itself. It seemed that almost the last struggle, the last mortal throe, had come. Still Hector filled her soul. She might have endured and died; but, no! for him she would risk all things; for him she would suffer on; for him she would live! Again she tore the hay from the opening of the cell. But the act was forestalled. A hand, thrust in, met hers.

"Keep still!" whispered Bim, at the entrance. "Can ye breathe?"

She breathed, she lived, she hoped. The fire was extinguished. Dickson, enraged at the delay, had departed in haste, and the boy was left alone to trample out the smouldering sparks with snow.

"Hello, boy!" suddenly shouted Dickson, turning back, "fling me my whip!"

There was no service Bim would more gladly have performed. Anything rather than that Dickson should return to the stack. He looked for the whip, but could not find it. The man had thrown it down whilst extinguishing the fire, and thought it must have become trodden in the hay. He returned; they looked for it together, — Bim keeping at a respectful distance, and holding himself ready to run the instant the whip

appeared, — Dickson growling and swearing. Suddenly the end of the lash was discovered hanging off the cattle-shed, close by the stack. Dickson seized it; Abimelech fled; Charlotte, who had listened all the time with a fluttering heart, began to breathe again.

At the moment there was a movement at the mouth of the cell. The hay was opening; some object forced its way into her retreat. She was shrinking away in terror, when Rover, scrambling through, leaped into her face, and expressed his delight by barking playfully, licking her hands, and thumping the sides of the niche with his animated tail.

Fortunately Dickson had turned again to go, and was at that moment making long strides across the field. Bim returned to Charlotte just in time to bump noses with Rover, who, not liking the smoke, was leaping out of the hay.

"He 's gone!" whispered the boy. "Darn his old whip, I say! Did ye know he set the stack afire?"

"Did I know it?" gasped Charlotte.

"I 'm all of a tremble yit!" said Bim. "But, confound his pictur'! he did n't find ye, after all, did he? That 's all I care for!"

"And it 's all I care for now! I feel faint! Will you give me a handful of snow?"

The boy brought the snow; she pressed it on her forehead, as she lay panting upon the hay.

"The stack would 'a' gone, sure as lightnin', if the outside on 't had n't been damp," said Bim. "Shall I go up an' tell father now?"

"If you will; but be careful, let no one else know" —

"I 'll keep it from Pheeb, anyway! She always tells everything. Say! shall I leave Rover for company?"

A faint "No" was the response; and the excited boy, having thrown the superfluous hay over the fence, and rearranged that at the mouth of the cell, leaving only a breathing-place, as he called it, went off whistling, to appear unconcerned. She listened in her retreat; the sounds grew faint and fainter, ceasing at last; and she was left alone, in darkness and silence, hemmed in by the low roof and prickly walls of her cell.

For some minutes she lay still, and prayed. In that simple and childlike act new strength [illegible] her, and she was enabled to think calmly of [illegible] took care of her feet, removing their wet cover[illegible] the warm

hay. She bound her handkerchief about her injured hand. Then, finding that Abimelech had shut her in too closely, and that the air of the cell was still poisoned with smoke, she moved the hay from the opening, and lay down upon it, where she could look out upon the thickening darkness, and listen to the sighing wind and pattering rain.

The night set in, wild and stormy. The rain increased, the gale blew fitfully, the far-off forest roared. With her hands clasped upon her breast, Charlotte lay gazing out into the dark, and listening to the storm, until the night, the wind, and the rain seemed no longer anything of themselves, but a part of herself, and all within her own soul.

"O heaven! O grief! O love!" were the thoughts that filled her universe.

The last glimmer of day had faded, and darkness lay like a thick substance on the earth, when the footsteps she had long expected came plashing through the snow.

"Cha'lotte!" said the voice of Mr. Jackwood.

"I am here!" breathed Charlotte, with a joyous thrill.

"I've brought ye some supper, and some dry stockin's," returned the farmer. "Where be ye?"

"Here!" and Charlotte reached out her hand. "O Mr. Jackwood!"

"It's a dre'ful tejus night!" observed the farmer, getting down by the stack. "I wish you was safe to the house, once."

"I wish I was safe somewhere! But it is all well, good Mr. Jackwood. If I can be kept concealed here" —

"Sence Bim'lech told me o' the hole, I ben thinkin'," said the farmer, "'t would be as well. The men have ben to my house, — two come by the road, an' t'other acrost the meader; an' they 'll be there agin prob'bly, for they 've got the notion that we know where you be. Oliver Dole was there, an' they made a s'arch in the barn, an' wood-shed, an' all over the house; we could n't hender 'em, an' I thought it 'bout as well to let 'em have a good time on 't, long as you wan't there. Take your choice, though," added Mr. Jackwood; "if ye don't fancy stoppin' here, I 'll git ye up to the house some way, and do my best to take care on ye while ye 're there."

"Let me stay here; I 'd rather."

"How much room ye got? Dear me! It's quite a house, ain't it? I never see the beat o' that boy's mischief! I've told him, time an' agin, not to be makin' holes in the stacks;

but I guess I 'll let him off easy, seein' it 's turned out so well for you!"

"You know," faltered Charlotte, "why I am here?"

"I kind o' ketched a little on 't, from what was said. But never mind about that. I 'd as soon think of givin' up my own darter to 'em as you!"

Charlotte held the farmer's hard and knotty hand, and kissed it fervently.

"You need n't have no fears 'bout me," he continued, with hearty sympathy. "I guess Biml'ech Jackwood 'll turn out a perty sound kind o' wood, at heart. I told ye so, perhaps you recollect, the fust time 't ever I see ye; 't was in one o' these very meaders, but a leetle furder down. I hain't forgot it, if you have. Shall I send word to Mist' Dunb'ry's folks 't you are here?"

"Oh, no! — unless — unless Hector comes home!"

"Wal, we 'll talk o' that to-morrow. Mist' Dunbury 'll be harder 'n ever on our country now. He 's English; and I don't know 't I ever talked with him in the world, 't he had n't some flaw to pick in our institutions. I 've kep' up my eend o' the argyment perty well so fur; but I guess he 'll git the start o' me now. I should think he 'd move heaven an' airth to git you clear. What did he say about it?"

Charlotte's bosom heaved, and the farmer felt her shuddering breath on his hand.

"Wal, never mind to-night. Oh! did I tell ye little Etty Greenwich stopped to our house, on her way hum? That was a good joke, sendin' the kidnabbers arter Bridget, while you got away! Wal, I don't know as there 's anything more, 'thout you 'd like to have me stay with ye a little while, for company."

"Oh, no!" replied Charlotte. "The rain is dripping on you."

"I don't mind the rain a mite. Besides, if you 'd like to have me, I 'll git a board off 'm the stack, an' put it down here, then I 'll set an' talk, while you're eatin' your supper."

Mr. Jackwood was going for the boards, but Charlotte entreated him to give himself no more trouble or discomfort on her account.

"Wal, good-night, then. [illegible] of us airly in the mornin'." The farmer with compunctions.

it 'll freeze up, tight as a drum, 'bout midnight. I 'm 'fraid you 'll be cold here; an' I d'n'no but you 'd better go up to the house arter all."

"No," said Charlotte. "It is quite warm in here; my clothes are getting dry, and I am very comfortable. You have done all you can. I wish I could thank you! — but — good-night!"

"Wal, good-night it is, then!" returned the farmer. "Keep up good heart — that 's all I got to say. 'T 'll all be right, — 't 'll be right, — in the eend."

Mr. Jackwood departed. Charlotte listened, as his footsteps went away in the dreary dark. Then she was once more alone; and the storm beat still, and the wind whistled, and the far-off forest roared.

In a thoughtful mood the farmer pushed on through the rain and snow. More than once he stopped, and was on the point of going back for Charlotte. It seemed to him, as he afterwards confessed, as though "suthin' was goin' to happen;" and he could not feel right about leaving her.

"But I 'll push on up to the house," said he, "anyway; and then see how the weather acts."

Arrived, dripping wet, at the kitchen, he was astonished to find a burly, low-browed man sitting before the stove, in an attitude and with looks of dogged discontent. It was Dickson, who, after pretending to depart with his companions, had returned to spend the night in the suspected house.

The Charcoal Man.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries, —
  "Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies, —
  "Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!" — "Hark, O!" — Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;

'T is odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot, nor speck, — though still he cries, —
"Charco! charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies, —
"Ark, ho! ark, ho!"
"Charco'!" — "Ark, ho!" — Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies, —
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!" — "Mark, ho!" — Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright,
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,
"Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies, —
"Ah, go! ah, go!"
"Charco'!" — "Ah, go!" — while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man!
Though dusky as an African,
'T is not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"
While mocking echo still replies,
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!" — "Hark, O!" — Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!

IVAN SERGEYEVICH TURGENEFF.

TURGENEFF, IVAN SERGEYEVICH, a celebrated Russian novelist; born at Orel, November 9, 1818; died at Bougival, near Paris, September 3, 1883. He was educated at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin, and for a time filled a clerkship in the Ministry of the Interior. Banished to the provinces on account of his progressive opinions, he was permitted to return, but after that resided for the most part in Paris. By him the term "Nihilist" was first used in its political sense. In 1843–44, he put forth several books of poetry. Among his other volumes are "Memoirs of a Sportsman" (2 vols., 1846); "Fathers and Sons" (1861); "Smoke" (1867); "A Nest of Nobles" (1858), translated as "Liza" (1869); "Helene" (1860), translated as "On the Eve" (1871); "Dimitri Rudin;" "Journal of a Useless Man;" "A Lear of the Steppe;" "Spring Floods;" "The Unfortunate One;" "Virgin Soil;" "First Love;" and "Assya."

MUMU.

IN one of the outlying streets of Moscow, in a grey house with white columns and a balcony, warped all askew, there was once living a lady, a widow, surrounded by a numerous household of serfs. Her sons were in the government service at Petersburg; her daughters were married; she went out very little, and in solitude lived through the last years of her miserly and dreary old age. Her day, a joyless and gloomy day, had long been over; but the evening of her life was blacker than night.

Of all her servants, the most remarkable personage was the porter, Gerasim, a man full twelve inches over the normal height, of heroic build, and deaf and dumb from his birth. The lady, his owner, had brought him up from the village where he lived alone in a little hut, apart from his brothers, and was reckoned about the most punctual of her peasants in the payment of the seignorial dues. Endowed with extraordinary strength, he

the work of four men; work flew apace under his hands, and it was a pleasant sight to see him when he was ploughing, while, with his huge palms pressing hard upon the plough, he seemed alone, unaided by his poor horse, to cleave the yielding bosom of the earth, or when, about St. Peter's Day, he plied his scythe with a furious energy that might have mown a young birch copse up by the roots, or swiftly and untiringly wielded a flail over two yards long; while the hard oblong muscles of his shoulders rose and fell like a lever. His perpetual silence lent a solemn dignity to his unwearying labor. He was a splendid peasant, and, except for his affliction, any girl would have been glad to marry him. . . . But now they had taken Gerasim to Moscow, bought him boots, had him made a full-skirted coat for summer, a sheepskin for winter, put into his hand a broom and a spade, and appointed him porter.

At first he intensely disliked his new mode of life. From his childhood he had been used to field labor, to village life. Shut off by his affliction from the society of men, he had grown up, dumb and mighty, as a tree grows on a fruitful soil. When he was transported to the town, he could not understand what was being done with him; he was miserable and stupefied, with the stupefaction of some strong young bull, taken straight from the meadow, where the rich grass stood up to his belly, taken and put in the truck of a railway train, and there, while smoke and sparks and gusts of steam puff out upon the sturdy beast, he is whirled onwards, whirled along with loud roar and whistle, whither — God knows! What Gerasim had to do in his new duties seemed a mere trifle to him after his hard toil as a peasant; in half an hour, all his work was done, and he would once more stand stock-still in the middle of the courtyard, staring open-mouthed at all the passers-by, as though trying to wrest from them the explanation of his perplexing position; or he would suddenly go off into some corner, and flinging a long way off the broom or the spade, throw himself on his face on the ground, and lie for hours together without stirring, like a caged beast. But man gets used to anything, and Gerasim got used at last to living in town. He had little work to do; his whole duty consisted in keeping the courtyard clean, bringing in a barrel of water twice a day, splitting and dragging in wood for the kitchen and the house, keeping out strangers, and watching at night. And it must be said he did his duty zealously. In his

never a shaving lying about, never a speck

to marry, and why the great lady's order had disturbed the steward.

Tatiana, one of the laundresses referred to above (as a trained and skilful laundress she was in charge of the fine linen only), was a woman of twenty-eight, thin, fair-haired, with moles on her left cheek. Moles on the left cheek are regarded as of evil omen in Russia — a token of unhappy life. . . . Tatiana could not boast of her good luck. From her earliest youth she had been badly treated; she had done the work of two, and had never known affection; she had been poorly clothed and had received the smallest wages. Relations she had practically none; an uncle she had once had, a butler, left behind in the country as useless, and other uncles of hers were peasants — that was all. At one time she had passed for a beauty, but her good looks were very soon over. In disposition she was very meek, or, rather, scared; towards herself, she felt perfect indifference; of others, she stood in mortal dread; she thought of nothing but how to get her work done in good time, never talked to any one, and trembled at the very name of her mistress, though the latter scarcely knew her by sight. When Gerasim was brought from the country, she was ready to die with fear on seeing his huge figure, tried all she could to avoid meeting him, even dropped her eyelids when sometimes she chanced to run past him, hurrying from the house to the laundry. Gerasim at first paid no special attention to her, then he used to smile when she came his way, then he began even to stare admiringly at her, and at last he never took his eyes off her. She took his fancy, whether by the mild expression of her face or the timidity of her movements, who can tell? So one day she was stealing across the yard, with a starched dressing-jacket of her mistress's carefully poised on her outspread fingers. . . . some one suddenly grasped her vigorously by the elbow; she turned round and fairly screamed; behind her stood Gerasim. With a foolish smile, making inarticulate caressing grunts, he held out to her a gingerbread cock with gold tinsel on his tail and wings. She was about to refuse it, but he thrust it forcibly into her hand, shook his head, walked away, and turning round, once more grunted something very affectionately to her. From that day forward he gave her no peace; wherever she went, he was on the spot at once, coming to meet her, smiling, grunting, waving his hands; all at once he would pull a ribbon out of the bosom of his smock and put it in her hand, or would sweep the dust out of her way. The poor girl

simply did not know how to behave or what to do. Soon the whole household knew of the dumb porter's wiles; jeers, jokes, sly hints were showered upon Tatiana. At Gerasim, however, it was not every one who would dare to scoff; he did not like jokes; indeed, in his presence, she, too, was left in peace. Whether she liked it or not, the girl found herself to be under his protection. Like all deaf-mutes, he was very suspicious, and very readily perceived when they were laughing at him or at her. One day, at dinner, the wardrobe-keeper, Tatiana's superior, fell to nagging, as it is called, at her, and brought the poor thing to such a state that she did not know where to look, and was almost crying with vexation. Gerasim got up all of a sudden, stretched out his gigantic hand, laid it on the wardrobe-maid's head, and looked into her face with such grim ferocity that her head positively flopped upon the table. Every one was still. Gerasim took up his spoon again and went on with his cabbage-soup. "Look at him, the dumb devil, the wood-demon!" they all muttered in undertones, while the wardrobe-maid got up and went out into the maids' room. Another time, noticing that Kapiton — the same Kapiton who was the subject of the conversation reported above — was gossiping somewhat too attentively with Tatiana, Gerasim beckoned him to him, led him into the cart-shed, and taking up a shaft that was standing in a corner by one end, lightly, but most significantly, menaced him with it. Since then no one addressed a word to Tatiana. And all this cost him nothing. It is true the wardrobe-maid, as soon as she reached the maid's room, promptly fell into a fainting-fit, and behaved altogether so skilfully that Gerasim's rough action reached his mistress's knowledge the same day. But the capricious old lady only laughed, and several times, to the great offence of the wardrobe-maid, forced her to repeat "how he bent your head down with his heavy hand," and next day she sent Gerasim a rouble. She looked on him with favor as a strong and faithful watchman. Gerasim stood in considerable awe of her, but, all the same, he had hopes of her favor, and was preparing to go to her with a petition for leave to marry Tatiana. He was only waiting for a new coat, promised him by the steward, to present a proper appearance before his mistress, when this same mistress suddenly took it into her head to marry Tatiana to Kapiton.

The reader will now readily understand the perturbation of mind that overtook the steward [illegible] conversation

with his mistress. "My lady," he thought, as he sat at the window, "favors Gerasim, to be sure" — (Gavrila was well aware of this, and that was why he himself looked on him with an indulgent eye) — "still he is a speechless creature. I could not, indeed, put it before the mistress that Gerasim 's courting Tatiana. But, after all, it 's true enough; he 's a queer sort of husband. But on the other hand, that devil, God forgive me, has only got to find out they 're marrying Tatiana to Kapiton, he 'll smash up everything in the house, 'pon my soul! There 's no reasoning with him; why, he 's such a devil, God forgive my sins, there 's no getting over him no how . . . 'pon my soul!"

Kapiton's entrance broke the thread of Gavrila's reflections. The dissipated shoemaker came in, his hands before him, and lounging carelessly against a projecting angle of the wall, near the door, crossed his right foot in front of his left, and tossed his head, as much as to say, "What do you want?"

Gavrila looked at Kapiton, and drummed with his fingers on the window-frame. Kapiton merely screwed up his leaden eyes a little, but he did not look down, he even grinned slightly, and passed his hand over his whitish locks which were sticking up in all directions. "Well, here I am. What is it?"

"You 're a pretty fellow," said Gavrila, and paused. "A pretty fellow you are, there 's no denying!"

Kapiton only twitched his little shoulders. "Are you any better, pray?" he thought to himself.

"Just look at yourself, now, look at yourself," Gavrila went on reproachfully; "now, what ever do you look like?"

Kapiton serenely surveyed his shabby tattered coat, and his patched trousers, and with special attention stared at his burst boots, especially the one on the tip-toe of which his right foot so gracefully poised, and he fixed his eyes again on the steward.

"Well?"

"Well?" repeated Gavrila. "Well? And then you say, well? You look like old Nick himself, God forgive my saying so, that 's what you look like."

Kapiton blinked rapidly.

"Go on abusing me, go on, if you like, Gavrila Andreitch," he thought to himself again.

"Here you 've been drunk again," Gavrila began, "drunk again, have n't you? Eh? Come, answer me!"

"Owing to the weakness of my health, I have exposed myself to spirituous beverages, certainly," replied Kapiton.

"Owing to the weakness of your health! . . . They let you off too easy, that's what it is; and you've been apprenticed in Petersburg. . . . Much you learned in your apprenticeship! You simply eat your bread in idleness."

"In that matter, Gavrila Andreitch, there is one to judge me, the Lord God Himself, and no one else. He also knows what manner of man I be in this world, and whether I eat my bread in idleness. And as concerning your contention regarding drunkenness, in that matter, too, I am not to blame, but rather a friend; he led me into temptation, but was diplomatic and got away, while I . . ."

"While you were left, like a goose, in the street. Ah, you're a dissolute fellow! But that's not the point," the steward went on, "I've something to tell you. Our lady . . ." here he paused a minute, "it's our lady's pleasure that you should be married. Do you hear? She imagines you may be steadier when you're married. Do you understand?"

"To be sure I do."

"Well, then. For my part I think it would be better to give you a good hiding. But there — it's her business. Well? are you agreeable?"

Kapiton grinned.

"Matrimony is an excellent thing for any one, Gavrila Andreitch; and, as far as I am concerned, I shall be quite agreeable."

"Very well, then," replied Gavrila, while he reflected to himself: "there's no denying the man expresses himself very properly. Only there's one thing," he pursued aloud: "the wife our lady's picked out for you is an unlucky choice."

"Why, who is she, permit me to inquire?"

"Tatiana."

"Tatiana?"

And Kapiton opened his eyes, and moved a little away from the wall.

"Well, what are you in such a taking for? . . . Isn't she to your taste, hey?"

"Not to my taste, do you say, Gavrila Andreitch! She's right enough, a hard-working steady girl. . . . But you know very well yourself, Gavrila Andreitch; why, that fellow, that wild man of the woods, that monster of the steppes, he's after her, you know. . . ."

"I know, mate, I know all about it," the butler cut him short at once: "but there, you see . . ."

"But upon my soul, Gavrila Andreitch! why, he 'll kill me, by God, he will, he 'll crush me like some fly; why, he 's got a fist — why, you kindly look yourself what a fist he 's got; why, he 's simply got a fist like Minin Pozharsky's. You see he 's deaf, he beats and does not hear how he 's beating! He swings his great fists, as if he 's asleep. And there 's no possibility of pacifying him; and for why? Why, because, as you know yourself, Gavrila Andreitch, he 's deaf, and what 's more, has no more wit than the heel of my foot. Why, he 's a sort of beast, a heathen idol, Gavrila Andreitch, and worse . . . a block of wood; what have I done that I should have to suffer from him now? Sure it is, it 's all over with me now; I 've knocked about, I 've had enough to put up with, I 've been battered like an earthenware pot, but still I 'm a man, after all, and not a worthless pot."

"I know, I know, don't go talking away. . . ."

"Lord, my God!" the shoemaker continued warmly, "when is the end? when, O Lord! A poor wretch I am, a poor wretch whose sufferings are endless! What a life, what a life mine 's been, come to think of it! In my young days, I was beaten by a German I was 'prentice to; in the prime of life beaten by my own countrymen, and last of all, in ripe years, see what I have been brought to. . . ."

"Ugh, you flabby soul!" said Gavrila Andreitch. "Why do you make so many words about it?"

"Why, do you say, Gavrila Andreitch? It 's not a beating I 'm afraid of, Gavrila Andreitch. A gentleman may chastise me in private, but give me a civil word before folks, and I 'm a man still; but see now, whom I 've to do with. . . ."

"Come, get along," Gavrila interposed impatiently. Kapiton turned away and staggered off.

"But, if it were not for him," the steward shouted after him, "you would consent for your part?"

"I signify my acquiescence," retorted Kapiton as he disappeared.

His fine language did not desert him, even in the most trying positions.

The steward walked several times up and down the room.

"Well, call Tatiana now," he said at last.

A few instants later, Tatiana had come up almost noiselessly, and was standing in the doorway.

"What are your orders, Gavrila Andreitch?" she said in a soft voice.

The steward looked at her intently.

"Well, Taniusha," he said, "would you like to be married? Our lady has chosen a husband for you."

"Yes, Gavrila Andreitch. And whom has she deigned to name as a husband for me?" she added falteringly.

"Kapiton, the shoemaker."

"Yes, sir."

"He's a feather-brained fellow, that's certain. But it's just for that the mistress reckons upon you."

"Yes, sir."

"There's one difficulty . . . you know the deaf man, Gerasim, he's courting you, you see. How did you come to bewitch such a bear? But you see, he'll kill you, very like, he's such a bear. . . ."

"He'll kill me, Gavrila Andreitch, he'll kill me, and no mistake."

"Kill you. . . . Well, we shall see about that. What do you mean by saying he'll kill you? Has he any right to kill you? tell me yourself."

"I don't know, Gavrila Andreitch, about his having any right or not."

"What a woman! why, you've made him no promise, I suppose. . . ."

"What are you pleased to ask of me?"

The steward was silent for a little, thinking, "You're a meek soul! Well, that's right," he said aloud; "we'll have another talk with you later, now you can go, Taniusha; I see you're not unruly, certainly."

Tatiana turned, steadied herself a little against the door-post, and went away.

"And, perhaps, our lady will forget all about this wedding by to-morrow," thought the steward; "and here am I worrying myself for nothing! As for that insolent fellow, we must tie him down, if it comes to that, we must let the police know . . . Ustinya Fyedorovna!" he shouted in a loud voice to his wife, "heat the samovar, my good soul. . . ." All that day Tatiana hardly went out of the laundry. At first she had started crying, then she wiped away her tears, and set to work as before. Kapiton stayed till late at night at the gin-shop with a friend of his, a man of gloomy appearance, to whom he related in detail how he used to live in Petersburg with a gentleman, who would have been all right, except he was a bit too strict, and he had a

slight weakness besides, he was too fond of drink: and, as to the fair sex, he did n't stick at anything. His gloomy companion merely said yes; but when Kapiton announced at last that, in a certain event, he would have to lay hands on himself tomorrow, his gloomy companion remarked that it was bedtime. And they parted in surly silence.

Meanwhile, the steward's anticipations were not fulfilled. The old lady was so much taken up with the idea of Kapiton's wedding, that even in the night she talked of nothing else to one of her companions, who was kept in her house solely to entertain her in case of sleeplessness, and, like a night cabman, slept in the day. When Gavrila came to her after morning tea with his report, her first question was: "And how about our wedding — is it getting on all right?" He replied, of course, that it was getting on first rate, and that Kapiton would appear before her to pay his reverence to her that day. The old lady was not quite well; she did not give much time to business. The steward went back to his own room, and called a council. The matter certainly called for serious consideration. Tatiana would make no difficulty, of course; but Kapiton had declared in the hearing of all that he had but one head to lose, not two or three. . . . Gerasim turned rapid sullen looks on every one, would not budge from the steps of the maids' quarters, and seemed to guess that some mischief was being hatched against him. They met together. Among them was an old sideboard waiter, nicknamed Uncle Tail, to whom every one looked respectfully for counsel, though all they got out of him was, "Here 's a pretty pass! to be sure, to be sure, to be sure!" As a preliminary measure of security, to provide against contingencies, they locked Kapiton up in the lumber-room where the filter was kept; then considered the question with the gravest deliberation. It would, to be sure, be easy to have recourse to force. But Heaven save us! there would be an uproar, the mistress would be put out — it would be awful! What should they do? They thought and thought, and at last thought out a solution. It had many a time been observed that Gerasim could not bear drunkards. . . . As he sat at the gates, he would always turn away with disgust when some one passed by intoxicated, with unsteady steps and his cap on one side of his ear. They resolved that Tatiana should be instructed to pretend to be tipsy, and should pass by Gerasim staggering and reeling about. The poor girl refused for a long while to agree

to this, but they persuaded her at last; she saw, too, that it was the only possible way of getting rid of her adorer. She went out. Kapiton was released from the lumber-room; for, after all, he had an interest in the affair. Gerasim was sitting on the curb-stone at the gates, scraping the ground with a spade. . . . From behind every corner, from behind every window-blind, the others were watching him. . . . The trick succeeded beyond all expectations. On seeing Tatiana, at first he nodded as usual, making caressing, inarticulate sounds; then he looked carefully at her, dropped his spade, jumped up, went up to her, brought his face close to her face. . . . In her fright she staggered more than ever, and shut her eyes. . . . He took her by the arm, whirled her right across the yard, and going into the room where the council had been sitting, pushed her straight at Kapiton. Tatiana fairly swooned away. . . . Gerasim stood, looked at her, waved his hand, laughed, and went off, stepping heavily, to his garret. . . . For the next twenty-four hours, he did not come out of it. The postillion Antipka said afterwards that he saw Gerasim through a crack in the wall, sitting on his bedstead, his face in his hand. From time to time he uttered soft regular sounds; he was wailing a dirge, that is, swaying backwards and forwards with his eyes shut, and shaking his head as drivers or bargemen do when they chant their melancholy songs. Antipka could not bear it, and he came away from the crack. When Gerasim came out of the garret next day, no particular change could be observed in him. He only seemed, as it were, more morose, and took not the slightest notice of Tatiana or Kapiton. The same evening, they both had to appear before their mistress with geese under their arms, and in a week's time they were married. Even on the day of the wedding Gerasim showed no change of any sort in his behavior. Only, he came back from the river without water, he had somehow broken the barrel on the road; and at night, in the stable, he washed and rubbed down his horse so vigorously, that it swayed like a blade of grass in the wind, and staggered from one leg to the other under his fists of iron.

All this had taken place in the spring. Another year passed by, during which Kapiton became a hopeless drunkard, and as being absolutely of no use for anything, was sent away with the store wagons to a distant village with his wife. On the day of his departure, he put a very good face on it at first, and declared that he would always be at home, send him where they

would, even to the other end of the world; but later on he lost heart, began grumbling that he was being taken to uneducated people, and collapsed so completely at last that he could not even put his own hat on. Some charitable soul stuck it on his forehead, set the peak straight in front, and thrust it on with a slap from above. When everything was quite ready, and the peasants already held the reins in their hands, and were only waiting for the words "With God's blessing!" to start, Gerasim came out of his garret, went up to Tatiana, and gave her as a parting present a red cotton handkerchief he had bought for her a year ago. Tatiana, who had up to that instant borne all the revolting details of her life with great indifference, could not control herself upon that; she burst into tears, and as she took her seat in the cart, she kissed Gerasim three times like a good Christian. He meant to accompany her as far as the town-barrier, and did walk beside her cart for a while, but he stopped suddenly at the Crimean ford, waved his hand, and walked away along the riverside.

It was getting towards evening. He walked slowly, watching the water. All of a sudden he fancied something was floundering in the mud close to the bank. He stooped over, and saw a little white-and-black puppy, who, in spite of all its efforts, could not get out of the water; it was struggling, slipping back, and trembling all over its thin, wet little body. Gerasim looked at the unlucky little dog, picked it up with one hand, put it into the bosom of his coat, and hurried with long steps homewards. He went into his garret, put the rescued puppy on his bed, covered it with his thick overcoat, ran first to the stable for straw, and then to the kitchen for a cup of milk. Carefully folding back the overcoat, and spreading out the straw, he set the milk on the bedstead. The poor little puppy was not more than three weeks old, its eyes were only just open — one eye still seemed rather larger than the other; it did not know how to lap out of a cup, and did nothing but shiver and blink. Gerasim took hold of its head softly with two fingers, and dipped its little nose into the milk. The pup suddenly began lapping greedily, sniffing, shaking itself and choking. Gerasim watched and watched it, and all at once he laughed outright. . . . All night long he was waiting on it, keeping it covered, and rubbing it dry. He fell asleep himself at last, and slept quietly and happily by its side.

No mother could have looked after her baby as Gerasim

looked after his little nursling. At first, she — for the pup turned out to be a bitch — was very weak, feeble, and ugly, but by degrees she grew stronger and improved in looks, and thanks to the unflagging care of her preserver, in eight months' time she was transformed into a very pretty dog of the spaniel breed, with long ears, a bushy spiral tail, and large expressive eyes. She was devotedly attached to Gerasim, and was never a yard from his side; she always followed him about wagging her tail. He had even given her a name — the dumb know that their inarticulate noises call the attention of others. He called her Mumu. All the servants in the house liked her, and called her Mumu, too. She was very intelligent, she was friendly with every one, but was only fond of Gerasim. Gerasim, on his side, loved her passionately, and he did not like it when other people stroked her; whether he was afraid for her, or jealous — God knows! She used to wake him in the morning, pulling at his coat; she used to take the reins in her mouth, and bring him up the old horse that carried the water, with whom she was on very friendly terms. With a face of great importance, she used to go with him to the river; she used to watch his brooms and spades, and never allowed any one to go into his garret. He cut a little hole in his door on purpose for her, and she seemed to feel that only in Gerasim's garret she was completely mistress and at home; and directly she went in, she used to jump with a satisfied air upon the bed. At night she did not sleep at all, but she never barked without sufficient cause, like some stupid house-dog, who, sitting on its hind-legs, blinking with its nose in the air, barks simply from dulness, at the stars, usually three times in succession. No! Mumu's delicate little voice was never raised without good reason; either some stranger was passing close to the fence, or there was some suspicious sound or rustle somewhere. . . . In fact, she was an excellent watch-dog. It is true that there was another dog in the yard, a tawny old dog with brown spots, called Wolf, but he was never, even at night, let off the chain; and, indeed, he was so decrepit that he did not even wish for freedom. He used to lie curled up in his kennel, and only rarely uttered a sleepy, almost noiseless bark, which broke off at once, as though he were himself aware of its uselessness. Mumu never went into the mistress's house; and when Gerasim carried wood into the rooms, she always stayed behind, impatiently waiting for him at the steps, pricking up her ears and

turning her head to right and to left at the slightest creak of the door. . . .

So passed another year. Gerasim went on performing his duties as house-porter, and was very well content with his lot, when suddenly an unexpected incident occurred. . . . One fine summer day the old lady was walking up and down the drawing-room with her dependents. She was in high spirits; she laughed and made jokes. Her servile companions laughed and joked too, but they did not feel particularly mirthful; the household did not much like it, when their mistress was in a lively mood, for, to begin with, she expected from every one prompt and complete participation in her merriment, and was furious if any one showed a face that did not beam with delight, and secondly, these outbursts never lasted long with her, and were usually followed by a sour and gloomy mood. That day she had got up in a lucky hour; at cards she took the four knaves, which means the fulfilment of one's wishes (she used to try her fortune on the cards every morning), and her tea struck her as particularly delicious, for which her maid was rewarded by words of praise, and by twopence in money. With a sweet smile on her wrinkled lips, the lady walked about the drawing-room and went up to the window. A flower-garden had been laid out before the window, and in the very middle bed, under a rose-bush, lay Mumu busily gnawing a bone. The lady caught sight of her.

"Mercy on us!" she cried suddenly; "what dog is that?"

The companion, addressed by the old lady, hesitated, poor thing, in that wretched state of uneasiness which is common in any person in a dependent position who does n't know very well what significance to give to the exclamation of a superior.

"I d — d — don't know," she faltered: "I fancy it 's the dumb man's dog."

"Mercy!" the lady cut her short: "but it 's a charming little dog! order it to be brought in. Has he had it long? How is it I've never seen it before? . . . Order it to be brought in."

The companion flew at once into the hall.

"Boy, boy!" she shouted: "bring Mumu in at once! She 's in the flower-garden."

"Her name 's Mumu then," observed the lady: "a very nice name."

"Oh, very, indeed!" chimed in the companion. "Make haste, Stepan!"

Stepan, a sturdily-built young fellow, whose duties were those of a footman, rushed headlong into the flower-garden, and tried to capture Mumu, but she cleverly slipped from his fingers, and with her tail in the air, fled full speed to Gerasim, who was at that instant in the kitchen, knocking out and cleaning a barrel, turning it upside down in his hands like a child's drum. Stepan ran after her, and tried to catch her just at her master's feet; but the sensible dog would not let a stranger touch her, and with a bound, she got away. Gerasim looked on with a smile at all this ado; at last, Stepan got up, much amazed, and hurriedly explained to him by signs that the mistress wanted the dog brought in to her. Gerasim was a little astonished; he called Mumu, however, picked her up, and handed her over to Stepan. Stepan carried her into the drawing-room, and put her down on the parquette floor. The old lady began calling the dog to her in a coaxing voice. Mumu, who had never in her life been in such magnificent apartments, was very much frightened, and made a rush for the door, but, being driven back by the obsequious Stepan, she began trembling, and huddled close up against the wall.

"Mumu, Mumu, come to me, come to your mistress," said the lady; "come, silly thing . . . don't be afraid."

"Come, Mumu, come to the mistress," repeated the companions. "Come along!"

But Mumu looked round her uneasily, and did not stir.

"Bring her something to eat," said the old lady. "How stupid she is! she won't come to her mistress. What's she afraid of?"

"She's not used to your honor yet," ventured one of the companions in a timid and conciliatory voice.

Stepan brought in a saucer of milk, and set it down before Mumu, but Mumu would not even sniff at the milk, and still shivered, and looked round as before.

"Ah, what a silly you are!" said the lady, and going up to her, she stooped down, and was about to stroke her, but Mumu turned her head abruptly, and showed her teeth. The lady hurriedly drew back her hand. . . .

A momentary silence followed. Mumu gave a faint whine, as though she would complain and apologize. . . . The old lady moved back scowling. The dog's sudden movement had frightened her.

"Ah!" shrieked all the companions at once, "she's not bitten you, has she? Heaven forbid! [Mumu had never bitten any one in her life.] Ah! ah!"

"Take her away," said the old lady in a changed voice. "Wretched little dog! What a spiteful creature!"

And, turning round deliberately, she went towards her boudoir. Her companions looked timidly at one another, and were about to fellow her, but she stopped, stared coldly at them, and said, "What's that for, pray? I've not called you," and went out.

The companions waved their hands to Stepan in despair. He picked up Mumu, and flung her promptly outside the door, just at Gerasim's feet, and half an hour later a profound stillness reigned in the house, and the old lady sat on her sofa looking blacker than a thunder-cloud.

What trifles, if you think of it, will sometimes disturb any one!

That evening the lady was out of humor; she did not talk to any one, did not play cards, and passed a bad night. She fancied the eau-de-Cologne they gave her was not the same as she usually had, and that her pillow smelt of soap, and she made the wardrobe-maid smell all the bed linen — in fact she was very upset and cross altogether. Next morning she ordered Gavrila to be summoned an hour earlier than usual.

"Tell me, please," she began, directly the latter, not without some inward trepidation, crossed the threshold of her boudoir, "what dog was that barking all night in our yard? It would n't let me sleep!"

"A dog, 'm . . . what dog, 'm . . . may be, the dumb man's dog, 'm," he brought out in a rather unsteady voice.

"I don't know whether it was the dumb man's or whose, but it would n't let me sleep. And I wonder what we have such a lot of dogs for! I wish to know. We have a yard dog, have n't we?"

"Oh yes, 'm, we have, 'm. Wolf, 'm."

"Well, why more? what do we want more dogs for? It's simply introducing disorder. There's no control in the house — that's what it is. And what does the dumb man want with a dog? Who gave him leave to keep dogs in my yard? Yesterday I went to the window, and there it was lying in the flower-garden; it had dragged in some nastiness it was gnawing, and my roses are planted there. . . ."

The lady ceased.

"Let her be gone from to-day . . . do you hear?"

"Yes, 'm."

"To-day. Now go. I will send for you later for the report."

Gavrila went away.

As he went through the drawing-room, the steward by way of maintaining order moved a bell from one table to another; he stealthily blew his duck-like nose in the hall, and went into the outer-hall. In the outer hall, on a locker was Stepan asleep in the attitude of a slain warrior in a battalion picture, his bare legs thrust out below the coat which served him for a blanket. The steward gave him a shove, and whispered some instructions to him, to which Stepan responded with something between a yawn and a laugh. The steward went away, and Stepan got up, put on his coat and his boots, went out and stood on the steps. Five minutes had not passed before Gerasim made his appearance with a huge bundle of hewn logs on his back, accompanied by the inseparable Mumu. (The lady had given orders that her bedroom and boudoir should be heated at times even in the summer.) Gerasim turned sideways before the door, shoved it open with his shoulder, and staggered into the house with his load. Mumu, as usual, stayed behind to wait for him. Then Stepan, seizing his chance, suddenly pounced on her, like a kite on a chicken, held her down to the ground, gathered her up in his arms, and without even putting on his cap, ran out of the yard with her, got into the first fly he met, and galloped off to a market-place. Than he soon found a purchaser, to whom he sold her for a shilling, on condition that he would keep her for at least a week tied up; then he returned at once. But before he got home, he got off the fly, and going right round the yard, jumped over the fence into the yard from a back street. He was afraid to go in at the gate for fear of meeting Gerasim.

His anxiety was unnecessary, however; Gerasim was no longer in the yard. On coming out of the house he had at once missed Mumu. He never remembered her failing to wait for his return, and began running up and down, looking for her, and calling her in his own way. . . . He rushed up to his garret, up to the hay-loft, ran out into the street, this way and that. . . . She was lost! He turned to the other serfs, with the most despairing signs, questioned them about her, pointing to her height from the ground, describing her with his hands. . . . Some of

them really did not know what had become of Mumu, and merely shook their heads, others did know, and smiled to him for all response, while the steward assumed an important air, and began scolding the coachmen. Then Gerasim ran right away out of the yard.

It was dark by the time he came back. From his worn-out look, his unsteady walk, and his dusty clothes, it might be surmised that he had been running over half Moscow. He stood still opposite the windows of the mistress' house, took a searching look at the steps where a group of house-serfs were crowded together, turned away, and utturned once more his inarticulate "Mumu." Mumu did not answer. He went away. Every one looked after him, but no one smiled or said a word, and the inquisitive postilion Antipka reported next morning in the kitchen that the dumb man had been groaning all night.

All the next day Gerasim did not show himself, so that they were obliged to send the coachman Potap for water instead of him, at which the coachman Potap was anything but pleased. The lady asked Gavrila if her orders had been carried out. Gavrila replied that they had. The next morning Gerasim came out of his garret, and went about his work. He came in to his dinner, ate it, and went out again, without a greeting to any one. His face, which had always been lifeless, as with all deaf-mutes, seemed now to be turned to stone. After dinner he went out of the yard again, but not for long; he came back, and went straight up to the hay-loft. Night came on, a clear moonlight night. Gerasim lay breathing heavily, and incessantly turning from side to side. Suddenly he felt something pull at the skirt of his coat. He started, but did not raise his head, and even shut his eyes tighter. But again there was a pull, stronger than before; he jumped up . . . before him, with an end of string round her neck, was Mumu, twisting and turning. A prolonged cry of delight broke from his speechless breast; he caught up Mumu, and hugged her tight in his arms, she licked his nose and eyes, and beard and moustache, all in one instant. . . . He stood a little, thought a minute, crept cautiously down from the hay-loft, looked round, and having satisfied himself that no one could see him, made his way successfully to his garret. Gerasim had guessed before that his dog had not got lost by her own doing, that she must have been taken away by the mistress' orders; the servants had explained to him by signs that his Mumu had snapped at her, and he de-

termined to take his own measures. First he fed Mumu with a bit of bread, fondled her, and put her to bed, then he fell to meditating, and spent the whole night long in meditating how he could best conceal her. At last he decided to leave her all day in the garret, and only to come in now and then to see her, and to take her out at night. The hole in the door he stopped up effectually with his old overcoat, and almost before it was light he was already in the yard, as though nothing had happened, even — innocent guile! — the same expression of melancholy on his face. It did not even occur to the poor deaf man that Mumu would betray herself by her whining; in reality, every one in the house was soon aware that the dumb man's dog had come back, and was locked up in his garret, but from sympathy with him and with her, and partly, perhaps, from dread of him, they did not let him know that they had found out his secret. The steward scratched his head, and gave a despairing wave of his hand, as much as to say, "Well, well, God have mercy on him! If only it does n't come to the mistress' ears!"

But the dumb man had never shown such energy as on that day; he cleaned and scraped the whole courtyard, pulled up every single weed with his own hand, tugged up every stake in the fence of the flower-garden, to satisfy himself that they were strong enough, and unaided drove them in again; in fact, he toiled and labored so that even the old lady noticed his zeal. Twice in the course of the day Gerasim went stealthily in to see his prisoner; when night came on, he lay down to sleep with her in the garret, not in the hay-loft, and only at two o'clock in the night he went out to take her a turn in the fresh air. After walking about the courtyard a good while with her, he was just turning back, when suddenly a rustle was heard behind the fence on the side of the back street. Mumu pricked up her ears, growled — went up to the fence, sniffed, and gave vent to a loud, shrill bark. Some drunkard had thought fit to take refuge under the fence for the night. At that very time the old lady had just fallen asleep after a prolonged fit of "nervous agitation;" these fits of agitation always overtook her after too hearty a supper. The sudden bark waked her up: her heart palpitated, and she felt faint. "Girls, girls!" she moaned. "Girls!" The terrified maids ran into her bedroom. "Oh, oh, I am dying!" she said, flinging her arms about in her agitation. "Again, that dog again! . . . Oh, send for the doc-

tor. They mean to be the death of me. . . . The dog, the dog again! Oh!" And she let her head fall back, which always signified a swoon. They rushed for the doctor, that is, for the household physican, Hariton. This doctor, whose whole qualification consisted in wearing soft-soled boots, knew how to feel the pulse delicately. He used to sleep fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, but the rest of the time he was always sighing, and continually dosing the old lady with cherrybay drops. This doctor ran up at once, fumigated the room with burnt feathers, and when the old lady opened her eyes, promptly offered her a wineglass of the hallowed drops on a silver tray. The old lady took them, but began again at once in a tearful voice complaining of the dog, of Gavrila, and of her fate, declaring that she was a poor old woman, and that every one had forsaken her, no one pitied her, every one wished her dead. Meanwhile the luckless Mumu had gone on barking, while Gerasim tried in vain to call her away from the fence. "There . . . there . . . again," groaned the old lady, and once more she turned up the whites of her eyes. The doctor whispered to a maid, she rushed into the outer hall, and shook Stepan, he ran to wake Gavrila, Gavrila in a fury ordered the whole household to get up.

Gerasim turned round, saw lights and shadows moving in the windows, and with an instinct of coming trouble in his heart, put Mumu under his arm, ran into his garret, and locked himself in. A few minutes later five men were banging at his door, but feeling the resistance of the bolt, they stopped. Gavrilla ran up in a fearful state of mind, and ordered them all to wait there and watch till morning. Then he flew off himself to the maids' quarter, and through an old companion, Liubov Liubimovna, with whose assistance he used to steal tea, sugar, and other groceries and to falsify the accounts, sent word to the mistress that the dog had unhappily run back from somewhere, but that to-morrow she should be killed, and would the Mistress be so gracious as not to be angry and to overlook it. The old lady would probably not have been so soon appeased, but the doctor had in his haste given her fully forty drops instead of twelve. The strong dose of narcotic acted; in a quarter of an hour the old lady was in a sound and peaceful sleep; while Gerasim was lying with a white face on his bed, holding Mumu's mouth tightly shut.

Next morning the lady woke up rather late. Gavrila was waiting till she should be awake, to give the order for a final

assault on Gerasim's stronghold, while he prepared himself to face a fearful storm. But the storm did not come off. The old lady lay in bed and sent for the eldest of her dependent companions.

"Liubov Liubimovna," she began in a subdued weak voice — she was fond of playing the part of an oppressed and forsaken victim; needless to say, every one in the house was made extremely uncomfortable at such times — "Liubov Liubimovna, you see my position; go, my love, to Gavrila Andreitch, and talk to him a little. Can he really prize some wretched cur above the repose — the very life — of his mistress? I could not bear to think so," she added with an expression of deep feeling. "Go, my love; be so good as to go to Gavrila Andreitch for me."

Liubov Liubimovna went to Gavrila's room. What conversation passed between them is not known, but a short time after, a whole crowd of people was moving across the yard in the direction of Gerasim's garret. Gavrila walked in front, holding his cap on with his hand, though there was no wind. The footmen and cooks were close behind him; Uncle Tail was looking out of a window, giving instructions, that is to say simply waving his hands. At the rear there was a crowd of small boys skipping and hopping along; half of them were outsiders who had run up. On the narrow staircase leading to the garret sat one guard; at the door were standing two more with sticks. They began to mount the stairs, which they entirely blocked up. Gavrila went up to the door, knocked with his fist, shouting: "Open the door!"

A stifled bark was audible, but there was no answer.

"Open the door, I tell you," he repeated.

"But, Gavrila Andreitch," Stepan observed from below, "he's deaf, you know — he doesn't hear."

They all laughed.

"What are we to do?" Gavrila rejoined from above.

"Why, there's a hole there in the door," answered Stepan, "so you shake the stick in there."

Gavrila bent down.

"He's stuffed it up with a coat or something."

"Well, you just push the coat in."

At this moment a smothered bark was heard again.

"See, see — she speaks for herself," was remarked in the crowd, and again they laughed.

Gavrila scratched his ear.

"No, mate," he responded at last, "you can poke the coat in yourself, if you like."

"All right, let me."

And Stepan scrambled up, took the stick, pushed in the coat, and began waving the stick about in the opening, saying, "Come out, come out!" as he did so. He was still waving the stick, when suddenly the door of the garret was flung open; all the crowd flew pell-mell down the stairs instantly, Gavrila first of all. Uncle Tail locked the window.

"Come, come, come," shouted Gavrila from the yard, "mind what you 're about."

Gerasim stood without stirring in his door-way. The crowd gathered at the foot of the stairs. Gerasim, with his arms akimbo, looked down at all these poor creatures in German coats; in his red peasant's shirt he looked like a giant before them. Gavrila took a step forward.

"Mind, mate," said he, "don't be insolent."

And he began to explain to him by signs that the mistress insists on having his dog; that he must hand it over at once, or it would be the worse for him.

Gerasim looked at him, pointed to the dog, made a motion with his hand round his neck, as though he were pulling a noose tight, and glanced with a face of inquiry at the steward.

"Yes, yes," the latter assented, nodding; "yes, just so."

Gerasim dropped his eyes, then all of a sudden roused himself and pointed to Mumu, who was all the while standing beside him, innocently wagging her tail and pricking up her ears inquisitively. Then he repeated the strangling action round his neck and significantly struck himself on the breast, as though announcing he would take upon himself the task of killing Mumu.

"But you 'll deceive us," Gavrila waved back in response.

Gerasim looked at him, smiled scornfully, struck himself again on the breast, and slammed-to the door.

They all looked at one another in silence.

"What does that mean?" Gavrila began. "He 's locked himself in."

"Let him be, Gavrila Andreitch," Stepan advised; "he 'll do it if he 's promised. He 's like that, you know. . . . If he makes a promise, it 's a certain thing. He 's not like us others in that. The truth 's the truth with him. Yes, indeed."

"Yes," they all repeated, nodding their heads, "yes — that's so — yes."

Uncle Tail opened his window, and he too said, "Yes."

"Well, may be, we shall see," responded Gavrila; "any way, we won't take off the guard. Here you, Eroshka!" he added, addressing a poor fellow in a yellow nankeen coat, who considered himself to be a gardener, "what have you to do? Take a stick and sit here, and if anything happens, run to me at once!"

Eroshka took a stick, and sat down on the bottom stair. The crowd dispersed, all except a few inquisitive small boys, while Gavrila went home and sent word through Liubov Liubimovna to the mistress, that everything had been done, while he sent a postilion for a policeman in case of need. The old lady tied a knot in her handkerchief, sprinkled some eau-de-Cologne on it, sniffed at it, and rubbed her temples with it, drank some tea, and, being still under the influence of the cherrybay drops, fell asleep again.

An hour after all this hubbub the garret door opened, and Gerasim showed himself. He had on his best coat; he was leading Mumu by a string. Eroshka moved aside and let him pass. Gerasim went to the gates. All the small boys in the yard stared at him in silence. He did not even turn round; he only put his cap on in the street. Gavrila sent the same Eroshka to follow him and keep watch on him as a spy. Eroshka, seeing from a distance that he had gone into a cookshop with his dog, waited for him to come out again.

Gerasim was well known at the cookshop, and his signs were understood. He asked for cabbage soup with meat in it, and sat down with his arms on the table. Mumu stood beside his chair, looking calmly at him with her intelligent eyes. Her coat was glossy; one could see she had just been combed down. They brought Gerasim the soup. He crumbled some bread into it, cut the meat up small, and put the plate on the ground. Mumu began eating in her usual refined way, her little muzzle daintily held so as scarcely to touch her food. Gerasim gazed a long while at her; two big tears suddenly rolled from his eyes; one fell on the dog's brow, the other into the soup. He shaded his face with his hand. Mumu ate up half the plateful, and came away from it, licking her lips. Gerasim got up, paid for the soup, and went out, followed by the rather perplexed glances of the waiter. Eroshka, seeing Gerasim. hid

round a corner, and letting him get in front, followed him again.

Gerasim walked without haste, still holding Mumu by a string. When he got to the corner of the street, he stood still as though reflecting, and suddenly set off with rapid steps to the Crimean Ford. On the way he went into the yard of a house, where a lodge was being built, and carried away two bricks under his arm. At the Crimean Ford, he turned along the bank, went to a place where there were two little rowing-boats fastened to stakes (he had noticed them there before), and jumped into one of them with Mumu. A lame old man came out of a shed in the corner of a kitchen-garden and shouted after him; but Gerasim only nodded, and began rowing so vigorously, though against stream, that in an instant he had darted two hundred yards away. The old man stood for a while, scratched his back first with the left and then with the right hand, and went back hobbling to the shed.

Gerasim rowed on and on. Moscow was soon left behind. Meadows stretched each side of the bank, market gardens, fields, and copses; peasants' huts began to make their appearance. There was the fragrance of the country. He threw down his oars, bent his head down to Mumu, who was sitting facing him on a dry cross seat — the bottom of the boat was full of water — and stayed motionless, his mighty hands clasped upon her back, while the boat was gradually carried back by the current towards the town. At last Gerasim drew himself up hurriedly, with a sort of sick anger in his face, he tied up the bricks he had taken with string, made a running noose, put it round Mumu's neck, lifted her up over the river, and for the last time looked at her. . . . She watched him confidingly and without any fear, faintly wagging her tail. He turned away, frowned, and wrung his hands. . . . Gerasim heard nothing, neither the quick shrill whine of Mumu as she fell, nor the heavy splash of the water; for him the noisiest day was soundless and silent as even the stillest night is not silent to us. When he opened his eyes again, little wavelets were hurrying over the river, chasing one another; as before they broke against the boat's side, and only far away behind wide circles moved widening to the bank.

Directly Gerasim had vanished from Eroshka's sight, the latter returned home and reported what he had seen.

"Well, then," observed Stepan, "he'll drown her. Now we can feel easy about it. If he once promises a thing. . . ."

No one saw Gerasim during the day. He did not have dinner at home. Evening came on; they were all gathered together to supper, except him.

"What a strange creature that Gerasim is!" piped a fat laundry-maid; "fancy, upsetting himself like that over a dog. . . . Upon my word!"

"But Gerasim has been here," Stepan cried all at once, scraping up his porridge with a spoon.

"How? when?"

"Why, a couple of hours ago. Yes, indeed! I ran against him at the gate; he was going out again from here; he was coming out of the yard. I tried to ask him about his dog, but he was n't in the best of humors, I could see. Well, he gave me a shove; I suppose he only meant to put me out of his way, as if he 'd say, 'Let me go, do!' but he fetched me such a crack on my neck, so seriously, that — oh! oh!" And Stepan, who could not help laughing, shrugged up and rubbed the back of his head. "Yes," he added; "he has got a fist; it 's something like a fist, there 's no denying that!"

They all laughed at Stepan, and after supper they separated to go to bed.

Meanwhile, at that very time, a gigantic figure with a bag on his shoulders and a stick in his hand, was eagerly and persistently stepping out along the T—— highroad. It was Gerasim. He was hurrying on without looking round; hurrying homewards, to his own village, to his own country. After drowning poor Mumu, he had run back to his garret, hurriedly packed a few things together in an old horsecloth, tied it up in a bundle, tossed it on his shoulder, and so was ready. He had noticed the road carefully when he was brought to Moscow; the village his mistress had taken him from lay only about twenty miles off the highroad. He walked along it with a sort of invincible purpose, a desperate and at the same time joyous determination. He walked, his shoulders thrown back and his chest expanded; his eyes were fixed greedily straight before him. He hastened as though his old mother were waiting for him at home, as though she were calling him to her after long wanderings in strange parts, among strangers. The summer night, that was just drawing in, was still and warm; on one side, where the sun had set, the horizon was still light and faintly flushed with the last glow of the vanished day; on the other side a blue-grey twilight had already risen up. The night was coming up

from that quarter. Quails were in hundreds around; corncrakes were calling to one another in the thickets. . . . Gerasim could not hear them; he could not hear the delicate night-whispering of the trees, by which his strong legs carried him, but he smelt the familiar scent of the ripening rye, which was wafted from the dark fields; he felt the wind, flying to meet him — the wind from home — beat caressingly upon his face, and play with his hair and his beard. He saw before him the whitening road homewards, straight as an arrow. He saw in the sky stars innumerable, lighting up his way, and stepped out, strong and bold as a lion, so that when the rising sun shed its moist rosy light upon the still fresh and unwearied traveller, already thirty miles lay between him and Moscow.

In a couple of days he was at home, in his little hut, to the great astonishment of the soldier's wife who had been put in there. After praying before the holy pictures, he set off at once to the village elder. The village elder was at first surprised; but the haycutting had just begun; Gerasim was a first-rate mower, and they put a scythe into his hand on the spot, and he went to mow in his old way, mowing so that the peasants were fairly astounded as they watched his wide sweeping strokes and the heaps he raked together. . . .

In Moscow the day after Gerasim's flight they missed him. They went to his garret, rummaged about in it, and spoke to Gavrila. He came, looked, shrugged his shoulders, and decided that the dumb man had either run away or had drowned himself with his stupid dog. They gave information to the police, and informed the lady. The old lady was furious, burst into tears, gave orders that he was to be found whatever happened, declared she had never ordered the dog to be destroyed, and, in fact, gave Gavrila such a rating that he could do nothing all day but shake his head and murmur, "Well!" until Uncle Tail checked him at last, sympathetically echoing "We-ell!" At last the news came from the country of Gerasim's being there. The old lady was somewhat pacified: at first she issued a mandate for him to be brought back without delay to Moscow: afterwards, however, she declared that such an ungrateful creature was absolutely of no use to her. Soon after this she died herself; and her heirs had no thought to spare for Gerasim: they let their mother's other servants redeem their freedom on payment of an annual rent.

And Gerasim is living still, a lonely man in his lonely hut;

he is strong and healthy as before, and does the work of four men as before, and as before is serious and steady. But his neighbors have observed that ever since his return from Moscow he has quite given up the society of women; he will not even look at them, and does not keep even a single dog. "It's his good luck, though," the peasants reason; "that he can get on without female folk; and as for a dog — what need has he of a dog? you would n't get a thief to go into his yard for any money!" Such is the fame of the dumb man's Titanic strength.

MOSES COIT TYLER.

Tyler, Moses Coit, an American educator and literary critic; born at Griswold, Conn., August 2, 1835. He was graduated at Yale in 1857; in 1867 he was made Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of Michigan, and in 1881 Professor of American History in Cornell University. In 1881 he took orders in the Episcopal Church. His works are "The Brawnville Papers" (1868); "History of American Literature" (Vols. I. II., 1878); "Manual of English Literature" (1879); "Life of Patrick Henry" (1888); "Three Men of Letters" (1895); "History of American Literature during the Colonial Time" (1897); "The Literary History of the American Revolution" (1897); "Glimpses of England" (1898).

Early Verse-Writing in New England.[1]

(From "A History of American Literature.")

A happy surprise awaits those who come to the study of the early literature of New England with the expectation of finding it altogether arid in sentiment, or void of the spirit and aroma of poetry. The New-Englander of the seventeenth century was indeed a typical Puritan; and it will hardly be said that any typical Puritan of that century was a poetical personage. In proportion to his devotion to the ideas that won for him the derisive honor of his name, was he at war with nearly every form of the beautiful. He himself believed that there was an inappeasable feud between religion and art; and hence the duty of suppressing art was bound up in his soul with the master-purpose of promoting religion. He cultivated the grim and the ugly. He was afraid of the approaches of Satan through the avenues of what is graceful and joyous. The principal business of men and women in this world seemed to him to be not to make it as delightful as possible, but to get through it as safely as possible. By a whimsical and horrid freak of

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unconscious Manichæism, he thought that whatever is good here is appropriated to God, and whatever is pleasant, to the Devil. It is not strange if he were inclined to measure the holiness of a man's life by its disagreeableness. In the logic and fury of his tremendous faith, he turned away utterly from music, from sculpture and painting, from architecture, from the adornments of costume, from the pleasures and embellishments of society, — because these things seemed only "the Devil's flippery and seduction" to his "ascetic soul, aglow with the gloomy or rapturous mysteries of his theology." Hence, very naturally, he turned away likewise from certain great and splendid types of literature, — from the drama, from the playful and sensuous verse of Chaucer and his innumerable sons, from the secular prose writings of his contemporaries, and from all forms of modern lyric verse except the Calvinistic hymn.

Nevertheless the Puritan did not succeed in eradicating poetry from his nature. Of course, poetry was planted there too deep even for his theological grub-hooks to root it out. Though denied expression in one way, the poetry that was in him forced itself into utterance in another. If his theology drove poetry out of many forms in which it had been used to reside, poetry itself practised a noble revenge by taking up its abode in his theology. His supreme thought was given to theology; and there he nourished his imagination with the mightiest and sublimest conceptions that a human being can entertain — conceptions of God and man, of angels and devils, of Providence and duty and destiny, of heaven, earth, hell. Though he stamped his foot in horror and scorn upon many exquisite and delicious types of literary art; stripped society of all its embellishments, life of all its amenities, sacred architecture of all its grandeur, the public service of divine worship of the hallowed pomp, the pathos and beauty, of its most reverend and stately forms; though his prayers were often a snuffle, his hymns a dolorous whine, his extemporized liturgy a bleak ritual of ungainly postures and of harsh monotonous howls: yet the idea that filled and thrilled his soul was one in every way sublime, immense, imaginative, poetic, — the idea of the awful omnipotent Jehovah, his inexorable justice, his holiness, the inconceivable brightness of his majesty, the vastness of his unchanging designs along the entire range of his relations with the hierarchies of heaven, the principalities and powers of the pit, and the elect and the reprobate of the sons

of Adam. How resplendent and superb was the poetry that lay at the heart of Puritanism, was seen by the sightless eyes of John Milton, whose great epic is indeed the epic of Puritanism.

Turning to Puritanism as it existed in New England, we may perhaps imagine it as solemnly declining the visits of the Muses of poetry, sending out to them the blunt but honest message — "Otherwise engaged." Nothing could be further from the truth. Of course, Thalia and Melpomene and Terpsichore could not under any pretence have been admitted; but Polyhymnia — why should not she have been allowed to come in? especially if she were willing to forsake her deplorable sisters, give up her pagan habits, and submit to Christian baptism. Indeed, the Muse of New England, whosoever that respectable damsel may have been, was a Muse by no means exclusive: such as she was, she cordially visited every one who would receive her — and every one would receive her. It is an extraordinary fact about these grave and substantial men of New England, especially during our earliest literary age, that they all had a lurking propensity to write what they sincerely believed to be poetry, — and this, in most cases, in unconscious defiance of the edicts of nature and of a predetermining Providence. Lady Mary Montagu said that in England, in her time, verse-making had become as common as taking snuff. In New England, in the age before that, it had become much more common than taking snuff — since there were some who did not take snuff. It is impressive to note, as we inspect our first period, that neither advanced age, nor high office, nor mental unfitness, nor previous condition of respectability, was sufficient to protect any one from the poetic vice. We read of venerable men, like Peter Bulkley, continuing to lapse into it when far beyond the great climacteric. Governor Thomas Dudley was hardly a man to be suspected of such a thing, yet even against him the evidence must be pronounced conclusive: some verses in his own handwriting were found upon his person after his death. Even the sage and serious governor of Plymouth wrote ostensible poems. The renowned pulpit orator, John Cotton, did the same; although in some instances he prudently concealed the fact by inscribing his English verse in Greek characters upon the blank leaves of his almanac. Here and there, even a town clerk, placing on record the deeply prosaic proceedings of the selectmen, would adorn them in the sacred costume of poetry. Perhaps, indeed, all this was their

solitary condescension to human frailty. The earthly element, the passion, the carnal taint, the vanity, the weariness or whatever else it be that in other men works itself off in a pleasure journey, in a flirtation, in going to the play, or in a convivial bout, did in these venerable men exhaust itself in the sly dissipation of writing verses.

Remembering their unfriendly attitude toward art in general, this universal mania of theirs for some forms of the poetic art — this unrestrained proclivity toward the "lust of versification" — must seem to us an odd psychological freak. Or shall we rather say that it was not a freak at all, but a normal effort of nature, which, being unduly repressed in one direction, is accustomed to burst over all barriers in another; and that these grim and godly personages in the old times fell into the intemperance of rhyming, just as in later days excellent ministers of the gospel and gray-haired deacons, recoiling from the sin and scandal of a game at billiards, have been known to manifest an inordinate joy in the orthodox frivolity of croquet? As respects the poetry which was perpetrated by our ancestors, it must be mentioned that a benignant Providence has its own methods of protecting the human family from intolerable misfortune; and that the most of this poetry has perished. Enough, however, has survived to furnish us with materials for everlasting gratitude, by enabling us in a measure to realize the nature and extent of the calamity which the Divine intervention has spared us.

It will be natural for us to suppose that, at any rate, poetry in New England in the seventeenth century could not have been a *Gaya Sciencia*, as poetry was called in Provence in the thirteenth century. Even this, however, is not quite correct; for no inconsiderable part of early New England poetry has a positively facetious intention, — that part, namely, which consists of elegies and epitaphs. Our ancestors seem to have reserved their witticisms principally for tombstones and funerals. When a man died, his surviving friends were wont to conspire together to write verses upon him, — and these verses often sparkled with the most elaborate and painful jests. Thus in 1647, upon the death of the renowned Thomas Hooker of Hartford, his colleague in the pastorate, Samuel Stone, wrote to an eminent minister in Massachusetts certain words of grave and cautious suggestion: "You may think whether it may not be comely for you and myself and some other elders to make a

few verses for Mr. Hooker, and transcribe them in the beginning of his book. I do but propound it." The appeal was effectual: and when, a few years later, it came Samuel Stone's turn to depart this life, those who outlived him rendered to his memory a similar service; his name furnishing an unusually pleasant opportunity for those ingenuities of allusion, and those literary quirks and puns, that were then thought to be among the graces of a threnody.

Thus the deceased was

> "A stone more than the Ebenezer famed;
> Stone, splendent diamond, right orient named;
> A cordial stone, that often cheerèd hearts
> With pleasant wit, with gospel rich imparts;
> Whetstone, that edgified the obtusest mind;
> Loadstone, that drew the iron heart unkind;
> A ponderous stone, that would the bottom sound
> Of Scripture depths, and bring out arcans found;
> A stone for kingly David's use so fit
> As would not fail Goliath's front to hit;
> A stone, an antidote, that brake the course
> Of gangrene error by convincing force;
> A stone acute, fit to divide and square;
> A squarèd stone became Christ's building rare."

JOHN TYNDALL.

TYNDALL, JOHN, a celebrated English scientist and lecturer; born at Leighlin Bridge, near Carlow, Ireland, August 21, 1820; died at Haslemere, Surrey, England, December 4, 1893. At the age of nineteen he was assistant in the ordnance survey, afterward a railway engineer. In 1847 he became a teacher in Queenwood College, Hampshire, and began original investigations with Dr. Frankland. In 1848 he studied in Germany under Bunsen and Magnus, and from 1853 until his death was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. He lectured in the United States in 1872, and gave the proceeds to aid students pursuing scientific research in this country. His published books are "The Glaciers of the Alps" (1860); "Mountaineering" (1861); "A Vacation Tour" (1862); "Heat as a Mode of Motion" (1863); "On Radiation" (1865); "Faraday as a Discoverer" (1868); "Diamagnetism and Magne-Crystallic Action," and "Lectures on Electrical Phenomena" (1870); "Notes on Light," and "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" (1871); "The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers;" and "Fragments of Science" (1871; enlarged ed. 1876); "Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat" (1872); "On Sound" (1867), and "Six Lectures on Light" (1873); "Lessons on Electricity," delivered in 1875–76 (1889); "Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air, in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection" (1881); "New Fragments" (1892). He received honorary degrees from the Universities of Cambridge and Edinburgh, and was made D.C.L. by Oxford.

THE MATTERHORN.

(From "Hours of Exercise in the Alps.")

ON the Thursday evening a violent thunder-storm had burst over Breuil, discharging new snow upon the heights, but also clearing the oppressive air. Though the heavens seemed clear in the early part of Friday, clouds showed a disposition to meet us from the south as we returned from the col. I in-

quired of my companion whether, in the event of the day being fine, he would be ready to start on Sunday. His answer was a prompt negative. In Val Tournanche, he said, they always "sanctified the Sunday." I mentioned Bennen, my pious Catholic guide, whom I permitted and encouraged to attend his mass on all possible occasions, but who nevertheless always yielded without a murmur to the demands of the weather. The reasoning had its effect. On Saturday Maquignaz saw his confessor, and arranged with him to have a mass at two A.M. on Sunday; after which, unshaded by the sense of duties unperformed, he would commence the ascent.

The claims of religion being thus met, the point of next importance, that of money, was set at rest by my immediate acceptance of the tariff published by the Chanoine Carrel. The problem being thus reduced to one of muscular physics, we pondered the question of provisions, decided on a bill of fare, and committed its execution to the industrious mistress of the hotel.

A fog, impenetrable to vision, had filled the whole of the Val Tournanche on Saturday night, and the mountains were half concealed and half revealed by this fog when we rose on Sunday morning. The east at sunrise was lowering, and the light which streamed through the cloud orifices was drawn in ominous red bars across the necks of the mountains. It was one of those uncomfortable Laodicean days which engender indecision, — threatening, but not sufficiently so to warrant postponement. Two guides and two porters were considered necessary for the first day's climb. A volunteer, moreover, attached himself to our party, who carried a sheepskin as part of the furniture of the cabin. To lighten their labor, the porters took a mule with them as far as the quadruped could climb, and afterwards divided the load among themselves. While they did so I observed the weather. The sun had risen with considerable power, and had broken the cloud-pane to pieces. The severed clouds gathered into masses more or less spherical, and were rolled grandly over the ridges into Switzerland. Save for a swathe of fog which now and then wrapped its flanks, the Matterhorn itself remained clear; and strong hopes were raised that the progress of the weather was in the right direction.

We halted at the base of the Tête du Lion, a bold precipice formed by the sudden cutting down of the ridge which flanks the Val Tournanche to the right. From its base to the Matterhorn stretches the Col du Lion; crossed for the first

1860, by Mr. Hawkins, myself, and our two guides. We were now beside a snow gully, which was cut by a deep furrow along its centre, and otherwise scarred by the descent of stones. Here each man arranged his bundle and himself, so as to cross the gully in the minimum of time. The passage was safely made, a few flying shingle only coming down upon us. But danger declared itself where it was not expected. Joseph Maquignaz led the way up the rocks. I was next, Pierre Maquignaz next, and last of all the porters. Suddenly a yell issued from the leader: "Cachez-vous!" I crouched instinctively against the rock, which formed a by no means perfect shelter, when a bowlder buzzed past me through the air, smote the rocks below me, and with a savage hum flew down to the lower glacier. Thus warned, we swerved to an *arête;* and when stones fell afterwards, they plunged to the right or left of us.

In 1860 the great couloir which stretches from the Col du Lion downwards was filled with a *névé* of deep snow. But the atmospheric conditions which have caused the glaciers of Switzerland to shrink so remarkably during the last ten years have swept away this *névé*. We had descended it in 1860 hip-deep in snow, and I was now reminded of its steepness by the inclination of its bed. Maquignaz was incredulous when I pointed out to him the line of descent to which we had been committed, in order to avoid the falling stones of the Tête du Lion. Bennen's warnings on the occasion were very emphatic, and I could understand their wisdom now better than I did then.

When Mr. Hawkins and myself first tried the Matterhorn, a temporary danger, sufficient to quell for a time the enthusiasm even of our lion-hearted guide, was added to the permanent ones. Fresh snow had fallen two days before; it had quite oversprinkled the Matterhorn, converting the brown of its crags into an iron-gray; this snow had been melted and re-frozen, forming upon the rocks an enamelling of ice. Besides their physical front, moreover, in 1860, the rocks presented a psychological one, derived from the rumor of their savage inaccessibility. The crags, the ice, and the character of the mountain, all conspired to stir the feelings. Much of the wild mystery has now vanished; especially at those points which in 1860 were places of virgin difficulty, but down which ropes now hang to assist the climber. The intrinsic grandeur of the Matterhorn, however, cannot be effaced.

After some hours of steady climbing, we halted upon a plat-

form beside the tattered remnant of one of the tents employed by me in 1862. Here we sunned ourselves for an hour. We subsequently worked upward, scaling the crags and rounding the bases of those wild and wonderful rock-towers, into which the weather of ages has hewn the southern ridge of the Matterhorn. The work required knowledge, but with a fair amount of skill it is safe work. I can fancy nothing more fascinating to a man given by nature and habit to such things than a climb alone among these crags and precipices. He need not be *theological;* but if complete, the grandeur of the place would certainly fill him with religious awe.

Looked at from Breuil, the Matterhorn presents two summits: the one, the summit proper, a square rock-tower in appearance; the other, which is really the end of a sharp ridge abutting against the rock-tower, an apparently conical peak. On this peak Bennen and myself planted our flagstaff in 1862. At some distance below it the mountain is crossed by an almost horizontal ledge, always loaded with snow, which from its resemblance to a white necktie has been called the Cravate. On this ledge a cabin was put together in 1867. It stands above the precipice where I quitted my rope in 1862. Up this precipice, by the aid of a thicker — I will not say a stronger — rope, we now scrambled; and following the exact route pursued by Bennen and myself five years previously, we came to the end of the Cravate. At some places the snow upon the ledge fell steeply from its junction with the cliff; deep step-cutting was also needed where the substance had been melted and re-congealed. The passage, however, was soon accomplished along the Cravate to the cabin, which was almost filled with snow.

Our first need was water. We could of course always melt the snow; but this would involve a wasteful expenditure of heat. The cliff, at the base of which the hut was built, overhung; and from its edge the liquefied snow fell in showers beyond the cabin. Four ice-axes were fixed on the ledge, and over them was spread the residue of a second tent which I had left at Breuil in 1862. The water falling upon the canvas flowed towards its centre. Here an orifice was made, through which the liquid descended into vessels placed to receive it. Some modification of this plan might probably be employed with profit for the storing-up of water for droughty years in Engl

I lay for some hours in the warm sunshi
the Italian mountains, watching the mutation

when the sun sank, the air became chill, and we all retired to the cabin. We had no fire, though warmth was much needed. A lover of the mountains, and of his kind, had contributed an India-rubber mattress; on which I lay down, a light blanket being thrown over me, while the guides and porters were rolled up in sheepskins. The mattress was a poor defence against the cold of the subjacent rock. I bore this for two hours, unwilling to disturb the guides; but at length it became intolerable. On learning my condition, however, the good fellows were soon alert; and folding a sheepskin around me, restored me gradually to a pleasant temperature. I fell asleep, and found the guides preparing breakfast and the morning well advanced when I opened my eyes.

It was past six o'clock when the two brothers and I quitted the cabin. The porters deemed their work accomplished, but they halted for a time to ascertain whether we were likely to be driven back or to push forward. We skirted the Cravate, and reached the bridge at its western extremity. This we ascended along the old route of Bennen and myself to the conical peak already referred to, which, as seen from Breuil, constitutes a kind of second summit of the Matterhorn. From this point to the base of the final precipice of the mountain stretches an *arête*, terribly hacked by the weather, but on the whole horizontal. When I first made the acquaintance of this savage ridge — called by Italians the Spalla — it was almost clear of snow. It was now loaded, the snow being bevelled to an edge of exceeding sharpness. The slope to the left, falling towards Zmutt, was exceedingly steep, while the precipices on the right were abysmal. No other part of the Matterhorn do I remember with greater interest than this. It was terrible, but its difficulties were fairly within the grasp of human skill; and this association is more ennobling than where the circumstances are such as to make you conscious of your own helplessness. On one of the sharpest teeth of the ridge Joseph Maquignaz halted, and turning to me with a smile, remarked, "There is no room for giddiness here, sir." In fact, such possibilities in such places must be altogether excluded from the chapter of accidents of the climber.

It was at the end of this ridge, where it abuts against the last precipice of the Matterhorn, that my second flagstaff was left in 1862. I think there must have been something in the light falling upon this precipice, that gave it an aspect of greater verticality when I first saw it than it seemed to possess on the present

occasion. We had, however, been struggling for many hours previously, and may have been dazed by our exertion. I cannot otherwise account for three of my party declining flatly to make any attempt upon the precipice. It looks very bad, but no real climber with his strength unimpaired would pronounce it, without trial, insuperable. Fears of this rock-wall, however, had been excited long before we reached it. It was probably the addition of the psychological element to the physical — the reluctance to encounter new dangers on a mountain which had hitherto inspired a superstitious fear — that quelled further exertion.

Seven hundred feet, if the barometric measurement can be trusted, of very difficult rock-work now lay above us. In 1862 this height had been underestimated by both Bennen and myself. Of the 14,800 feet of the Matterhorn, we then thought we had accomplished 14,600. If the barometer speaks truly, we had only cleared 14,200.

Descending the end of the ridge, we crossed a narrow cleft and grappled with the rocks at the other side of it. Our ascent was oblique, bearing to the right. The obliquity at one place fell to horizontality, and we had to work on the level round a difficult protuberance of rock. We cleared the difficulty without haste, and then rose straight against the precipice. Above us a rope hung down the cliff, left there by Maquignaz on the occasion of his first ascent. We reached the end of this rope, and some time was lost by my guide in assuring himself that it was not too much frayed by friction. Care in testing it was doubly necessary; for the rocks, bad in themselves, were here crusted with ice. The rope was in some places a mere hempen core surrounded by a casing of ice, over which the hands slid helplessly. Even with the aid of the rope in this condition it required an effort to get to the top of the precipice, and we willingly halted there to take a minute's breath. The ascent was virtually accomplished, and a few minutes more of rapid climbing placed us on the lightning-smitten top. Thus ended the long contest between me and the Matterhorn.

TYRTÆUS.

TYRTÆUS, a Greek elegiac poet who flourished about 650 B. C., and whose war songs were the inspiration of the Spartans during the second Messenian war. A later tradition declares him to have been a lame schoolmaster of Athens, sent to Sparta by the Athenians as the most useless commander they could find.

A MARTIAL ELEGY.

(Translation of Thomas Campbell.)

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But oh! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe;
While, scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonoring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him; affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our father's land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
To save our children: fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might;

Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblest)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevelled in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears, —
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years:
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears;
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
For having perished in the front of war.

The Hero.

When falling in the van he life must yield,
An honor to his sire, his town, his state —
His breast oft mangled through his circling shield,
And gashed in front through all his armor's plate —

Him young and old together mourn: and then
His city swells his funeral's sad array;
His tomb, his offspring, are renowned 'mongst men —
His children's children, to the latest day.

His glory or his name shall never die,
Though 'neath the ground, he deathless shall remain,
Whom fighting steadfastly, with courage high,
For country and for children, Mars hath slain.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

UHLAND, JOHANN LUDWIG, a celebrated German lyric poet; born at Tübingen, April 26, 1787; died there, November 13, 1862. He was educated in his native town, studied law, and practised in Stuttgart, where he was connected with the Ministry of Justice. In 1819 he became a member of the Würtemberg Assembly. He was Professor of German Language and Literature at Tübingen from 1830 to 1833. He resigned the professorship to take more active part in the Diet as a liberal leader, but withdrew in 1839. In 1848 he became a member of the Frankfort Assembly. He wrote poetry which appeared in periodicals as early as 1806. His ballads and songs are classic. His works include "Gedichte" (1815); the dramas "Ernst von Schwaben" and "Ludwig der Bayer" (1817–19; 3d ed., 1863); "Alte hoch und nieder deutsche Volkslieder" (1844–45); and "Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung und Sage" (8 vols., 1865–69). His poems have been translated by Longfellow, by Alexander Platt (1844), and his "Songs and Ballads" by W. W. Skeat (1864).

THE BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR through the world so wide,
I wander all alone;
Yet once a brighter fate was mine,
In days that long have flown.

Within my father's home I grew,
A happy child and free;
But ah! the heritage of want
Is all he left to me.

The gardens of the rich I view,
The fields with bounty spread;
My path is through the fruitless way,
Where toil and sorrow tread.

And yet amidst the joyous throng,
[illegible] of all I share,
[illegible] heart I wait, and hide
[illegible] of care.

O blessed God! I am not left
An exile from thy love;
On all the world thy smiles descend
In mercy from above.

In every valley still I find
The temples of thy grace,
Where organ notes and choral songs
With music fill the place.

For me the sun, the moon, the stars,
Reveal their holy rays,
And when the vespers call to prayer,
My heart ascends in praise.

Some time, I know, the gates of bliss
Will open to the blest,
And I, in marriage garments clad,
Shall rise a welcome guest.

The Journey Home.

O break not, bridge that trembles so!
O fall not, rock that threat'nest woe!
Earth, sink not down; thou, heav'n, abide
Until I reach my loved one's side!

The Vengeance.

The squire hath murdered his knight for gold:
The squire would fain be a warrior bold.

He slew him by night upon a drear field,
And in the deep Rhine his body concealed.

He braced on the armor, so heavy and bright,
And mounted the steed of his master, the knight.

And as he rode over a bridge 'cross the Rhine
The charger 'gan fiercely to rear and to whine.

As the golden spurs in the flanks did go,
The squire was cast in the stream's wild flow.

With foot and with hand he struggles in vain,
By the armor drawn down, he ne'er rises again.

The Smithying of Sigfrid's Sword.

Sigfrid was young, and haughty, and proud,
When his father's home he disavowed.

In his father's house he would not abide:
He would wander over the world so wide.

He met many a knight in wood and field
With shining sword and glittering shield.

But Sigfrid had only a staff of oak:
He held him shamed in sight of the folk.

And as he went through a darksome wood,
He came where a lowly smithy stood.

There was iron and steel in right good store;
And a fire that did bicker, and flame, and roar.

"O smithying-carle, good master of mine,
Teach me this forging craft of thine.

"Teach me the lore of shield and blade,
And how the right good swords are made!"

He struck with the hammer a mighty blow,
And the anvil deep in the ground did go.

He struck: through the wood the echoes rang,
And all the iron in flinders sprang.

And out of the last left iron bar
He fashioned a sword that shone as a star.

"Now have I smithied a right good sword,
And no man shall be my master and lord;

"And giants and dragons of wood and field,
I shall meet like a hero, under shield."

Ichabod: the Glory has Departed.

I ride through a dark, dark Land by night,
Where moon is none and no stars lend light,
  And rueful winds are blowing;
Yet oft have I trodden this way ere now,
With summer zephyrs a-fanning my brow,
  And the gold of the sunshine glowing.

I roam by a gloomy Garden-wall;
The death-stricken leaves around me fall,
And the night blast wails its dolors:
How oft with my love I have hitherward strayed
When the roses flowered, and all I surveyed
Was radiant with Hope's own colors!

But the gold of the sunshine is shed and gone,
And the once bright roses are dead and wan,
And my love in her low grave moulders;
And I ride through a dark, dark Land by night,
With never a star to bless me with light,
And the Mantle of Age on my shoulders.

Giants and Dwarfs.

From her father's lofty castle upon the mountain side,
One day into the valley the giant's daughter hied.
A plough and yoke of oxen she happened there to find,
And a peasant who contentedly was trudging on behind.
Giants and dwarfs!

The oxen, plough, and peasant to her seemed very small,
So she took them in her apron to the castle, one and all.
"What have you there, my daughter?" said the giant, turning pale.
"Some pretty playthings, papa, that I found down in the vale."
Giants and dwarfs!

"Pick up your pretty playthings, my dear, and take them back,
Or else some day our larder its stock of food may lack!
The dwarfs must plough the valleys, or the valleys grow no wheat;
And the giants of the mountains would have then no bread to eat."
Giants and dwarfs!

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS.

VALDÉS, ARMANDO PALACIO, a Spanish novelist and critic of to-day, is very popular among his countrymen, and several of his best works have been translated into English. His novels are "El Senorito Octavio;" "Marta y María" (translated with the title "Marquis of Peñalta" in 1886); "El Idilio de un Enfermo" ("Invalid"); "Aguas Fuertas" ("Strong Waters" — stories and sketches); "José;" "Riverita;" "Maximina" (translated in 1888 — a sequel to "Riverita"); "El Cuarto Poder" ("The Fourth Estate"); "La Hermana San Sulpicio" ("Sister St. Sulpice" — translated in 1890); and "Espuma" ("Froth"). The critical works of Valdés are "Los Oradores del Ateneo;" "Los Novelistas Españoles;" "Neuve Viaje al Parnaso;" and "La Literatura en 1881" (in collaboration).

MARIA'S WAY TO PERFECTION.

(From "Marta y María.")

ONE evening, after the retirement of the family and servants, mistress and maid were together in Maria's boudoir up in the tower. Maria was reading by the light of the polished metal astral lamp, while Genoveva was sitting in another chair in front of her, knitting a stocking. They would often pass an hour or two thus before going to bed, the señorita having been long accustomed to read to the small hours of the morning.

She did not seem so much occupied as usual with her reading; but would frequently put the book on the table and remain pensive for a while, her cheek resting on her hand. She would take it up in a hesitating way, but only presently to lay it down again. It was evident too by the creaking chair, as she often changed position, that she was nervous. From time to time she would fix upon Genoveva a long gaze, that seemed to betray a timid and uneasy desire, and a certain inward conflict with some thought striving for utterance. On the other hand, Genoveva,

that evening, was more engrossed than usual with her stocking; weaving in among its meshes, no doubt, a multitude of more or less philosophical considerations that made it desirable for her to give convulsive nods every now and then, very much as when one is going to sleep.

At last the señorita concluded to break the silence.

"Genoveva, will you read for me this passage from the life of St. Isabel?" she asked, handing her the book.

"With all the pleasure in the world, señorita."

"See, begin here where it says: 'When her husband —'"

Genoveva commenced to read the paragraph to herself, but Maria quickly interrupted her with —

"No, no: read it aloud."

[Thereupon the maid reads a passage of some twenty lines, in the characteristic pious and mystical style of the Bollandist Lives of the Saints. The gist of it is that the young and lovely princess and saint, Isabel, would pass her nights and days in the practice of the most austere penances. Of these the wearing a hair-cloth shirt, and having herself scourged with the discipline by her damsels, were a portion.]

"That will do: you need not read any further. What do you think of it?"

"I have often read the identical story before."

"Yes, so you have. But — now what would you think of my trying to do something of the same kind?" she burst forth, with the impetuosity of one who has decided to give utterance to a thought with which she has long been preoccupied.

Genoveva stared at her with wide-open eyes, not taking in her meaning.

"Do you not understand?"

"No, señorita."

Maria arose, and throwing her arms around her neck, with face aflame with blushes, whispered close in her ear: —

"I mean, you silly thing, that if you would consent to do the office of those damsels of St. Isabel to-night, I for my part would imitate the saint."

"What office?"

"Oh, you stupid, stupid thing? I mean that of giving me a few lashes, in commemoration of those that our dear Savior received, and all the saints as well, patterning themselves after him."

"What *are* you saying, señorita? What put such a thing in your head?"

"I have thought of it because I wish to mortify my flesh, and humiliate myself, at one and the same time. That is true penance, and the kind that is most pleasing in the eyes of God, for the reason that he himself suffered it for us. I have tried to perform it unaided, but I have not been able to; and besides, it is not so effective a humiliation as receiving it from the hands of another. Now you will be so obliging as to gratify this desire of mine, wont you?"

"No, señorita, not for anything. I cannot do it."

"Why won't you, silly thing? Don't you see that it is for my good? If I should fail to deliver myself from some days of purgatory because you would not do what I ask you, would you not be troubled with remorse?"

"But, my heart's dove, how could I make up my mind to maltreat you, even if it were for your soul's good?"

"There is no way for you to get out of it: it is a vow I have made, and I must fulfil it. You have aided me till now on my way to virtue: do not abandon me at the most critical moment You will not, Genoveva dear; say you will not."

"For God's sake, señorita, do not make me do this!"

"Do, do, dearest Genoveva, I beg of you by the love that you bear me."

"No, no, do not ask it of me: I cannot."

"Please do, darling! Oh, grant me this favor. You don't know how I shall feel if you don't; I shall think that you have ceased to love me."

Maria exhausted all her resources of invention and coaxing to persuade her. Seating herself on Genoveva's lap, she lavished upon her caresses and words of affection; at one moment vexed, at another imploring, and all the time fixing upon her a pair of wheedling eyes, which it seemed impossible to resist. She was like a child begging for a toy that is kept back from her. When she saw that her serving-maid was a little softened, — or rather was fatigued with persistent refusing, — she said with a taking volubility: —

"Now, truly, stupid, don't you go and make it a thing of such great importance. It is n't half as bad as a bad toothache, and you know I 've suffered from that pretty often. Your imagination makes you think it is something terrible, when really it is scarcely worth mentioning. You think so just because it is n't

the custom now, for true piety seems banished from the world; but in the good old religious days it was a most ordinary and commonplace affair, — no one who pretended to be a good Christian neglected to do this kind of penance. Come now, get ready to give me this pleasure that I ask of you, and at the same time to perform a good work. Wait a minute: I 'll bring what we want."

And running to the bureau, she pulled out of a drawer a scourge, — a veritable scourge, with a turned-wood handle and leathern thongs. Then, all in a tremor of excitement and nervousness, that set her cheeks ablaze, she returned to Genoveva and put it in her hand. The maid took it in an automatic way, scarce knowing what she did. She was completely dazed. The fair young girl began anew to caress her, and give her heart with persuasive words, to which she did not answer a syllable. Then the Señorita de Elorza, with tremulous hand, began to let loose the dainty blue-silk wrapper she wore. There shone on her face the anxious, excited foretaste of joy in the caprice which was about to be gratified. Her eyes glowed with an unwonted light, showing within their depths the expectation of vivid and mysterious pleasures. Her lips were as dry as those of one parched with thirst. The circle of shadow around her eyes had increased, and two hectic spots of crimson burned in her cheeks. Her breath came with agitated tremor through her nostrils, more widely dilated than was usual. Her white, patrician hands, with their taper fingers and rosy nails, loosed with strange speed the fastenings of her gown. With a quick movement she shook it off, and stood free.

"You shall see that I mean it," she said: "I have almost nothing on. I have prepared myself already."

In truth the next moment she took off, or rather tore off, a skirt, and remained only in her chemise.

She stood so an instant; cast a glance at the implement of torture in Genoveva's hand; and over her body ran a little shiver, compounded of cold, pleasure, anguish, affright, and anxious expectation, all in one. In a low voice, changed from its usual tones by emotion, she appealed: —

"Papa must not know of this."

And the light stuff of the chemise slipped down along her body, caught for an instant on the hips, then sank slowly to the floor. She remained nude. Genoveva contemplated her with eyes that could not withhold admiration as well as reverence, and the girl felt herself a little abashed.

"You are not going to be angry with me, Genoveva dear, are you?"

The waiting-maid could only say, "For God's sake, señorita!"

"The sooner the better, now, for I shall take cold."

By this consideration she wished to constrain the woman still more forcibly to the task. With a feverish movement she snatched the scourge from her left hand and put it in her right; then throwing her arms again around her neck, and kissing her, she said, very low and affecting a jocose tone: —

"You are to lay it on hard, Genovita; for thus I have promised God that it should be done."

A violent trembling possessed her body as she uttered these words: but it was a delicious kind of trembling that penetrated to the very marrow of her bones. Then taking Genoveva by the hand, she pulled her along a little towards the table on which stood the effigy of the Savior.

"It must be here, on my knees before our Lord."

Her voice choked up in her throat. She was pale. She bowed humbly before the image; made the sign of the cross rapidly; crossed her hands over her virginal breast; and turning her face, sweetly smiling, towards her maid, said, "Now you can begin."

"Señorita, for God's sake!" once more exclaimed Genoveva, overwhelmed with confusion.

From the eyes of the señorita flashed a gleam of anger, which died away on the instant; but she said in a tone of some slight irritation, "Have we agreed upon this or not? Obey me, and do not be obstinate."

The maid, dominated by authority, and convinced too that she was furthering a work of piety, now at length obeyed, and began to ply the scourge, but very gently, on the naked shoulders of her young mistress. . . .

The first blows were so soft and inoffensive that they left no trace at all on that precious skin. Maria grew irritable, and demanded that they be forcibly given.

"No, not like that; harder! harder!" she insisted. "But first wait a moment till I take off this jewelry: it is ridiculous at such a time."

And she swiftly pulled off the rings from her fingers, snatched the pendants from her ears, and then laid the handful of gold and gems at the foot of the effigy of Jesus. In like manner St.

Isabel, when she went to pray in the church, was used to deposit her ducal coronet on the altar.

She resumed the same humble posture; and Genoveva, seeing that there was no escape, began to lacerate the flesh of her pious mistress without mercy. The lamplight shed a soft radiance throughout the room. The gems lying at the feet of the Saviour alone caught it sharply, and flung out a play of subtle gleams and scintillations. The silence of that hour was absolute; not even the sighing of a breath of wind in the casements was heard. An atmosphere of mystery and unworldly seclusion filled the room, which transported Maria out of herself, and intoxicated her with pleasure. Her lovely naked body quivered each time that the curling strokes of the lash fell upon it, with a pain not free from voluptuous delight. She laid her head against the Redeemer's feet, breathing eagerly, and with a sense of oppression; and she felt the blood beating with singular violence in her temples, while the delicate fluff of hair growing at the nape of the neck rose slightly with the magnetism of the extreme emotion that possessed her. From time to time her pale, trembling lips would murmur, "Go on! go on!"

The scourge had raised not a few stripes of roseate hue on her snowy white skin, and she did not ask for truce. But the instant came when the implement of torture drew a drop of blood. Genoveva could not contain herself longer; she threw the barbarous scourge far from her, and weeping aloud, caught the señorita in her arms, covered her with affectionate kisses, and begged her by her soul's sake never to make her recommence the perpetration of such atrocities. Maria tried to console her, assuring her that the whipping had hurt her very little. And now, her ardor a little cooled, her ascetic impulses somewhat appeased, the young mistress dismissed her servant, and went to her bedroom to retire to rest.

JUAN VALERA.

VALERA, JUAN Y ALCALÁ-GALLIENO, an eminent Spanish poet nd novelist; born at Cabra, in the province of Cordova, October 8, 1824. He has held diplomatic posts at Naples, Dresden, St. 'etersburg, Lisbon, Washington, and Brussels, and is a member of he Spanish Academy. His work in verse and prose includes Poesias" (1858); "Estudios Criticos" (1864); "Pepita Ximenez" 1874); "Las Ilusiones del Doctor Faustino" (1876); "El Comndador Mendoza" (1877); "Doña Luz" (1878); "Dissertaciones Juicios Literarios" (1878); "Tentivas Dramaticas" (1879); Apuntes sobre el Nuevo Arte de escribir Novelas" (1887); Cuentos, Diálogos y Fantasias" (1887); "Nuevos Estudios Critios" (1888); "La Buena Fama" ("A Good Reputation") (1895).

PEPITA'S APPEARANCE AT THE GARDEN PARTY.

(From "Pepita Ximenez.")

PEPITA XIMENEZ, who, through my father, had heard of the reat pleasure I take in the gardens of this district, has invited is to visit one that she owns at a short distance from the village, and to eat the early strawberries that grow there. This iking of Pepita's to show herself so gracious to my father, rho is a suitor for her hand, while at the same time in that apacity she will have none of him, often seems to me to savor ıot a little of a coquetry worthy of reprobation. But when on he next occasion I see her so natural, so perfectly frank and imple, the injurious fancy passes; and I feel that she must do verything with the most limpid purity of mind, and that she ıas no other purpose than to preserve the friendly feeling that ınites our family to hers.

Be that as it will, the day before yesterday we paid the isit to Pepita's garden. . . . By quite a sybaritic piece of efinement, it was not the gardener, nor was it his wife, nor ıis son, nor, indeed, any other person of the rustic sort, who raited upon us at the luncheon; it was two pretty girls, con-

fidential servants as it were of Pepita, dressed in the usual peasant costume, yet with consummate neatness and elegance. Their gowns were of a bright-colored cotton stuff, short in the skirt, and trimly fitted to their figures; they wore silk handkerchiefs crossed over their shoulders, and in the abundant black tresses of each one . . . showed a fresh sprig of roses.

Pepita's gown, except that it was of rich quality, was equally unpretentious. It was of black wool, and cut in the same form as those of the maids; without being too short, its wearer had taken care that it should not trail, nor in slouchy fashion sweep up the dust of the ground. A modest silk handkerchief, black also, covered her shoulders and bosom after the fashion of the country; and on her head she wore neither ribbon, flower, nor gem, nor any other adornment than that of her own beautiful blonde hair. The only detail in Pepita's appearance in which I noticed that she departed from the custom of the country people, and showed a certain fastidiousness, was her concern to wear gloves. It is apparent that she takes great care of her hands, and prides herself with some little vanity on keeping them white and pretty, and the nails polished and of roseate hue. But if she has so much of vanity, it is to be pardoned to human weakness: and indeed, if I recollect aright, even St. Theresa in her youth had it also; which did not hinder her from becoming the very great saint she was.

In fact I quite understand, though I do not undertake to defend, that particular bit of vanity. It is so distinguished, so high-bred, to have a comely hand; I even frequently think it has something symbolical about it. The hand is the minister of our actions; the sign of our innate gentility; the medium through which the intelligence vests with form the inventions of its artistic sense, gives being to the creations of its will, and exercises the sovereignty that God conceded to man over all created things.

A Noonday Apparition in the Glen.

(From "Pepita Ximenez.")

My father, wishing to pay off to Pepita the compliment of her garden party, invited her in her turn to make a visit to our country-house of the Pozo de la Solana. . . . We had to go in the saddle. As I have never learned to ride horseback, I mounted, as on all the former excursions with my father, a

mule which Dientes, our mule-driver, pronounced twice as good as gold, and as steady as a hay-wagon. . . . Now Pepita Ximenez, whom I supposed I should see in side-saddle on an animal of the donkey species also, — what must she do but astonish me by appearing on a fine horse of piebald marking, and full of life and fire. It did not take me long to see the sorry figure I should cut, jogging along in the rear with fat Aunt Casilda and the vicar, and to be mortified by it. When we reached the villa and dismounted, I felt relieved of as great a load as if it was I that had carried the mule, and not the mule that had carried me. . . .

Bordering the course of the brook, and especially in the ravines, are numerous poplars with other well-grown trees, which, in conjunction with the shrubbery and taller herbs, form dusky and labyrinthine thickets. A thousand fragrant sylvan growths spring up spontaneously there; and in truth it is difficult to imagine anything wilder, more secluded, more completely solitary, peaceful, and silent, than that spot. In the blaze of noonday, when the sun is pouring down his light in floods from a sky without a cloud, and in the calm warm hours of the afternoon siesta, almost the same mysterious terrors steal upon the mind as in the still watches of the night. One comprehends there the way of life of the ancient patriarchs, and of the heroes and shepherds of primitive tradition, with all the apparitions and visions they were wont to have, — now of nymphs, now of gods, and now of angels, in the midst of the brightness of day.

In the passage through those dusky thickets, it came about at a given moment, I know not how, that Pepita and I found ourselves side by side and alone. All the others had remained behind.

I felt a sudden thrill run over all my body. It was the very first time I had ever been alone with that woman; the place was extremely solitary, and I had been thinking but now of the apparitions — sometimes sinister, sometimes winsome, but always supernatural — that used to walk at noonday in the sight of the men of an earlier time.

Pepita had put off at the house her long riding-skirt, and now wore a short one that did not hamper the graceful lightness of her natural movements. On her head she had set a charmingly becoming little Andalusian shade-hat. She carried in her hand her riding-whip; and somehow my fancy struck

out the whimsical conceit that this was one of those fairy wands with which the sorceress could bewitch me at will, if she pleased.

I do not shrink from setting down on this paper deserved eulogies of her beauty. In that wild woodland scene, it seemed to me even fairer than ever. The plan that the old ascetic saints recommended to us as a safeguard, — namely, to think upon the beloved one as all disfigured by age and sickness, to picture her as dead, lapsing away in corruption, and a prey to worms, — that picture came before my imagination in spite of my will. I say "in spite of my will," because I do not believe that any such terrible precaution is necessary. No evil thought as to the material body, no untoward suggestion of a malign spirit, at that time disturbed my reason nor made itself felt by my senses or my will.

What did occur to me was a line of reasoning, convincing at least in my own mind, that quite obviated the necessity of such a step of precaution. Beauty, the product of a divine and supreme art, may be indeed but a weak and fleeting thing, disappearing perchance in a twinkling: still the idea and essence of that beauty are eternal; once apprehended by the mind of man, it must live an immortal life. The loveliness of that woman, such as it has shown itself to me to-day, will vanish, it is true, within a few brief years; that wholly charming body, the flowing lines and contours of that exquisite form, that noble head so proudly poised above the slender neck and shoulders, — all, all will be but food for loathsome worms; but though the earthly form of matter is to change, how as to the mental conception of that frame, the artistic ideal, the essential beauty itself? Who is to destroy all that? Does it not remain in the depths of the Divine Mind? Once perceived and known by me, must it not live forever in my soul, victorious over age and even over death?

The Evenings at Pepita's Tertulia.

(From "Pepita Ximenez.")

As I have mentioned to you before, Pepita receives her friends every evening at her house, from nine o'clock till twelve.

Thither repair four or [illegible] and as many young girls of the village, cou[illegible]

ber; and then six or seven young men who play forfeits with the girls. Three or four engagements are already on the carpet from this association, which is natural enough. The graver portion of the social assembly [*tertulia*], pretty much always the same, is composed of the exalted dignitaries of the place, so to speak; that is, my father, who is the squire, with the apothecary, the doctor, the notary, and his Reverence the vicar. . . .

I am never quite certain in which section of the company I ought to place myself. If it is with the young people, I fear my seriousness is a damper on their sports and their flirtation; if with the older set, then I am constrained to play the part of a mere looker-on in things I do not understand. The only games I know how to play are the simple ones of "blind don key," "wide-awake donkey," and a little *tute* or *brisca cruzada*.

The best thing for me would be not to go to the *tertulia* at all. My father, however, insists that I shall go; not to do so, according to him, would be to make myself ridiculous.

My father breaks out in many expressions of wonderment at noticing my complete ignorance of certain things; such as that I cannot play ombre, — not even ombre. This strikes him simply with bewilderment.

"Your uncle has brought you up in the gleam of a twopenny rushlight," he exclaims. "He has stuffed you with theology, and then more theology still, and left you wholly in the dark about everything that it is really important to know. From the very fact that you are to be a priest, and consequently cannot dance nor make love when you go out in society, you ought to know how to play ombre. If not, what are you going to do with yourself, you young wretch? just tell us that."

To this and other shrewd discourse of the sort I have finally had to give in; and my father is teaching me ombre at home, so that as soon as I know it I can play it at Pepita's receptions. He has been anxious, furthermore, to teach me fencing, and after that to smoke, and to shoot, and to throw the bar; but I have not consented to any of these latter propositions.

"What a difference between my youthful years and yours!" my father likes to exclaim.

And then he will add, laughingly: —

"However, it's all essentially the same thing. I too had my canonical hours, but they were in the Life Guards barracks: a good cigar was our incense, a pack of cards was our hymn-

book; nor was there ever lacking to us a good supply of other devotional exercises all just as spiritual as those."

Although you, my good uncle, had forewarned me of this levity of character in my father, — and indeed it is precisely on account of it that I passed twelve years of my life with you, from the age of ten to that of twenty-two, — still my father's way of talking, sometimes free beyond all bounds, often alarms and mortifies me. But what can I do about it? At any rate, though it is not becoming in me to censure it, I shall never show approval nor laugh at it.

Pepita's Eyes.

(From "Pepita Ximenes.")

As I must have told you in former letters, Pepita's eyes, though green like those of Circe, have a most tranquil and exemplary expression. One would decide that she was not conscious of the power of her eyes at all, nor ever knew that they could serve for any other purpose than simply that of seeing with. When her gaze falls upon you, its soft light is so clear, so candid and pure, that so far from fomenting any wicked thought, it appears as if it favored only those of the most limpid kind. It leaves chaste and innocent souls in unruffled repose, and it destroys all incentive to ill in those that are not so. Nothing of ardent passion, nothing of unhallowed fire, is there in the eyes of Pepita. Like the calm, mild radiance of the moon, rather, is the sweet illumination of her glance.

Well, then, I have to tell you now, in spite of all the above, that two or three times I have fancied I caught an instantaneous gleam of splendor, a lightning-like flash, a devastating leap of flame, in those fine eyes when they rested upon mine. Is this only some ridiculous bit of vanity, suggested by the arch-fiend himself? I think it must be. I wish to believe that it is, and I will believe that it is.

No, it was not a dream, it was not the figment of a mad imagination, it was but the sober truth. She does suffer her eyes to look into mine with the burning glance of which I have told you. Her eyes are endowed with
impossible to explain. They draw m
I cannot withhold my own from them.

must blaze with a baleful flame like hers. Thus did those of Amnon when he contemplated Tamar; thus did those of the Prince of Shechem when he looked upon Dinah.

When our glances meet in that way I forget even my God. Her image instead rises up in my soul, victorious over everything. Her beauty shines resplendent beyond all other beauty; the joys of heaven seem to me of less worth than her affection, and an eternity of suffering but a trifling cost for the incalculable bliss infused into my being by a single one of those glances of hers, though they pass quick as the lightning's flash.

When I return to my dwelling, when I am alone in my chamber, in the silence of the night, — then, oh then, all the horror of my situation comes upon me, and I form the best of resolutions — but only to break them again forthwith.

I promise myself to invent a pretext of sickness, or to seek some other subterfuge, no matter what, in order not to go to Pepita's house on the succeeding night; and yet I go, just as if no such resolution had been taken. . . .

Not alone to my sight is she so delectable, so grateful, but her voice also sounds in my ears like the celestial music of the spheres, revealing to me all the harmonies of the universe. I even go to the point of imagining that there emanates from her form a subtile aroma of delicious fragrance, more delicate than that of mint by the brook-sides, or than wild thyme on the mountain slopes.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN, an English architect and dramatist; supposed to have been born at London in 1664; died there, March 26, 1726. He was of Flemish ancestry, and was educated in France. He entered the army and became captain, but resigned and devoted himself to architecture. He designed Castle Howard, in Yorkshire, and built Blenheim, the residence of the Duke of Marlborough. He was knighted in 1714 and made Comptroller of the Royal Works, and in 1716 became Surveyor of the Works at Greenwich Hospital. The titles of his plays are: "The Relapse" (1697); "The Provoked Wife" (1697); "Æsop" (1698); an adaptation of Fletcher's "Pilgrim" (1700); "Confederacy" (1705); adaptations from Molière's comedies, and an unfinished comedy, "The Journey to London," completed by Colley Cibber.

FROM THE "CONFEDERACY."

[This is a satire on the vices of society. The confederacy is of two citizens' wives against their husbands. The wives, Clarissa and Araminta, are frivolous imitators of the more worthless airs of "quality." The husbands, Gripe and Moneytrap, are rich money scriveners.]

CLARISSA. No messages this morning from anybody, Flippanta? Lard, how dull that is! Oh, there 's Brass! — I did not see thee, Brass. What news dost thou bring?

BRASS. Only a letter from Araminta, madam.

CLARISSA. Give it me. — Open it for me, Flippanta, I am so lazy to-day. [*Sitting down.*

BRASS. [*Aside to* FLIPPANTA.] Be sure now you deliver my master's as carefully as I do this.

FLIPPANTA. Don't trouble thyself, I 'm no novice.

CLARISSA. [*To* BRASS.] 'T is well; there needs no answer, since she 'll be here so soon.

BRASS. Your ladyship has no farther commands, then?

CLARISSA. Not at this time, honest Brass. — [*Exit* BRASS.] Flippanta!

FLIPPANTA. Madam.

CLARISSA. My husband 's in love.

FLIPPANTA. In love!

CLARISSA. With Araminta.

FLIPPANTA. Impossible.

CLARISSA. This letter from her is to give me an account of it.

FLIPPANTA. Methinks you are not very much alarmed.

CLARISSA. No; thou knowest I 'm not much tortured with jealousy.

FLIPPANTA. Nay, you are much in the right on 't, madam, for jealousy 's a city passion; 't is a thing unknown amongst people of quality.

CLARISSA. Fie! a woman must indeed be of a mechanic mould who is either troubled or pleased with anything her husband can do to her. Prithee mention him no more; 't is the dullest theme.

FLIPPANTA. 'T is splenetic indeed. But when once you open your basset-table, I hope that will put him out of your head.

CLARISSA. Alas, Flippanta! I begin to grow weary even of the thoughts of that too.

FLIPPANTA. How so?

CLARISSA. Why, I have thought on 't a day and a night already; and four-and-twenty hours, thou knowest, is enough to make one weary of anything.

FLIPPANTA. Now, by my conscience, you have more woman in you than all your sex together: you never know what you would have.

CLARISSA. Thou mistakest the thing quite. I always know what I lack, but I am never pleased with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable.

[Moneytrap and Gripe are plagued by the extravagance and indifference of their wives and played upon by Flippanta.]

FLIPPANTA. You fancy you have got an extravagant wife, is 't not so?

GRIPE. Prithee change me that word fancy, and it is so.

FLIPPANTA. Why, there 's it. Men are strangely troubled with the vapors of late. You 'll wonder now, if I tell you, you have the most reasonable wife in town; and that all the dis-

orders you think you see in her, are only here, here, here, in your own head. [*Thumping his forehead.*

GRIPE. She is then, in thy opinion, a reasonable woman?

FLIPPANTA. By my faith, I think so.

GRIPE. I shall run mad!—Name me an extravagance in the world she is not guilty of.

FLIPPANTA. Name me an extravagance in the world she is guilty of.

GRIPE. Come then: does not she put the whole house in disorder?

FLIPPANTA. Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

GRIPE. 'T is very well: does she employ any one moment of her life in the government of her family?

FLIPPANTA. She is so submissive a wife, she leaves it entirely to you.

GRIPE. Admirable! Does she not spend more money in coach-hire and chair-hire than would maintain six children?

FLIPPANTA. She 's too nice of your credit to be seen daggling in the streets.

GRIPE. Good! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a week together?

FLIPPANTA. That, sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time; you keep odd hours; you are always going to bed when she 's rising, and rising just when she 's coming to bed.

GRIPE. Yes, truly, night into day, and day into night, . . . that 's her trade! But these are trifles; has she not lost her diamond necklace? Answer me to that, Trapes.

FLIPPANTA. Yes; and has sent as many tears after it as if it had been her husband.

GRIPE. Ah!—the plague take her! but enough. 'T is resolved, and I will put a stop to the course of her life, or I will put a stop to the course of her blood, and so she shall know the first time I meet with her. [*Aside.*] Which, though we are man and wife, and lie under one roof, 't is very possible may not be this fortnight. [*Exit.*

FLIPPANTA. Nay, thou hast a blessed time on 't, that must be confessed. What a miserable devil is a husband! Insupportable to himself, and a plague to everything about them. Their wives do by them as children do by dogs, tease and provoke 'em, till they make 'em so curst, they snarl and bite:

everything that comes in their reach. This wretch here is grown perverse to that degree, he's for his wife's keeping home, and making hell of his house, so he may be the devil in it, to torment her. How niggardly soever he is, of all things he possesses, he is willing to purchase her misery, at the expense of his own peace. But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of his aim. If I know her (which I think I do) she'll set his blood in such a ferment, it shall bubble out at every pore of him; whilst hers is so quiet in her veins, her pulse shall go like a pendulum. [*Exit.*

[Gripe prepares for an outpouring of wrath upon his wife, watches his opportunity, and storms at her. She receives all his rage with the blandest equanimity, has met it for a purpose of her own. She has planned to keep a basset-table in the house, so stipulates that if he will be always in good humor, she will be always at home.]

FLIPPANTA. Look you there sir; what would you have more?

GRIPE. Well, let her keep her word, and I'll have done quarrelling.

CLARISSA. I must not, however, so far lose the merit of my consent, as to let you think I'm weary of going abroad, my dear. What I do is purely to oblige you; which, that I may be able to perform without a relapse, I'll invent what ways I can to make my prison supportable to me.

FLIPPANTA. Her prison! pretty bird! her prison? don't that word melt you, sir?

GRIPE. I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable.

FLIPPANTA. Oh, sir, soon or late wives come into good humor. Husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

CLARISSA. The innocent little diversions, dear, that I shall content myself with, will be chiefly play and company.

GRIPE. Oh, I'll find you employment, your time shan't lie upon your hands; though if you have a mind now for such a companion as a — let me see — Araminta, for example, why, I sha'n't be against her being with you from morning till night.

CLARISSA. You can't oblige me more, 't is the best woman in the world.

GRIPE. Is not she?

FLIPPANTA. Ah, the old satyr! [*Aside.*

GRIPE. Then we'll have, besides her, maybe sometimes — her husband; and we shall see my niece that writes verses, and my sister Fidget; with her husband's brother that's always

merry; and his little cousin, that's to marry the fat curate; and my uncle the apothecary, with his wife and all his children. Oh, we shall divert ourselves rarely!

FLIPPANTA. Good! [*Aside.*

CLARISSA. Oh, for that, my dear child, I must be plain with you, I'll see none of 'em but Araminta, who has the manners of the court; for I'll converse with none but women of quality.

GRIPE. Ay, ay, they shall all have one quality or other.

CLARISSA. Then, my dear, to make our home pleasant, we'll have concerts of music sometimes.

GRIPE. Music in my house!

CLARISSA. Yes, my child, we must have music, or the house will be so dull I shall get the spleen, and be going abroad again.

FLIPPANTA. Nay, she has so much complaisance for you, sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

GRIPE. Ay, but if I have music —

CLARISSA. Ay, but, sir, I must have music —

FLIPPANTA. Not every day, madam don't mean.

CLARISSA. No, bless me, no; but three concerts a week; three days more we'll play after dinner, at ombre, picquet, basset, and so forth, and close the evening with a handsome supper and a ball.

GRIPE. A ball!

CLARISSA. Then, my love, you know there is but one day more upon our hands, and that shall be the day of conversation; we'll read verses, talk of books, invent modes, tell lies, scandalize our friends, be pert upon religion; and, in short, employ every moment of it in some pretty witty exercise or other.

FLIPPANTA. What order you see 't is she proposes to live in! a most wonderful regularity!

GRIPE. Regularity with a [plague]! [*Aside.*

CLARISSA. And as this kind of life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of company to partake of it, 't will be necessary to have the decency of a porter at our door, you know.

GRIPE. A porter! — a scrivener have a porter, madam!

CLARISSA. Positively, a porter.

GRIPE. Why, no scrivener since Adam ever had a porter, woman!

CLARISSA. You will therefore be renowned in story for l ing the first, my life.

HENRY JACKSON VAN DYKE.

VAN DYKE, HENRY JACKSON, an American divine, poet, and theological writer; born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 10, 1852. He studied at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and afterward at Princeton College. He then entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and having graduated there in 1877, he went to Germany and studied at the University of Berlin. He returned to America in 1879 and took charge of a Congregational church at Newport; and since 1882 he has been pastor of the Brick Church (Presbyterian) in New York. He was preacher at Harvard University in 1891 and 1892; and in 1895 he became Lyman Beecher Lecturer at Yale. His literary works, besides many contributions to periodicals, include "The Reality of Religion" (1884); "The Story of the Psalms" (1887); "The National Sin of Literary Piracy" (1888); "The Poetry of Tennyson" (1889–95); "God and Little Children" (1890); "Straight Sermons to Young Men and Other Human Beings" (1893); "The Bible as It Is" (1893); "Historic Presbyterianism" (1893); "The Christ Child in Art: a Study of Interpretation" (1894); "The People Responsible for the Character of Their Rulers" (1895); "Responsive Readings" (1895); "Little Rivers" (1895); "The Story of the Other Wise Man" (1896); "That Monster, the Higher Critic;" "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt" (1896); "The Builders, and Other Poems" (1897); "The First Christmas Tree" (1897); "Ships and Havens" (1897).

IZAAK WALTON.

OF the life of Master Izaak Walton, angler, author, and linen-draper, but little is known, and all to his credit. In a life so sparingly diversified with events, the biographer is divided in his mind between regret that the material for narration is so small, and gratitude that the picture of a good man's character and peaceful occupation stands out so clear and untroubled.

Walton was born at the town of Stafford, in the Eng-
me, in August, 1593. Of his edu-

cation he speaks with becoming modesty; and it is probable that it was slight, for at the age of nineteen years he was engaged in retail trade in London. His first shop was in the Royal Burse, Cornhill, and was only "seven and a half feet long by five feet wide." But he seems to have done a good business at this humble stand; for in 1624 he had a larger shop in Fleet Street, and in 1632 he bought a lease of a house and shop in Chancery Lane, where his occupation is described as that of a "sempster" or "milliner."

It is certain that he did not live for his trade, though he lived by it; for as early as 1619 we find a book of verse, "The Love of Amos and Laura," dedicated to him as a person of acknowledged taste and skill in letters. The friendships which he formed with Dr. John Donne the metaphysical preacher and poet, with Sir Henry Wotton the witty and honest ambassador, with the learned John Hales of Eton College, and with many other persons of like ability and distinction, prove him to have been a man of singular intelligence, amiable character, and engaging conversation. In some of these friendships, no doubt, the love of angling — to which recreation he was attached by a pure and temperate and enduring passion — was either the occasion of intimacy or the promoter of it. For it has often been observed that this gentle sport inclines the hearts of those that practise it to friendliness; and there are no closer or more lasting companionships than such as are formed beside flowing streams by men who "study to be quiet and go a-fishing." And this Walton did, as we know from his own testimony. He turned from the hooks and eyes of his shop to cast the hook for the nimble trout or the sluggish chub, in the waters of the Lea, or of the New River, with such cheerful comrades as honest Nat. and R. Roe; "but they are gone," he adds, "and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not."

In 1626 he married Rachel Floud, a great-great-niece of Archbishop Cranmer. She died in 1640, leaving a child who survived her but two years.

In 1643, about the beginning of the Civil War, — which he deplored and reprobated with as much bitterness as was possible to a man of his gentle disposition, — he retired from business with a modest fortune, and purchased a small estate near his native town, in the heart of rural England and in neighborhood of good fishing. Here he lived in peace

quietness, passing much of his time as a welcome visitor in the families of eminent clergymen; "of whom," says the gossipy old chronicler Anthony Wood, "he was much beloved."

About 1646 he married again; the bride being a lady of discreet age, — not less than thirty-five years, — and a stepsister of Thomas Ken, who afterwards became the beloved Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the honored author of the "Evening Hymn," with many other pieces of sacred poetry. This is the lady who is spoken of so pleasantly as "Kenna" in "The Angler's Wish," Walton's best poem. She died in 1662, leaving two children: a son, Izaak Walton, Jr., who lived a useful, tranquil life and died unmarried; and a daughter who became the wife of the Rev. Dr. William Hawkins, a prebendary in the Church of Winchester, in whose house Walton died.

With such close and constant associations among the clergy, it was but natural that Walton's first essay in literature should have an ecclesiastical flavor. It was "The Life of Dr. John Donne," prefixed to the sermons of that noted divine and difficult poet, — which were published in 1640, while Walton was still keeping shop in London. The brief biography was a very remarkable piece of work for an untried author; and gave evidence of a hand that, however it may have acquired its skill, was able to modulate the harmonies of English prose, with a rare and gentle charm, to a familiar tune, — the praise of piety and benevolence and humbleness, — and yet with such fresh and simple turns of humor and tenderness as delight the heart while they satisfy the judgment.

Walton speaks, in the preface to this "Life," of his "artless pencil." But in truth it was the *ars celare artem* that belonged to him. His writing shows that final and admirable simplicity which is always the result of patient toil and the delicate, loving choice of words. When, for example, he speaks of Master Donne as proceeding in a certain search "with all moderate haste," or of his behavior "which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art;" or when he says of his relation to the Society of Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, that it was "a love-strife of desert and liberality;" or when he describes "that last hour of his last day, as his body melted away and vapored into spirit," — he writes as

lerstands and respects the mysteries of language
uite expression.

The series of biographies (all too few) in which he embalmed the good memories of Sir Henry Wotton (1651), the Judicious Mr. Richard Hooker (1662), the Sacred Poet George Herbert (1670), and the Devout Bishop Sanderson (1678), are adorned with some of the most quaintly charming passages of prose to be found in English literature; and illuminated by a spirit of sincere charity and pious affection (except towards the Scotch and the Commonwealth-men), which causes them to shine with a mild and steady lustre, like lamps hung by grateful hands before the shrines of friendly and familiar saints. Walton's "Lives," if he had written nothing else, would give him a fair title to a place in a library of the world's best literature.

But his chief claim upon immortality, in the popular estimation, rests on a work of another character. In "The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation," Walton doubtless aimed at nothing more than a small book of instruction in the secrets of his beloved art; with which he mixed, as he says, "in several places, not any scurrility, but some innocent harmless mirth, of which if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given, and offences not given but taken." But in thus making a recreation of his recreation, a fortunate fisherman's luck befell him. Like a man who in casting the fly for trout hooks a lordly salmon (and this happy accident occurred to a friend of mine only the other day, but sadly enough the salmon was not landed), — even so, Walton, in seeking to win the approbation and gratitude of a little peaceable brotherhood of anglers in the troubled age of Oliver Cromwell, caught and kept the thankful admiration and praise of many generations of readers. I think it likely that no one could be more surprised at this unlooked-for but well-deserved result than himself; or more thankful for the success which gave to his favorite sport the singular honor of having inspired a classic in literature.

"The Complete Angler" must have been begun not long after his retirement from business, for it was ready [illegible] printed in 1650. But the first edition did not appear [illegible] 1653. The second followed in 1655; the third in [illegible] fourth in 1668; and the fifth, which was the last printed during the author's lifetime, in 1676. In all of these editions, except the third, there were many alte

enlargements; for Walton labored assiduously to perfect what he had written, and the changes, even the slightest, display the care of a scrupulous and affectionate workman in words. In the fifth edition a Second Part was added, consisting of "Instructions How to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream." This was written by Charles Cotton, Esquire, of Beresford Hall, in imitation of his master's manner, but at a considerable distance. Since that time more than a hundred editions of the book have been published, of all shapes and sizes, from the tiny 48mo of Pickering to the imperial octavo of Sir Harris Nicolas; so that a man can choose whether he will read Old Izaak in large print from a broad-margined page on a library table, or carry him in his pocket as Washington Irving did, and read him under a beech-tree, in a green meadow just by a spring of pure sweet water.

The value of "The Complete Angler" at this day is not to be looked for in its completeness. In its time, no doubt, it gave much new and curious instruction to the novice in the art; for Walton was unrivalled in his skill with bait, and Thomas Barker, the retired cook and active humorist who helped him in his discourse upon artificial flies, was an adept in that kind of angling. But most of these instructions, and likewise the scientific dissertations upon fish and fish-ponds, have long since gone out of date; and the book now belongs to the literature of power rather than of knowledge. Its unfailing charm lies in its descriptions of the country and of country life; in its quaint pastoral scenes, like the episode of the milkmaid, and the convocation of gypsies; and in its constant, happy exhortations to contentment, humility, and a virtuous, placid temper.

The form of the book is a dialogue, in which at first the respective merits of hunting, hawking, and angling are disputed; and then the discourse falls chiefly into the mouth of Piscator, who expounds the angler's contemplative sport to Venator, who has become his willing and devoted pupil. The manner of writing is sincere, colloquial, unaffected, yet not [illegible]dignified; it is full of digressions, which like the footpaths [illegible]urney are the pleasantest parts of all; it is an easy, [illegible]ined, rambling manner, yet always sure-footed, as e who has [illegible]d so long beside the streams that rward [illegible]ithout looking at the ground, [illegible]nd the rising fish. In short,

the book has that rare and imperishable quality called style: a quality easily recognized but hardly defined; a quality which in its essence, whatever its varying forms may be, is always neither more nor less than the result of such a loving mastery of the true proprieties of language as will permit the mind and spirit of a man to shine with lucid clearness through his words.

Thus Izaak Walton shines through "The Complete Angler." An honest, kindly man; a man satisfied with his modest place in the world, and never doubting that it was a good world, or that God made it; an amicable man, not without his prejudices and superstitions, yet well pleased that every reader should enjoy his own opinion; a musical, cheerful man, delighting in the songs of birds and making melody in his heart to God; a loyal, steadfast man, not given to changing his mind, nor his ways, nor his friends; a patient, faithful, gentle man, — that was Walton. Thus he fished tranquilly and without offence through the stormy years of the Civil War, and the Rump Parliament, and the Commonwealth, wishing that all men would beat their swords into fish-hooks and cast their leaden bullets into sinkers. Thus he died, on December 15, 1683, being ninety years of age and in charity with all men. Few writers are more deserving of an earthly immortality, and none more certain of a heavenly one.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

VAUGHAN, HENRY, a Welsh poet and mystic; born at Skethiog-on-Usk, Wales, in 1621; died there, April 23, 1695. He was known as "the Silurist," from his being born in South Wales, the country of the Silures. He was educated at Jesus College, Oxford. His first volume, "Poems, with the Tenth Satire of Juvenal Englished," was issued in 1646. After taking the degree of M. D. in London, he settled at his birthplace, where he lived and died the doctor of the district. From this place he set forth his collection of sacred poems, "Silex Scintillans," in 1650. "Olor Iscanus, the Swan of Usk," was published in 1651. "The Mount of Olives" followed in 1652; and two prose translations, "Flores Solitudinis," in 1654, and "Hermetical Physick," in 1655. In 1678 an Oxford friend collected the poems of Vaughan's middle life in a volume entitled "Thalia Rediviva: The Pastimes and Diversions of a Country Muse." One of the best of his single poems is entitled "The Retreate."

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove —
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
High as the heavens above!
[illegible] walks, and you have showed them me
[illegible]ld love.

Dear, beauteous death — the jewel of the just —
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there,
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

The Morning Watch.

O Joyes! Infinite Sweetness! with what flowers
And shoots of glory my soul breakes and buds!
All the long houres
Of night and rest,
Through the still shrouds
Of sleep and clouds,
This dew fell on my breast;
O how it *Blouds*,
And *Spirits* all my Earth! Heark! In what Rings
And *Hymning Circulations* the quick world
Awakes and sings!
The rising winds,

And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore him in their kinds.
Thus all is hurled
In sacred Hymnes and Order the great *Chime*
And Symphony of nature. Prayer is
The world in tune,
A spirit-voyce,
And vocall joyes,
Whose *Eccho* is heaven's blisse.
O let me climbe
When I lye down. The pious soul by night
Is like a clouded starre, whose beames though said
To shed their light
Under some cloud,
Yet are above,
And shine and move
Beyond that mistic shrowd.
So in my Bed,
That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
My lamp and life, both shall in thee abide.

Peace.

My Soul, there is a Countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd Sentrie
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits, crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my Soul, awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave them thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

LORD THOMAS VAUX.

VAUX, LORD THOMAS, an English poet; born probably at the ancestral estate of Harrowden, in Northamptonshire, in 1510; died in 1562. Upon the attainment of his majority he took his seat in Parliament as a baron in the twenty-second year of the reign of Henry VIII. He had been already with Wolsey in his embassy to the Emperor Charles V.; and in 1532 he accompanied the King to France. In 1533 he was made a Knight of the Bath, and afterward Captain of the Island of Jersey. His poems, which were for some time attributed to his father, are chiefly to be found in the "Paradyse of Daintye Devyces," which was reprinted long after in "The Bibliographer." "The Assault of Cupid," and the "Dyttie, or Sonnet Made by the Lord Vaux in Tyme of the Noble Queene Marye," were reprinted by Dr. Percy and Mr. Ellis. Among the best known of his pieces are "The Aged Louer Renounceth Loue;" "No Pleasure Without some Paine;" "Of the Instabilitie of Youth;" "Of a Contented Minde;" "Of Beying Asked the Occasion of his White Heade."

THE TORPOR OF OLD AGE.

My lusts they do me leave,
  My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
  Gray hairs upon my head.

My muse doth not delight
  Me as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight
  As they have been of yore.

For reason me denies
  This youthly, idle rhyme;
And day by day to me she cries,
  Leave off these toys in time.

The wrinkles in my brow,
  The furrows in my face,
Say limping age will lodge him now
  Where youth must give him place.

Thus must I youth give up,
  Whose badge I long did wear;
To them I yield the wanton cup
  That better may it bear.

Of a Contented Minde.

When all is done and said,
  In th' end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss,
  That hath a quiet mind;
And clear from worldly cares,
  To deem can be content,
The sweetest time in all his life
  On thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
  To fickle fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
  Is casual every hour;
And death in time doth change
  It to a clod of clay,
Whereas the mind, which is divine,
  Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
  Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech,
  Through thinking, few or none;
Fear oft restraineth words,
  But makes not thought to cease,
And he speaks best that hath the skill
  When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
  Our kinsmen at the grave.
But virtues of the mind unto
  The heavens with us we have;
Wherefore for virtue's sake
  I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
  In thinking spent.

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.

Vega Carpio, Lope Felix de, a celebrated Spanish poet and dramatist; born at Madrid, November 25, 1562; died there, August 27, 1635. He wrote poetry in his childhood, and before he was twelve years old some dramatic pieces. At seventeen he entered the University of Alcalá de Henares, where he distinguished himself. After many vicissitudes, and after service as a soldier, he became a Franciscan priest. He is said to have been the most prolific author who ever lived, having written eighteen hundred dramas. Lord Holland gave a list of four hundred and ninety-seven still extant. Besides these were long poems, "Arcadia," "La Hermosura de Angelica," etc. His miscellaneous writings were published in twenty-one volumes (Madrid, 1776).

Sancho the Brave.

(From the "Estrella de Sevilla.")

Sancho Ortiz is required by the King of Castile to avenge his outraged honor on a man who has been guilty of the crime of lèse-majesté, and whose name is written in a folded paper which he hands Ortiz. On opening the fatal paper, Sancho finds to his dismay that the name written in it is that of Tabera, his dearest friend, and the brother of Estrella, to whom he is betrothed. After a cruel struggle with himself, he provokes a quarrel with Tabera and kills him. Estrella petitions the King to deliver up to her for punishment the slayer of her brother. The King grants her prayer, hoping meantime to save Sancho's life without disclosing his own instrumentality in Tabera's death. Estrella goes veiled to the prison, and with the King's ring, which he has given her, obtains Sancho's release. Leading him out of the prison, she shows him a horse which she has provided for him, and tells him to mount it and escape. Sancho refuses, and asks her to unveil herself. She does so, and attempts to shake his resolution, which is, however, only the more [illegible] when he sees who his liberator is. Sancho returns to the Estrella to her house. The play ends with the scenes

Present: A Servant, *the* King; *afterwards the* Alcaldes.

SERVANT. My lord,
The two Alcaldes on your Highness wait.

KING. Bid them with their wands of office enter.

[*Exit* Servant.

KING. The promise that to Sancho Ortiz I gave,
If in my power it lie will I fulfil;
But of my part in this most cruel deed
Repented truly, letting no hint escape.

Enter the two Alcaldes.

DON PEDRO. Great King, the crime being fully proved,
The law demands the sentence.

KING. Pronounce it.
Only, being fathers of the country,
I charge you see to it that it be just.
And clemency than justice is ofttimes
More wise. Sancho Ortiz is of Seville
A magistrate, if he who at his sword
Met death a magistrate of Seville was.
Mercy the one demands, if the other justice.

FARFAN. Alcaldes are we of Seville, my lord;
In us you have reposed your confidence,
In us your honor have reposed. These wands
Do represent your Highness; and if false
In aught they prove to their most sacred trust,
They do yourself offend. Straight they do look
To heaven, whence they derive their powers;
But bending to the corrupt desires of men
They turn from their high source away.

KING. Thus they should bend, but only thus; — nor would I
That, in the sentence, law shall serve the ends
Of justice.

DON PEDRO. My lord, your Highness is for us
Justice and law; and on your judgments hang
Our welfare. Bid him live and he shall live;
For from the King's decree is no appeal.
Kings are by God appointed; God from the brow
Of [illegible] the sovereign crown doth take, to place it
[illegible] David.
Go; find what the sentence is,
[illegible]ed

[*Exit* FARFAN.

DON PEDRO. What are your Highness's commands?
KING. The death of Sancho, friend Don Pedro,
Will not restore the man he killed to life;
And thus, 't were my desire, a punishment
Less harsh imposing, that to Gibraltar
Or to Granada we should banish him,
Where in my service fighting he may find
A voluntary death. What say you?
DON PEDRO. This:
That I am called Don Pedro de Guzman,
And hold myself, my liege, at your command.
My life, my fortune, and my sword are yours.
KING. A close embrace, Don Pedro de Guzman.
Nor less from your true heart did I expect.
Go now, and God be with you; send me hither
Presently Farfan de Ribera. [*Aside.*] Thus
Flattery doth level mountains. [*Exit* DON PEDRO.

Enter FARFAN.

FARFAN. My lord,
Your orders I await.
KING. It troubled me,
Farfan de Ribera, that Sancho Ortiz
Should die; but milder counsels now prevail, —
That death be changed to banishment, which is
Indeed a death prolonged, a living death.
Your voice alone is wanting to confirm
The sentence.
FARFAN. Command Farfan de Ribera,
My lord, something of weightier import;
Nor doubt but that my loyalty no doubt
Shall hold from serving you in all things.
KING. So
Do you prove yourself Ribera, adorned
With all the virtues of an earlier day,
Your constant, true companions. Go, and God
Be with you. [*Exit* FARFAN.
The business was well managed.
Sancho Ortiz from death escapes: my pledge
Is thus redeemed; and none doth aught suspect.
As general of some frontier shall he go;
With which at once I banish and reward him.

Enter Alcaldes.

DON PEDRO. The sentence now, great King, is signed
And only waits your Highness's approval.

KING. Doubtless the sentence such as I desired
That it should be, such noble lords have made it.
FARFAN. 'T is such as doth our loyalty approve.
KING [*reads*]. "We do decree, and so pronounce the sentence.
That Sancho Ortiz be in the public square
Beheaded." — Is this the sentence, caitiffs,
That you have signed! Thus, caitiffs, to your King
Your pledge you keep. God's death!
FARFAN. The pledge he gives
The least of us is ready, as you have proof,
My lord, descended from the judgment seat,
With his life to redeem; but seated there,
No human power, nor earth and heaven combined,
Can make him from the right one jot to swerve
In word or deed.
DON PEDRO. As vassals our obedience
You command: as judges your authority
Extends not over us; to conscience only
Our fealty, as such, being due. In this
Its rights the council of Seville will know
How to maintain.
KING. 'T is well. Enough. You all
Do shame me.

Enter DON ARIAS, ESTRELLA.

DON ARIAS. Estrella is here.
KING. What course
To take, Don Arias? What counsellest thou,
In this so great perplexity?

Enter the Warden *with* DON SANCHO.

WARDEN. My lord,
Sancho Ortiz here waits your pleasure.
DON SANCHO. Great King,
Wherefore with death dost thou not end my woes?
Wherefore, the rigor of the law applying,
My cruel sufferings dost thou not end?
Busto Tabera at my hand met death:
Let death be my award; let him who slays
Be slain. Show mercy, meting justice.
KING. Stay:
What warrant hadst thou for Tabera's death?
DON SANCHO. A paper.
KING. Signed by whom?

DON SANCHO. That would the paper
Most clearly tell, did it speak; but papers torn
Confusèd accents utter. All I know
Is, that I slew the man I held most dear,
For that I so had pledged my word. But here
Estrella at thy feet the sentence waits
To death that dooms me, — vengeance all too slight.
KING. Estrella, with a noble of my house,
A gallant youth, and in Castile a prince
And powerful lord, we have betrothèd you;
And in return the favor of Sancho's pardon
We ask, which 't is not just that you deny.
ESTRELLA. If that I am betrothed, my sovereign liege,
Let Sancho Ortiz go free; nor execute
My vengeance.
DON SANCHO. Thy pardon thou dost grant me, then,
For that his Highness has betrothed thee?
ESTRELLA. Yes:
Therefore it is I pardon thee.
DON SANCHO. And thus
Thou art avenged for my offence?
ESTRELLA. And satisfied.
DON SANCHO. I accept my life, that so thy hopes attain
Fulfilment; although to die were sweeter.
KING. You are free.
FARFAN. This to Seville is an offence,
My Lord. Sancho Ortiz must die.
KING [to DON ARIAS]. What now
To do? These people humiliate me,
And put me to confusion.
DON ARIAS. Speak.
KING. Seville,
I to the law will answer for Tibera's death,
For I did cause it; I did command the deed.
To exonerate Sancho this suffices.
DON SANCHO. For this exoneration only did
My honor wait. The King commanded me
To kill him. So barbarous a deed I 'd not
Committed, had he not commanded it.
KING. He speaks the truth.
FARFAN. Seville is satisfied.
For since thou didst command the deed,
Doubtless he gave thee cause.
KING. Amazed the Sevillian
Nobleness of soul I contemplate.

DON SANCHO. I
To fulfil the sentence of my banishment,
When thou another promise dost fulfil
Thou gavest me, will depart.
KING. I will fulfil it.
DON SANCHO. The boon I asked, that thou for bride shouldst give me
The maid that I should name.
KING. The boon is granted.
DON SANCHO. The hand of Doña Estrella then I claim;
And here a suppliant at her feet I crave
Pardon for my offence.
ESTRELLA. Sancho Ortiz, I am another's now.
DON SANCHO. Another's!
ESTRELLA. Yes.
DON SANCHO. Then is the sentence of my death pronounced!
KING. Estrella, I have given my royal word,
And should fulfil it. What answerest thou?
ESTRELLA. That as thou willest so be it. I am his.
DON SANCHO. And I am hers.
KING. What wants there further, then?
DON SANCHO. Accord.
ESTRELLA. And this there could not be between us,
Living together.
DON SANCHO. 'T is true; and therefore
I do absolve thee from thy promise.
ESTRELLA. So
From thine I do absolve thee. The slayer
To see forever of my brother, in bed,
At board, must needs afflict me.
DON SANCHO. And me, to be forever with the sister
Of him I slew unjustly, holding him dear
As my own soul.
ESTRELLA. So then we are free?
DON SANCHO. Yes.
ESTRELLA. Then fare thee well.
DON SANCHO. Farewell.
KING. Stay.
ESTRELLA. My lord, the man
Who slew my brother, though I do adore him,
Can never be my husband. [*Exit.*
DON SANCHO. Nor I, my lord,
Because I adore her, do count it just
Her husband that I should be. [*Exit.*

PAUL VERLAINE.

Verlaine, Paul, a French poet and story writer; born at Metz, March 30, 1844; died at Paris, January 8, 1896. His father, a captain in the engineers, removed with his family to Paris in 1851; and it was there that Paul spent the greater part of his life, varied by visits to England, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. He led a life of vagabondage, vibrating between prison and hospital. His first volume of poems, "Poèmes Saturniens," was published at the age of twenty-three; and was followed by "Fêtes Galantes" (1869); "La Bonne Chanson" (1870); "Romances sans Paroles" (1874); "Sagesse" (1881); "Jadis et Naguère" (1884); "Amour" (1888); "Parallèlement" (1889); "Dédicaces" (1890); "Bonheur" (1891); "Chansons pour Elle" (1891); "Liturgies Intimes" (1892); "Élégies" (1893); "Odes en son Honneur" (1893); "Dans les Limbes" (1894); "Épigrammes" (1894); and the following works in prose: "Les Poètes Maudits" (1884); "Louise Leclercq" (1885); "Mémoires d'un Veuf" (1887); "Mes Hôpitaux" (1891); "Mes Prisons" (1893); "Quinze Jours en Hollande" (1893); and "Confessions" (1895).

The Blue Sky is Smiling.

The blue sky is smiling afar o'er the roof,
  Smiling its tenderest and best;
A green tree is rearing above the same roof
  Its swaying crest.

The belfry-bells up in the motionless sky
  Softly and peacefully ring;
The birds that go sailing athwart the same sky
  Unceasing sing.

The murmur of bees everywhere fills the air—
  Honey-bees up from the street;
My God! there is life everywhe
  Calm life and sweet.

Then what have you done, guilty man, that you weep?
What guilty thing have you done,
That under the life-giving sun you can weep—
The smiling sun?

The Love of Christ.

And thou must love Me, child, the Saviour said: —
Behold My bleeding heart; My riven side;
My wounded feet, that Mary knelt, dim-eyed,
To clasp; Mine arms to thee outspread.

Thy sins I've borne: My cross with blood is red;
Sponge, nails, all, all, thy wand'ring heart shall guide
To love where nought was known but selfish pride;
My blood shall be thy wine, My flesh thy bread.

I've loved thee, brother mine, e'en down to death;
My Father's child in spirit and in faith,
For thee I've suffered, as the Scripture saith,
Thine agony went out with my last breath;
Thy tears hung cold upon My clammy brow;
O tearful, trembling friend, rest with Me now.

JULES VERNE.

Verne, Jules, a popular French novelist; born at Nantes, February 8, 1828. He was educated in his native town, studied law in Paris, where he devoted much attention to dramatic literature. His comedy "Les Pailles Rompues" was performed at the Gymnase in 1850, and "Onze Jours de Siège" followed. His works have been translated into English. Among them are "Five Weeks in a Balloon" (1870); "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth" (1872); "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (1873); "Meridiana: the Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa" (1873); "From the Earth to the Moon Direct in Ninety-seven Hours Twenty Minutes, and a Trip Round It" (1873); "The Fur Country; or Seventy Degrees North Latitude" (1874); "Around the World in Eighty Days" (1874); "A Floating City" and "The Blockade Runners" (1874); "The English at the North Pole" (1874); "Dr. Ox's Experiment" (1874); "A Winter Amid the Ice" (1875); "The Mysterious Island" (1875); "The Survivors of the 'Chancellor'" (1875); "Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar" (1876); "The Child of the Cavern" (1877); "Hector Servadac, or the Career of a Comet" (1877); "Dick Sands, the Boy Captain" (1878); "Le Rayon Vert" (1882); "Kéraban-le-têtu" (1883); "L'Étoile du Sud" (1884); "Le Pays de Diamants" (1884); "Le Chemin de France" (1887); "Deux Ans de Vacances" (1888); "Famille Sans Nom" (1889); "Cæsar Cascabel" (1890); "Mathias Sandorf" (1890); "Nord contre Sud" (1890); "The Purchase of the North Pole" (1890); "Claudius Bombamac" (1892); "Le Château des Carpathes" (1892).

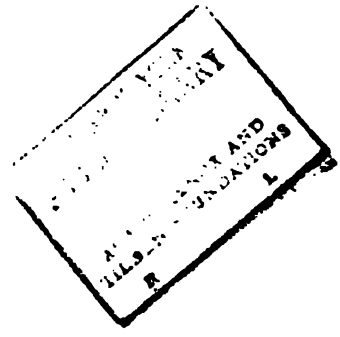
A Pearl of Ten Millions.

(From "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.")

The next morning at four o'clock I was awakened by the steward, whom Captain Nemo had placed at my service. I rose hurriedly, dressed, and went into the saloon.

Captain Nemo was awaiting me.

"M. Aronnax," said he, "are you ready to start?"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"I am ready."

"Then please to follow me."

"And my companions, Captain?"

"They have been told, and are waiting."

"Are we not to put on our diver's dresses?" asked I.

"Not yet. I have not allowed the 'Nautilus' to come too near this coast, and we are some distance from the Manaar Bank; but the boat is ready, and will take us to the exact point of disembarking, which will save us a long way. It carries our diving apparatus, which we will put on when we begin our submarine journey."

Captain Nemo conducted me to the central staircase, which led on to the platform. Ned and Conseil were already there, delighted at the idea of the "pleasure party" which was preparing. Five sailors from the "Nautilus," with their oars, waited in the boat, which had been made fast against the side.

The night was still dark. Layers of clouds covered the sky, allowing but few stars to be seen. I looked on the side where the land lay, and saw nothing but a dark line enclosing three parts of the horizon, from southwest to northwest. The "Nautilus," having returned during the night up the western coast of Ceylon, was now west of the bay, or rather gulf, formed by the mainland and the island of Manaar. There, under the dark waters, stretched the pintadine bank, and an inexhaustible field of pearls, the length of which is more than twenty miles.

Captain Nemo, Ned Land, Conseil, and I, took our places in the stern of the boat. The master went to the tiller; his four companions leaned on their oars, the painter was cast off, and we sheered off.

The boat went to toward the south; the oarsmen did not hurry. I noticed that their strokes, strong in the water, only followed each other every ten seconds, according to the method generally adopted in the navy. Whilst the craft was running by its own velocity, liquid drops struck the dark depth of the waves crisply, like spots of melted lead. A little billow, spreading wide, gave a slight roll to the boat and some samphire reeds flapped before it.

We were silent. What was Captain Nemo thinking of? Perhaps of the land he was approaching, and which he found too near to him, contrary to the Canadian's opinion, who thought it too far off. As to Conseil, he was merely there from curiosity.

About half-past five, the first tints on the horizon showed the

upper line of coast more distinctly. Flat enough in the east, it rose a little to the south. Five miles still lay between us, and it was indistinct, owing to the mist on the water. At six o'clock it became suddenly daylight with that rapidity peculiar to tropical regions, which know neither dawn nor twilight. The solar rays pierced the curtain of clouds piled upon the eastern horizon, and the radiant orb rose rapidly. I saw land distinctly, with a few trees scattered here and there. The boat neared Manaar Island, which was rounded to the south. Captain Nemo rose from his seat and watched the sea.

At a sign from him the anchor was dropped, but the chain scarcely ran, for it was little more than a yard deep, and this spot was one of the highest points of the bank of pintadines.

"Here we are, M. Aronnax," said Captain Nemo.

"You see that enclosed bay? Here, in a month, will be assembled the numerous fishing-boats of the exporters, and these are the waters their divers will ransack so boldly. Happily, this bay is well situated for that kind of fishing. It is sheltered from the strongest winds; the sea is never very rough here, which makes it favorable for the diver's work. We will now put on our dresses, and begin our walk."

I did not answer, and while watching the unsuspected waves began with the help of the sailors to put on my heavy sea-dress. Captain Nemo and my companions were also dressing. None of the "Nautilus'" men were to accompany us on this new excursion.

Soon we were enveloped to the throat in India-rubber clothing; the air apparatus fixed to our backs by braces. As to the Ruhmkorff apparatus, there was no necessity for it. Before putting my head into the copper cap, I had asked the question of the captain.

"They would be useless," he replied. "We are going to no great depth, and the solar ray will be enough to light our walk. Besides, it would not be prudent to carry the electric light in these waters; its brilliancy might attract some of the dangerous inhabitants of the coast most inopportunely."

As Captain Nemo pronounced these words, I turned to Conseil and Ned Land. But my two friends had already incased their heads in the metal caps, and they could neither hear nor answer.

One last question remained to ask of Captain Nemo.

"And our arms?" asked I; "our guns?"

"Guns! what for? Do not mountaineers attack the bear with daggers in their hand, and is not steel surer than lead? Here is a strong blade; put it in your belt, and we start."

I looked at my companions; they were armed like us, and more than that, Ned Land was brandishing an enormous harpoon, which he had placed in the boat before leaving the "Nautilus."

Then, following the captain's example, I allowed myself to be dressed in the heavy copper helmet, and our reservoirs of air were at once in activity. An instant after, we were landed, one after the other, in about two feet of water, upon an even sand. Captain Nemo made a sign with his hand, and we followed him by a gentle declivity till we disappeared under the waves.

Over our feet, like coveys of snipe in a bog, rose shoals of fish, of the genus monoptera, which have no other fins but their tail. I recognized the Javanese, a real serpent, two and a half feet long, of a livid color underneath, and which might easily be mistaken for a conger eel if it was not for the golden stripes on its sides. In the genus stromateus, whose bodies are very flat and oval, I saw some of the most brilliant colors, carrying their dorsal fin like a scythe; an excellent eating fish, which, dried and pickled, is known by the name of *Karawade;* then some tranquebars, belonging to the genus apsiphoroides, whose body is covered with a shell cuirass of eight longitudinal plates.

The heightening sun lit the mass of waters more and more. The soil changed by degrees. To the fine sand succeeded a perfect causeway of bowlders, covered with a carpet of mollusks and zoophytes. Amongst the specimens of these branches I noticed some placenæ, with thin, unequal shells, a kind of ostracion peculiar to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean; some orange lucinæ with rounded shells; rock-fish three feet and a half long, which raised themselves under the waves like hands ready to seize one. There were also some panopyres, slightly luminous; and lastly, some oculines, like magnificent fans, forming one of the richest vegetations of these seas.

In the midst of these living plants, and under the arbors of the hydrophytes, were layers of clumsy articulates, particularly some raninæ, whose carapace formed a slightly rounded triangle; and some horrible-looking parthenopes.

At about seven o'clock we found ourselves at last survey-

ing the oyster banks, on which the pearl-oysters are reproduced by millions.

Captain Nemo pointed with his hand to the enormous heap of oysters; and I could well understand that this mine was inexhaustible, for nature's creative power is far beyond man's instinct of destruction. Ned Land, faithful to his instincts, hastened to fill a net which he carried by his side with some of the finest specimens. But we could not stop. We must follow the captain, who seemed to guide himself by paths known only to himself. The ground was sensibly rising, and sometimes, on holding up my arm, it was above the surface of the sea. Then the level of the bank would sink capriciously. Often we rounded high rocks scarped into pyramids. In their dark fractures huge crustacea, perched upon their high claws like some war-machine, watched us with fixed eyes, and under our feet crawled various kinds of annelides.

At this moment there opened before us a large grotto, dug in a picturesque heap of rocks, and carpeted with all the thick warp of the submarine flora. At first it seemed very dark to me. The solar rays seemed to be extinguished by successive gradations, until its vague transparency became nothing more than drowned light. Captain Nemo entered; we followed. My eyes soon accustomed themselves to this relative state of darkness. I could distinguish the arches springing capriciously from natural pillars, standing broad upon their granite base, like the heavy columns of Tuscan architecture. Why had our incomprehensible guide led us to the bottom of this submarine crypt? I was soon to know. After descending a rather sharp declivity, our feet trod the bottom of a kind of circular pit. There Captain Nemo stopped, and with his hand indicated an object I had not yet perceived. It was an oyster of extraordinary dimensions, a gigantic tridacne, a goblet which could have contained a whole lake of holy water, a basin the breadth of which was more than two yards and a half, and consequently larger than that ornamenting the saloon of the "Nautilus." I approached this extraordinary mollusk. It adhered by its byssus to a table of granite, and there, isolated, it developed itself in the calm waters of the grotto. I estimated the weight of this tridacne at six hundred pounds. Such an oyster would contain thirty pounds of meat; and one must have the stomach of a Garga lish some dozens of them.

Captain Nemo was evidently acquainted with the existence of this bivalve, and seemed to have a particular motive in verifying the actual state of this tridacne. The shells were a little open; the captain came near, and put his dagger between them to prevent them from closing; then with his hand he raised the membrane with its fringed edges, which formed a cloak for the creature. There, between the folded plaits, I saw a loose pearl, whose size equalled that of a cocoanut. Its globular shape, perfect clearness, and admirable lustre made it altogether a jewel of inestimable value. Carried away by my curiosity I stretched out my hand to seize it, weigh it, and touch it; but the captain stopped me, made a sign of refusal, and quickly withdrew his dagger, and the two shells closed suddenly. I then understood Captain Nemo's intention. In leaving this pearl hidden in the mantle of the tridacne, he was allowing it to grow slowly. Each year the secretions of the mollusk would add new concentric circles. I estimated its value at £500,000 at least.

After ten minutes Captain Nemo stopped suddenly. I thought he had halted previously to returning. No; by a gesture he bade us crouch beside him in a deep fracture of the rock, his hand pointed to one part of the liquid mass, which I watched attentively.

About five yards from me a shadow appeared, and sank to the ground. The disquieting idea of sharks shot through my mind, but I was mistaken; and once again it was not a monster of the ocean that we had anything to do with.

It was a man, a living man, an Indian, a fisherman, a poor devil, who, I suppose, had come to glean before the harvest. I could see the bottom of his canoe anchored some feet above his head. He dived and went up successively. A stone held between his feet, cut in the shape of a sugar-loaf, whilst a rope fastened him to his boat, helped him to descend more rapidly. This was all his apparatus. Reaching the bottom about five yards deep, he went on his knees and filled his bag with oysters picked up at random. Then he went up, emptied it, pulled up his stone, and began the operation once more, which lasted thirty seconds.

The diver did not see us. The shadow of the rock hid us from sight. And how should this poor Indian ever dream that men, beings like himself, should be there under the water, watching his movements, and losing no detail of the fishing?

Several times he went up in this way, and dived again. He did not carry away more than ten at each plunge, for he was obliged to pull them from the bank to which they adhered by means of their strong byssus. And how many of those oysters for which he risked his life had no pearl in them! I watched him closely; his manœuvres were regular, and, for the space of half an hour, no danger appeared to threaten him.

I was beginning to accustom myself to the sight of this interesting fishing, when suddenly, as the Indian was on the ground, I saw him make a gesture of terror, rise, and make a spring to return to the surface of the sea.

I understood his dread. A gigantic shadow appeared just above the unfortunate diver. It was a shark of enormous size advancing diagonally, his eyes on fire, and his jaws open. I was mute with horror, and unable to move.

The voracious creature shot toward the Indian, who threw himself on one side in order to avoid the shark's fins; but not its tail, for it struck his chest, and stretched him on the ground.

This scene lasted but a few seconds; the shark returned, and, turning on his back, prepared himself for cutting the Indian in two, when I saw Captain Nemo rise suddenly, and then, dagger in hand, walk straight to the monster, ready to fight face to face with him. The very moment the shark was going to snap the unhappy fisherman in two, he perceived his new adversary, and turning over, made straight toward him.

I can still see Captain Nemo's position. Holding himself well together, he waited for the shark with admirable coolness; and when it rushed at him, threw himself on one side with wonderful quickness, avoiding the shock, and burying his dagger deep into its side.

But it was not all over. A terrible combat ensued.

The shark had seemed to roar, if I might say so. The blood rushed in torrents from its wounds. The sea was dyed red, and through the opaque liquid I could distinguish nothing more. Nothing more until the moment when, like lightning, I saw the undaunted captain hanging on to one of the creature's fins, struggling, as it were, hand to hand with the monster, and dealing successive blows at his enemy, yet still unable to give a decisive one.

The shark's struggles agitated the water with such fury that the rocking threatened to upset me

I wanted to go to the captain's assistance, but, nailed to the spot with horror, I could not stir.

I saw the haggard eye; I saw the different phases of the fight. The captain fell to the earth, upset by the enormous mass which leant upon him. The shark's jaws opened wide, like a pair of factory shears, and it would have been all over with the captain; but, quick as thought, harpoon in hand, Ned Land rushed toward the shark and struck it with its sharp point.

The waves were impregnated with a mass of blood. They rocked under the shark's movements, which beat them with indescribable fury. Ned Land had not missed his aim. It was the monster's death-rattle. Struck to the heart, it struggled in dreadful convulsions, the shock of which overthrew Conseil.

But Ned Land had disentangled the captain, who, getting up without any wound, went straight to the Indian, quickly cut the cord which held him to the stone, took him in his arms, and, with a sharp blow of his heel, mounted to the surface.

We all three followed in a few seconds, saved by a miracle, and reached the fisherman's boat.

Captain Nemo's first care was to recall the unfortunate man to life again. I did not think he could succeed. I hoped so, for the poor creature's immersion was not long; but the blow from the shark's tail might have been his death-blow.

Happily, with the captain's and Conseil's sharp friction, I saw consciousness return by degrees. He opened his eyes. What was his surprise, his terror even, at seeing four great copper heads leaning over him! And above all, what must he have thought when Captain Nemo, drawing from the pocket of his dress a bag of pearls, placed it in his hand! This munificent charity from the man of the waters to the poor Cingalese was accepted with a trembling hand. His wonderful eyes showed that he knew not to what superhuman beings he owed both fortune and life.

At a sign from the captain we regained the bank, and following the road already traversed, came, in about half an hour, to the anchor which held the canoe of the "Nautilus" to the earth.

Once on board, we each, with the help of the sailors, got rid of the heavy copper helmet.

Captain Nemo's first word was to the Canadian.

"Thank you, Master Land," said he.

"It was in revenge, Captain," replied Ned Land. "I owed you that."

A ghastly smile passed across the captain's lips, and that was all.

"To the 'Nautilus,'" said he.

The boat flew over the waves. Some minutes after, we met the shark's dead body floating. By the black marking of the extremity of its fins, I recognized the terrible melanopteron of the Indian Seas of the species of shark properly so called. It was more than twenty-five feet long; its enormous mouth occupied one-third of its body. It was an adult, as was known by its six rows of teeth placed in an isosceles triangle in the upper jaw.

Conseil looked at it with scientific interest, and I am sure that he placed it, and not without reason, in the cartilaginous class, of the chondropterygian order, with fixed gills, of the selacian family, in the genus of the sharks.

Whilst I was contemplating this inert mass, a dozen of these voracious beasts appeared round the boat, and without noticing us, threw themselves upon the dead body and fought with one another for the pieces.

At half-past eight we were again on board the "Nautilus." There I reflected on the incidents which had taken place in our excursion to the Manaar Bank.

Two conclusions I must inevitably draw from it — one bearing upon the unparalleled courage of Captain Nemo, the other upon his devotion to a human being, a representative of that race from which he fled beneath the seas. Whatever he might say, this strange man had not yet succeeded in entirely crushing his heart.

When I made this observation to him, he answered in a slightly moved tone: —

"That Indian, sir, is an inhabitant of an oppressed country; and I am still, and shall be, to my last breath, a friend of them!"

JONES VERY.

VERY, JONES, an American poet and essayist; born at Salem, Mass., August 28, 1813; died there, May 8, 1880. He was graduated from Harvard in 1836, and was a tutor in Greek, 1836–38, while studying divinity. In 1838 he retired to Salem. He believed that his poems were written by a kind of Divine inspiration. The first collection of his writings, "Essays and Poems," was prepared by Emerson, in 1839. William P. Andrews edited the poems, with a "Memoir," 1883; and a complete edition, with biography, was published by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke in 1886.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

I CANNOT heal thy green-gold breast,
Where deep those cruel teeth have prest;
Nor bid thee raise thy ruffled crest,
And seek thy mate,
Who sits alone within thy nest,
Nor sees thy fate.

No more with him in summer hours
Thou 'lt hum amid the leafy bowers,
Nor hover round the dewy flowers,
To feed thy young;
Nor seek, when evening darkly lowers,
Thy nest high hung.

No more thou 'lt know a mother's care
Thy honeyed spoils at eve to share;
Nor teach thy tender brood to dare,
With upward spring,
Their path through fields of sunny air,
On new-fledged wing.

For thy return in vain shall wait
Thy tender young, thy fond, fond mate,

Till night's last stars beam forth full late
On their sad eyes:
Unknown, alas! thy cruel fate,
Unheard thy cries!

The Wood-Wax.

Laughing, midst its yellow blooms
At the fire that it consumes,
Springs the wood-wax every year;
It has naught from man to fear.

From the turnpike's grassy side,
See it flourish far and wide,
On the steep and rocky hills:
Naught the wood-wax hurts or kills.

Glorious sight in summer-time
'T is, to see it in its prime,
With its spikes of flowers untold,
Covering all the hills with gold!

Though a plant of stranger race,
It with us has found a place;
Vain the farmer's art or toil
That would drive it from the soil.

Vain in winter is the fire
Which it kindles in his ire;
Still it laughs, amidst its blooms,
At the flame that it consumes.

Beauty.

I gazed upon thy face, — and beating life
Once stilled its sleepless pulses in my breast,
And every thought whose being was a strife
Each in its silent chamber sank to rest.
I was not, save it were a thought of thee;
The world was but a spot where thou hadst trod;
From every star thy glance seemed fixed on me;
Almost I loved thee better than my God.
And still I gaze, — but 't is a holier thought
Than that in which my spirit lived before.

Each star a purer ray of love has caught,
  Earth wears a lovelier robe than then it wore;
And every lamp that burns around thy shrine
Is fed with fire whose fountain is divine.

The Prayer.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew,
  And every blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
  And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, — the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
  Come, gently as thy holy dove;
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from them
When thy storms come, though fierce may be their wrath,
  But bow with leafy stem,
And strengthened follow on thy chosen path.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me:
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
  As, when from sin set free,
My spirit loves with thine in peace to dwell.

PASQUALE VILLARI.

Villari, Pasquale, an Italian educator and historian; born at Naples, October 3, 1827; and was educated there. In 1859 he published his "Storia di Girolamo Savonarola," and was immediately made Professor of History at the University of Pisa. His work on Savonarola was followed by "La Civiltà Latina e Germanica" (1861); "Leggende che Illustrano la Divina Commedia" (1865); and many critical, educational, and poetical treatises. His political pamphlet "Di Chi è la Colpa" — "Whose is the Fault?" — stirred the nation to its very depths; and the same year, 1866, Villari was called to the chair of History at the Institute of Higher Studies in Florence. He became General Secretary of Public Instruction in 1869, Senator in 1884, and Minister of Public Instruction in 1891. His "Niccolò Machiavelli" was published in 1877; and in 1893 he issued his "Storia di Firenze" — "Florentine History." "Scritti Vari" appeared in 1894.

The Siege of St. Marks.

(From "Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola.")

Savonarola's adherents had either disappeared or were in hiding; all Florence now seemed against him. . . .

The morning of the 8th of April, Palm Sunday, 1498, passed quietly; but it was easy for an observant eye to discern that this tranquillity was only the sullen calm that precedes a storm, and that it was a marvel no startling event had yet occurred. Savonarola preached in St. Mark's, but his sermon was very short and sad; he offered his body as a sacrifice to God, and declared his readiness to face death for the good of his flock. Mournfully, but with much composure, he took leave of his people; and in giving them his benediction, seemed to feel that he was addressing them for the last time. . . . The friar's adherents then hurried to their homes to procure arms; while a portion of their adversaries held the corners of the streets, and all the rest marched through the city, crying "*To St. Mark's*,

to St. Mark's, fire in hand!" They assembled on the Piazza of the Signory; and when their numbers had sufficiently increased, moved in the direction of the convent, brandishing their weapons and uttering fierce cries. On the way they caught sight of a certain man, named Pecori, who was quietly walking to the church of the Santissima Annunziata, singing psalms as he went; and immediately some of them rushed after him, crying, "Does the hypocrite still dare to mumble!" And overtaking him on the steps of the Innocenti, they slew him on the spot. A poor spectacles-maker, hearing the great noise in the street, came out with his slippers in his hand; and while trying to persuade the people to be quiet, was killed by a sword-thrust in his head. Others shared the same fate; and in this way, infuriated by the taste of blood, the mob poured into the Square of St. Mark. Finding the church thronged with the people who had attended vespers, and were still engaged in prayer, they hurled a dense shower of stones through the door; whereat a general panic ensued, the women shrieked loudly, and all took to flight. In a moment the church was emptied; its doors, as well as those of the convent, were locked and barred; and no one remained within save the citizens who were bent on defending St. Mark's.

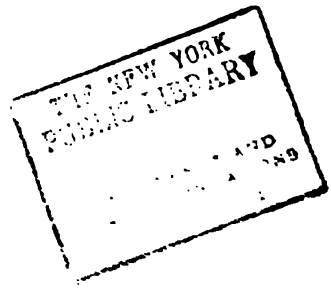
Although barely thirty in number, these comprised some of the most devoted of Savonarola's adherents; the men who had escorted him to the pulpit, and were ever prepared to risk their life in his service. For some days past they had known that the convent was in danger; and accordingly eight or ten of them had always come to guard it by night. Without the knowledge of Savonarola or Fra Domenico, whom they knew to be averse to all deeds of violence, they had, by the suggestion of Fra Silvestro and Fra Francesco de' Medici, secretly deposited a store of arms in a cell beneath the cloister. Here were some twelve breastplates, and as many helmets; eighteen halberds, five or six crossbows, shields of different kinds, four or five harquebusses, a barrel of powder, and leaden bullets, and even, as it would seem, two small mortars. Francesco Davanzati, who had furnished almost all these weapons, and was then in the convent, brought out and distributed them to those best able to use them. Assisted by Baldo Inghirlami, he directed the defence for some time; placing guards at the weakest points, and giving the necessary orders. About sixteen of the friars took arms, and foremost among them were Fra

Luca, son of Andrea della Robbia, and our Fra Benedetto. It was a strange sight to see some of these men, with breastplates over their Dominican robes and helmets on their heads, brandishing enormous halberds, and speeding through the cloister with shouts of "Viva Cristo!" to call their companions to arms.

Savonarola was deeply grieved by this, and Fra Domenico went about imploring all to cast aside their weapons. "They must not stain their hands in blood; they must not disobey the precepts of the gospel, nor their superior's commands." So he cried, but all was in vain; for at that moment the furious yells outside rose to a deafening pitch, and more determined attacks were made on the gates. It was then that Savonarola resolved to end the fruitless and painful struggle by the sacrifice of his own safety; so, assuming his priest's vestments, and taking a cross in his hand, he said to his companions, "Suffer me to go forth, since through me *orta est hæc tempestas*" (this storm has risen); and wished to surrender himself to his enemies at once. But he was met by universal cries of despair; friars and laymen pressed round him with tears and supplications. "No! do not leave us! you will be torn to pieces; and what would become of us without you?" When he saw his most trusted friends barring the way before him, he turned about and bade all follow him to the church. First of all he carried the Host in procession through the cloisters; then led the way to the choir, and reminded them that prayer was the only weapon to be employed by ministers of religion: whereupon all fell on their knees before the consecrated wafer, and intoned the chant —"Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine" (O Lord, save thy people). Some had rested their weapons against the wall, others still grasped them, and only a few remained on guard at the main entrances.

It was now about the twenty-second hour (*i. e.*, two hours before sundown); the throng on the Piazza had increased, the assailants were encouraged by meeting with no resistance, and the Signory's guards were coming to their aid. At this moment the mace-bearers appeared, to proclaim the Signory's decree that all in the convent were to lay down their arms; and that Savonarola was sentenced to exile, and ordered to quit the Florentine territory within twelve hours' time. Most of those who heard this announcement regarded it as a device of the enemy. It was difficult to credit that the Signory could order ... at

SAVONAROLA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tacked, who were making scarcely any defence, to lay down their arms, while the assailants, who were the sole authors of the disturbance, and in far greater numbers, were not only left unmolested, but supplied with reinforcements! Nevertheless, the proclamation decided several to obtain safe-conducts and hurry away. . . .

Meanwhile night was falling, and the siege of the convent was being carried on with desperate ferocity. Some fired the gates; while others had successfully scaled the walls on the Sapienza side, and made their way into the cloisters. After sacking the infirmary and the cells, they all penetrated to the sacristy, sword in hand, and broke open the door leading to the choir. When the friars, who were kneeling there in prayer, found themselves thus suddenly attacked, they were naturally stirred to self-defence. Seizing the burning torches, and crucifixes of metal and wood, they belabored their assailants with so much energy that the latter fled in dismay, believing for a moment that a band of angels had come to the defence of the convent.

Then the other monks, who had laid down their arms at Savonarola's behest, again resumed the defence; and there was more skirmishing in the cloisters and corridors. At the same time the great bell of the convent, called the Piagnona, tolled forth the alarm; both besiegers and besieged fought with greater fury; all was clamor and confusion, cries of despair, and clashing of steel. This was the moment when Baldo Inghirlami and Francesco Davanzati dealt such vigorous blows, and that Fra Luca d'Andrea della Robbia chased the foes through the cloisters, sword in hand. Fra Benedetto and a few others mounted on the roof, and repeatedly drove back the enemy with a furious hail of stones and tiles. Several of the monks fired their muskets with good effect inside the church; and a certain Fra Enrico, a young, fair-haired, handsome German, particularly distinguished himself by his prowess. At the first beginning of the struggle he had courageously sallied out into the midst of the mob, and possessed himself of the weapon he wielded so valiantly; accompanying each stroke with the cry, "Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine."

At this juncture the victory was decidedly with St. Mark's, and its defenders were exulting in their success, when a fresh edict of the Signory was proclaimed, declaring all rebels who did not forsake the convent within an hour. Thereupon several more demanded safe-conducts and departed, thus further dimin-

ishing the too scanty garrison. And there being no longer any doubt as to the Signory's intention of crushing St. Mark's, even the remnant of the defenders lost hope and courage, and were already beginning to give way. Savonarola and many of his brethren still remained in the choir, offering up prayers, which were interrupted from time to time by the cries of the injured or the piteous wail of the dying. Among the latter was a youth of the Panciatichi House, who was borne, fatally wounded, to the steps of the high altar; and there, amid volleys of harquebuss shots, received the communion from Fra Domenico, and joyfully drew his last breath in the friar's arms, after kissing the crucifix and exclaiming, "Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum!" (Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!)

Night had now come; and the monks, exhausted with hunger and agitation, devoured some dry figs one of their companions had brought. Suddenly the defence was resumed; louder cries were heard, and fresh volleys of shot. In the pulpit from which Savonarola had so frequently inculcated the doctrine of peace, Fra Enrico, the German, had now taken his stand, and was firing his harquebuss with fatal effect. The smoke became so dense that it was necessary to break the windows in order to escape suffocation; and thereupon long tongues of flame poured into the church from the burning doors. The German and another defender retreated into the choir, and clambering upon the high altar, planted their harquebusses beside the great crucifix, and continued their fire.

Savonarola was overwhelmed with grief by this waste of life in his cause, but was powerless to prevent it. No attention being paid to his protests, he again raised the Host and commanded his friars to follow him. Traversing the dormitory, he had conducted nearly all to the Greek library, when he caught sight of Fra Benedetto rushing down stairs, maddened with fury and fully armed, to confront the assailants at close quarters. Laying his hand on his disciple's shoulder, he gave him a severe glance, and said in a tone of earnest reproof, "Fra Benedetto, throw down those weapons and take up the cross: I never intended my brethren to shed blood." And the monk humbled himself at his master's feet, laid aside his arms, and followed him to the library with the rest.

A final and still more threatening decree was now issued by the Signory, against all who continued to resist; commanding

Savonarola, Fra Domenico, and Fra Silvestro to present themselves at the palace without delay, and giving their word that no harm should be offered them. Fra Domenico insisted on seeing the order in writing; and the heralds, not having it with them, went back to fetch it. Meanwhile Savonarola had deposited the sacrament in the hall of the library beneath the noble arches of Michelozzi's vault; and collecting the friars around him, addressed them for the last time in these memorable words: "My beloved children, in the presence of God, in the presence of the consecrated wafer, with our enemies already in the convent, I confirm the truth of my doctrines. All that I have said hath come to me from God, and he is my witness in heaven that I speak no lie. I had not foreseen that all the city would so quickly turn against me; nevertheless, may the Lord's will be done. My last exhortation to ye is this: let faith, prayer, and patience be your weapons. I leave ye with anguish and grief, to give myself into my enemies' hands. I know not whether they will take my life; but certain am I that, once dead, I shall be able to succor ye in heaven far better than it hath been granted me to help ye on earth. Take comfort, embrace the cross, and by it shall ye find the way of salvation."

The invaders were now masters of almost the whole of the convent; and Gioacchino della Vecchia, captain of the palace guard, threatened to knock down the walls with his guns unless the orders of the Signory were obeyed. Fra Malatesta Sacramoro, the very man who a few days before had offered to walk through the fire, now played the part of Judas. He treated with the Compagnacci, and persuaded them to present a written order, for which they sent an urgent request to the Signory; while Savonarola again confessed to Fra Domenico, and took the sacrament from his hands, in preparation for their common surrender. As for their companion, Fra Silvestro, he had hidden himself, and in the confusion was nowhere to be found.

Just then a singular incident occurred. One of Savonarola's disciples — a certain Girolamo Gini, who had long yearned to assume the Dominican robe — had come to vespers that day, and from the beginning of the riot energetically helped in the defence of the convent. When Savonarola ordered all to lay down their arms, this worthy artisan instantly obeyed; but nevertheless could not refrain from rushing through the cloisters and showing himself to the assailants, — in his desire, as he confessed at his examination, to face death for the love of Jesus Christ.

Having been wounded, he now appeared in the Greek library, with blood streaming from his head; and kneeling at his master's feet humbly prayed to be invested with the habit. And his request was granted on the spot.

Savonarola was urged by some of his friends to consent to be lowered from the walls and seek safety in flight; since, if he once set foot in the palace, there was little chance of his ever leaving it alive. He hesitated, and seemed on the point of adopting this sole means of escape; when Fra Malatesta turned on him and said, "Should not the shepherd lay down his life for his lambs?" These words appeared to touch him deeply; and he accordingly made no reply, but after kissing his brethren and folding them to his heart, — this very Malatesta first of all, — he deliberately gave himself up, together with his trusty and inseparable Fra Domenico, into the hands of the mace-bearers, who had returned from the Signory at that instant.

VILLON.

Villon, François, a French poet; born at Paris in 1431; died at St. Maixent about 1484. His real name was **Montcorbier**: he took the name Villon from a patron. His life was that of a poor profligate, at times criminal, vagabond, and his character may be gathered from the fact that he was long described as "the poet-thief" and "the literary house-breaker." He studied at the University of Paris; but in 1461 he was commited to prison at Melun, for a crime the nature of which is not certainly known. After remaining in a dungeon and in chains during a whole summer, he was condemned to be hanged; but Louis XI., then newly come to the throne, commuted his sentence into exile, in consideration of his poetical abilities. After his enlargement he was reduced to such straits that he was forced to beg his bread. Besides his "Petit Testament," written in 1456, and his "Grand Testament" (1461), composed during his imprisonment, his published writings consist of only a few ballads in the language d'Argot — a sort of slang used among knaves of that age, but now wholly unintelligible. His two "Testaments" are humorous pieces, in which a fancied disposal of property is made, with a view only of raising a laugh at the legatees —a species of drollery in which Villon has had many imitators. His poems were edited by Clement Marot, at the instance of Francis I., and several editions have been published since. John Payne translated Villon's poems in 1878 and 1881, doing them into English verse, for the first time, in their original forms.

Ballad of Old-Time Ladies.

Tell me where, in what land of shade,
  Bides fair Flora of Rome, and where
Are Thaïs and Archipiade,
  Cousins-german of beauty rare,
  And Echo, more than mortal fair,
That when one calls by the river-flow
  Or marish, answers out of the air?
But what is become of last year's snow?

Where did the learn'd Heloïsa vade,
  For whose sake Abelard might not spare

(Such dole for love on him was laid)
Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear?
And where is the queen who willed whilere
That Buridan, tied in a sack, should go
Floating down Seine from the turret-stair?
But what is become of last year's snow?

Blanche, too, the lily-white queen, that made
Sweet music as if she a siren were;
Broad-foot Bertha; and Joan the maid,
The good Lorrainer, the English bare
Captive to Rouen and burned her there;
Beatrix, Eremburge, Alys, — lo!
Where are they, Virgin debonair?
But what is become of last year's snow?

ENVOI.

Prince, you may question how they fare
This week, or liefer this year, I trow:
Still shall the answer this burden bear,
But what is become of last year's snow?

Ballad of Old-Time Lords.

No. 1.

Where is Calixtus, third of the name,
That died in the purple whiles ago,
Four years since he to the tiar came?
And the King of Arragon, Alfonso?
The Duke of Bourbon sweet of show,
And the Duke Arthur of Brittaine?
And Charles the Seventh, the Good? **Heigho!**
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Likewise the King of Scots, whose shame
Was the half of his face (or folks say so),
Vermeil as amethyst held to the flame,
From chin to forehead all of a glow?
The King of Cyprus, of friend and foe
Renowned; and the gentle King of Spain,
Whose name, God 'ield me, I do not know?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Of many more might I ask the same,
Who are but dust that the breezes blow;
But I desist, for none may claim
To stand against Death, that lays all low:

Yet one more question before I go, —
Where is Lancelot, King of Behaine?
And where are his valiant ancestors, trow?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

ENVOI.

Where is Du Guesclin, the Breton prow?
Where Auvergne's Dauphin, and where again
The late good Duke of Alençon? Lo!
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Ballad of Old-Time Lords.

No. 2.

Where are the holy apostles gone,
Alb-clad and amice-tired and stoled
With the sacred tippet and that alone,
Wherewith, when he waxeth overbold,
The foul fiend's throttle they take and hold?
All must come to the selfsame bay;
Sons and servants, their days are told:
The wind carries their like away.

Where is he now that held the throne
Of Constantine with the hands of gold?
And the King of France, o'er all kings known
For grace and worship that was extolled,
Who convents and churches manifold
Built for God's service? In their day
What of the honor they had? Behold,
The wind carries their like away.

Where are the champions every one,
The Dauphins, the counsellors young and old?
The barons of Salins, Dôl, Dijon,
Vienne, Grenoble? They all are cold.
Or take the folk under their banners enrolled, —
Pursuivants, trumpeters, heralds, (hey!
How they fed of the fat, and the flagon trolled!) —
The wind carries their like away.

ENVOI.

Princes to death are all foretold,
Even as the humblest of their array:
Whether they sorrow or whether they scold,
The wind carries their like away.

Ballad of Villon in Prison.

Have pity, friends, have pity now, I pray,
If it so please you, at the least, on me!
I lie in fosse, not under holm or may,
In this duresse, wherein, alas! I dree
Ill fate, as God did thereanent decree.
Lasses and lovers, younglings manifold,
Dancers and montebanks, alert and bold,
Nimble as quarrel from a crossbow shot;
Singers, that troll as clear as bells of gold, —
Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Clerks, that go carolling the livelong day,
Scant-pursed, but glad and frank and full of glee;
Wandering at will along the broad highway,
Harebrained, perchance, but whit-whole too, perdie:
Lo! now I die, whilst that you absent be,
Song-singers, — when poor Villon's days are told,
You will sing psalms for him and candles hold;
Here light nor air nor levin enters not,
Where ramparts thick are round about him rolled.
Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Consider but his piteous array,
High and fair lords, of suit and service free,
That nor to king nor kaiser homage pay,
But straight from God in heaven hold your fee!
Come fast or feast, all days alike fasts he,
Whence are his teeth like rakes' teeth to behold;
No table hath he but the sheer black mold;
After dry bread (not manchets), pot on pot
They empty down his throat of water cold:
Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

ENVOI.

Princes and lords aforesaid, young and old,
Get me the King his letters sealed and scrolled,
And draw me from this dungeon; for, God wot,
Even swine, when one squeaks in the butcher's fold,
Flock around their fellow and do squeak and scold.
Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?